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Motion Picture

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AUGUST
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JUL 14 1938
PERIODICAL DIVISION

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IN THIS ISSUE: BETTE DAVIS, JIMMIE FIDLER, PAUL MUNI

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MOTION PICTURE

Incorporating
Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVI, No. 1 AUGUST, 1938 Twenty-seventh Year

Features

Hollywood Holidays! 10
Jean Arthur's New Set-Up .... Duncan Theron 27
It Pays To Be Exclusive .... Temple Crane 29
Zanuck—Star-Maker .... Mack N. Taggert 32
Why I'm Marrying For The Third Time .... Molly Castle 36
What's Left For Lew Ayres? .... Ben Maddox 41
Merle Oberon Speaks Her Mind About Marriage .... Virginia T. Lane 43
"The Kid's" Advice To Child Stars .... Marian Rhea 48

Personalities

Gallic Glamor (Danielle Darrieux) .... Leon Surmelian 24
Little Mans, What Now? (Freddie Bartholomew) .... Gladys Hall 26
Muni Knows All The Right Answers .... Dan Camp 28
The Phenomenon Named Fidler .... James Reid 30
Getting It Off His (Hope) Chest .... E. J. Smithson 50

Pictorial Features

Norma Shearer 19
Ginger Rogers 20
Our Own News Camera 21
Sand Witches 34
Loretta Young 37
James Cagney—Marie Wilson 42
Fred MacMurray—Ray Milland 49

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler .... Harry Lang 6
Picture Parade 12
Future Favorites: Anthony Averill 13
Prize Letters 18
The Talk of Hollywood 44

To the Ladies

Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips 9
When You're Hot, Iced Tea Is Not! .... Mrs. Christine Frederick 15
Sidney—For Summer Time .... Denise Caine 17
Informally Yours (Fashions) 38

AL ALLARD
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Staff Photographer

CAN TAYLOR TAKE IT . . . ?

There has been talk that Bob Taylor couldn't take it because he hadn't roughed it through life . . . that he had come up the easiest way. In the September MOTION PICTURE you have the answer . . . which proves that Bob CAN TAKE IT . . . and HOW! This revealing article is but one of many that includes stories about Claudette Colbert, Ruby Keeler, Pat O'Brien, Fred Astaire . . . and a host of others. Not forgetting the liveliest and the snappiest gossip of the Hollywood country. To say nothing of the newest candid art of the stars. So place your order now for September issue . . . with your newsdealer. It's on sale at all newsstands.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

BY HARRY LANG

THAT interlocutory decree between Steffi Duna and John Carroll was just a scrap of paper. They've torn it up. With several months still to go to make it final, Steffi and John got together in the Brown Derby and talked and talked and talked. With props! John's prop was the wedding ring he was shoving at Steffi's finger. Steffi's prop was the baby shoe she'd brought along to have bronze-cast. Against that, they neither had the heart to say no to each other—so it's all kissed and made up.

■

1928 in 1938! Lila Lee and Hoot Gibson were lunching together. At the Cinegrill.

■

ASSORTED CUPIDATA: Still heart-whole and fancy-free is David Niven, who flits with this one and that one and ties himself up with no one . . . latest to spend a pleasant nivening with him was Marjorie Weaver but take Davie's word for it: "All women are SOoooooo charming in their different ways that they bewilder me, so rather than make a mistake, I think I'll remain a bachelor!" . . . but don't forget that Merle Oberon's back in town . . . and anyway, Marjorie Weaver isn't by any means devoting herself to Davie, just so long as there's a Davies in the background . . . I mean Bill Davies . . . Bill the Director Keighley, definite exbeverlyroberts, is Genevieve Tobining now and then . . . it'll be a Malibutiful baby for the Dick Powells, because Dick and Joan have moved to the Malibu colony to keep that date with Ol' Doc Stork . . . Connie Worth, having had her touch of Irish with Georgie Brent, is now turning pro-British with English comedian Robert Coote, and don't pronounce it cootie . . . Johnny Downs (remember when you couldn't say that name without adding "andeleanorwhitney"?) is twoing with Amy Arnell now . . . sure-thing player of movieland is Writer Charlie Grayson, who dates such proven honeys as Nancy Carroll and

[*Continued on page* 8]

Ken Murray and Mary Brian (yes, they're that way), June Collyer and Stu Erwin make a foursome at Beverly-Wilshire

Pat (Honey Chile) Wilder has Bert Lahr's eyes but Mildred (Honey Bunch) Schroeder has his arm at supper party

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

AFTER a whole month of Hollywood fashion snooping, I've come to two conclusions: you either wear a plain dress and a lot of costume jewelry, or a "different" dress fancy enough for a costume ball. . . Maureen O'Sullivan is an advocate of both ideas! We lunched together at Sardi's the other noon, and Maureen was wearing a tricky-looking outfit copied after a Cossack's uniform. The long sleeved, high-necked coat of white flannel was fitted in at the waist and fastened down the front with black frogs. The skirt was heavy black crepe—flared and quite short. Her very tall, white felt Cossack hat was trimmed with black braid. Honestly, if she hadn't been sitting there calmly eating her salad, I might have expected her to break into a dance any minute . . . She told me that with her a fancy dress is unusual—she generally goes for the simple frocks pepped up with bright buttons and gadgets. And then she gave me an idea for using charm bracelets that you're tired of wearing on your arm. . . Maureen takes four of these bracelets and fastens them in loops across the front of a black wool dress—two on either side of the center neck opening. Smart people, these Irish!

THE town has gone completely daffy about jewelry—so there are going to be a lot of charm bracelets left over to do things with. And earrings, too. Luise Rainer was lunching not far from us, and I noticed the clever old-gold pendant she was wearing on her suit lapel. It was one of those things that looked like another jeweler could retire for life. But on the way out, Luise stopped and asked me how I liked her *earring*. And that's what it was! She said she does that all the time—fastens one of her many ear ornaments in the neck or lapel of her costume. . . The idea is going to be a godsend to me—'cause I seem to have dozens of singles lying around. I never did learn the knack of spending an evening in a rumble seat and coming home with *both* earrings. . . But don't you think you have to spend money for your dress ornaments. Maureen and I both remarked how utterly smart Rosalind Russell looked with her brown wool dress and gold necklace. But when Rosalind sat down she confessed just what her "necklace" was. Yards of ordinary dime-store electric light chain—the kind you'll find hanging from any back porch light socket. . . (Of course, your gal friend, Chic, immediately made a mental note to ask grandma the next time I see her just what she did with some of those old-fashioned gadgets when she had her house modernized.)

LITTLE Cecilia Parker came in with Joan Blondell—so they gathered around to add to the noonday gossiping. . . While I sat there wondering how I could eat my strawberry shortcake and still get into a dress with a waist as tight as the dirndl Cecilia was wearing. . . This popular type of peasant dress is being adopted by all feminine Hollywood—everything from beach wear to formal. Cecilia's might be called the in-between stage. It was made of heavy silk crepe, the waist of beige and the skirt of mouse brown. With the tight waist swathed in a girdle of Roman striped silk. . . But the blouse buttons were the note that caught my eye. . . Blue glass in the form of Dutch shoes, they were filled with brilliant clusters of glass flowers. . . Cecilia told us that she has taken up wood carving—simply because she likes variety in buttons and lapel ornaments. The latest thing to take shape under her carving knife is a lapel ornament in the shape of a yacht with real white linen sails. . . Joan Blondell would rather talk baby clothes right now than anything else—but she did forget them long enough to show us the clever triple handbag she was carrying. . . Of black antelope, Joan's purse consists of *three* small bags, graduated in size and fastened to a gold chain handle, and decorated with gold initialed clasps.

A LOT more movie gals were lunching there, but I didn't have much time to go table-hopping and find out what they were wearing. 'Cause I had a terrifically heavy date coming up for dinner and dancing at the Victor Hugo—so I had to go snatch that quick hair-do and manicure. . . But I did manage to snatch a look at Marsha Hunt as I went by, and saw that her lapel ornaments were tiny figures made of blown glass. . . I'll have to admit I didn't notice very much in the way of fashions at the Victor Hugo that night.

Mlle. Chic

JIM LOVES TO DANCE WITH ME! I ALWAYS BATHE WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A DANCE TO ROB A GIRL OF DAINTINESS! THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT GUARDS DAINTINESS SO SURELY AND IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!
HOURS LATER—SURE OF DAINTINESS!
YOU'RE ADORABLE, ANN! STILL FRESH AS A FLOWER, AFTER HOURS OF DANCING!
TOO BAD ALL GIRLS DON'T KNOW ABOUT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S LOVELIER WAY OF GUARDING DAINTINESS!
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR...AND THEN ITS LOVELY, LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN! LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!
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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Come into my garde

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAYS!

HURRY AND HOP ABOARD THE MOVIELAND SPECIAL FOR THE TWO REMAINING TOURS. THE STARS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

Among events in store for you is a visit to Universal studio for lunch and see pictures made. The Lloyd girls welcome you to their playhouse on 2nd Tour

IN LESS than two weeks from the time this August issue of MOTION PICTURE Magazine reaches the newsstands more than 200 summer vacationists are going to mark July 3, as THE red-letter day in their calendar of 1938. And well they should, for it is on this date that as members of Movieland Tours No. 1, sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc., they will climb aboard a special, transcontinental train at Chicago and head for Hollywood, the colorful, glamorous mecca of tourists the world over.

Speeding through the beautiful 10,000 Lakes District of Minnesota they will come upon the historic Northwest country and travel on into the great park regions and national playgrounds. Next, they will be treated to magnificent vistas of the Great Divide and the Rockies and down to Puget Sound where a stop-over at Seattle gives them time enough for a long and delightful cruise on the waters of the blue Pacific. Back on the train, members of this unique vacation group on wheels, journey on to San Francisco where another stop-over has been arranged with time enough to provide visits to the famous bridges, the Presidio, Chinatown, Signal Hill, Golden Gate Park, Embarcadero and the World's Fair grounds. All of these colorful and picturesque places of interest are scheduled during this stop-over along with a score of others that have made famous this great coastal city.

And then Hollywood, the film capital of the world!

Arriving Sunday morning, July 10, MOTION PICTURE representatives, will be at the station to greet them, take them to their hotel—and then show them what Hollywood really looks like from the INSIDE! A true, thrilling day-to-day close-up view of the studios and the stars that never will be forgotten.

OF COURSE it is too late, now, to obtain accommodations for Tour No. 1, but Tours No. 2 and No. 3 still offer opportunities for those who wish to avail themselves of a chance to spend their summer vacations in a manner ENTIRELY DIFFERENT! The three Tours start out from Chicago on itineraries exactly the same and for the same price.

Tour No. 2 leaves Chicago July 24, and reaches Hollywood July 31.

Tour No. 3 leaves Chicago August 14, and arrives in Hollywood on August 21. As in the case of Tour No. 1, when Tour No. 2 and Tour No. 3 reaches Hollywood, the members will be the official guests of MOTION PICTURE representatives who have appointed themselves to no other tasks than to see that each member has the time of his (or her) life. To prove it here's some of the good things in store for Movieland Tourists:

MOVIELAND TOURS
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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name ....

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Sunday afternoon—a motor trip through the palatial residential districts where the screen celebrities live. At five the same afternoon members of Tour No. 1 will be the guests at a cocktail party given by Warren William, the famous star, at his home. Many of his actor and actress friends will be there to help make this party a memorable one. Members of Tour No. 2, when they arrive July 31, will likewise be given a chance to motor through the districts where the film notables' homes are located and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day will gather at the Harold Lloyd home where they have been invited by the world-famous star to attend a cocktail party which he will give in their honor. Members of Tour No. 3, arriving in Hollywood on August 21, will also be taken on a trip through the residential districts and climax the motor journey with a cocktail party given in their honor by Bob Burns at his home.

BUT all this is really only a starter. After the cocktail parties members of each Tour, as special guests of Warner Brothers Radio Studio, will have an opportunity of listening to a half-hour radio show sponsored by Woodbury Cream.

Monday has been set aside for members of each Tour to do as they wish. Side trips to Catalina Island, visits with old friends, motor trips into the Arrowhead country, the desert, the oil wells, the orange groves, deep-sea fishing, rides up and down the coast, shopping excursions on Hollywood Boulevard and in the downtown retail districts of Los Angeles—these are suggested as a few of the things to see and do on Monday.

On Tuesday members of each Tour will be taken from their hotel to Universal City where they will have luncheon in the Universal Studio commissary. Immediately afterward they will be taken on a tour of the lot to observe how pictures are actually made.

Next on the list of "things to do" is an inspection trip through the famous Max Factor Make-up Studio. Mementoes of this occasion will be given each member.

And then comes the grand climax—a huge supper dance at the Wilshire Bowl, one of the favorite nightspots of the stars. Les Parker's orchestra will provide the music, George McCall, the well-known radio commentator and intimate friend of scores of screen celebrities, will be on hand as master of ceremonies. And with him, to give the party a real touch of Hollywood, will be scores of your favorite actors. Last year such outstanding film folk as Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland, Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert, Wayne Morris, Nan Grey, John Payne and Anne Shirley came, saw, and had the time of their lives.

Here's something to remember while you're deciding whether or not to avail yourselves of this DIFFERENT summer vacation. All this Hollywood fun is FREE. When you buy your train-ticket for your two-weeks on wheels, you've paid for everything—car-fare-stop-overs-and-parties.

You still have a little time left to make reservations. Fill out the attached coupon NOW, address it to Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and obtain a free booklet that will give you a more comprehensive account of these popular vacation Tours. But obey that impulse—DO IT NOW!

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS . . . "DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. Certainly she is pretty enough—and easy to talk to! And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

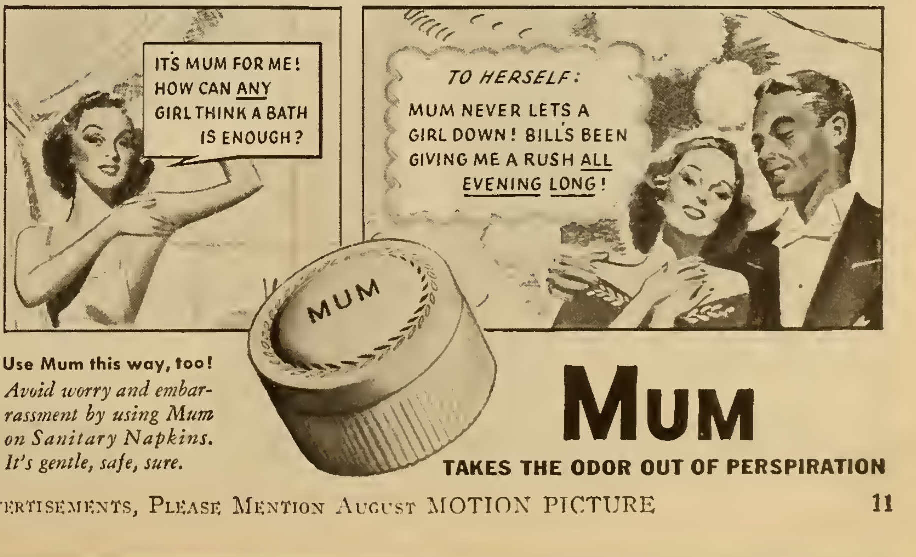
Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms must have *special* care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT


IT'S MUM FOR ME! HOW CAN ANY GIRL THINK A BATH IS ENOUGH?
TO HERSELF: MUM NEVER LETS A GIRL DOWN! BILL'S BEEN GIVING ME A RUSH ALL EVENING LONG!
MUM

Use Mum this way, too! *Avoid worry and embarrassment by using Mum on Sanitary Napkins. It's gentle, safe, sure.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

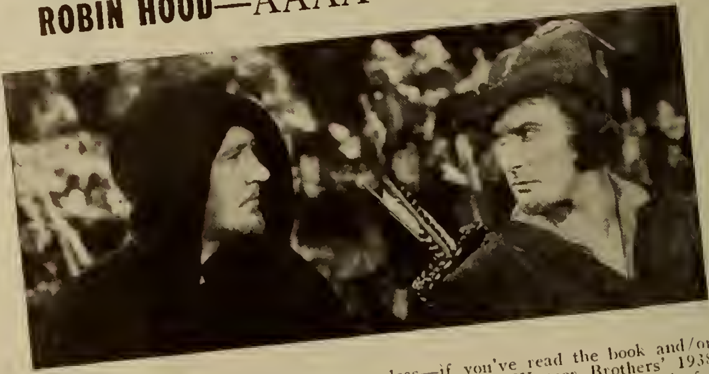
Danielle Darrieux is the girl everyone's talking about today. They say her first American picture "The Rage of Paris" is to be a smash hit. In the August issue of MOVIE STORY you can read the story version of this very thrilling film. The story is generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself. And there are fifteen other grand stories and features for you to enjoy. MOVIE STORY is only ten cents! You'll certainly want to buy it this month.

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

August Issue On Sale July First

PICTURE PARADE

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD—AAAA—



If you're fourteen or forty—more or less—if you've read the book and/or seen the silent version—you still don't want to miss Warner Brothers' 1938 version of *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. Imbued with color this colorful legendary story—whether truth or fiction—has all the ingredients of an entertaining film—adventure, romance, action and a grand cast. Errol Flynn in the title role makes a handsome, dashing, romantic *Sir Robin of Locksley*. And Olivia de Havilland as *Maid Marion*, gowned beautifully and looking beautiful, plays the role of *King Richard's* ward with sympathy and feeling. Alan Hale scores as *Little John* again (he appeared in the same role in the Fairbanks version); Claude Rains is superb as *Prince John*; Melville Cooper as the *High Sheriff of Nottingham*, Eugene Pallette as *Friar Tuck* and Herbert Mundin as *Much* supply the comedy touch with magnificent play-acting; and who could do the villainous *Sir Guy of Gisbourne* better than Basil Rathbone? Besides there's Ian Hunter, Patric Knowles, Una O'Connor, Montagu Love and others too numerous to mention.—*Warner Bros.*

HOLIDAY—AAAA—

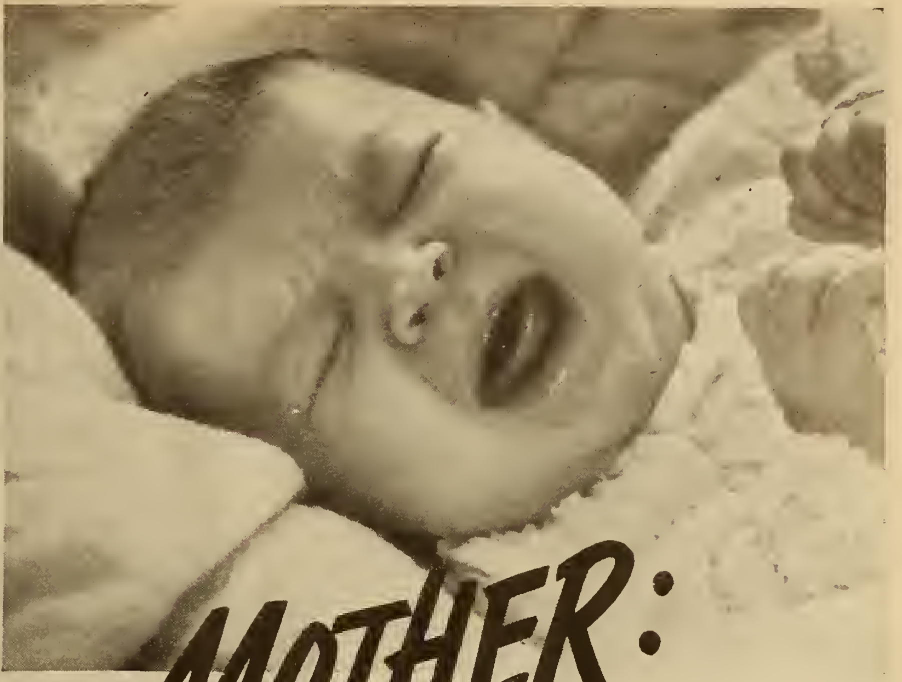
"Is it true what they say about Katharine Hepburn?" No, not by a long shot. And those exhibitors who pronounced her poison will probably want to take some poison, they'll be so ashamed, after seeing her in *Holiday*. As for ourselves, if Katie is poison we'll take it and love it. We'd die for it, not from it. As to Philip Barry's famed play, which made screen history in its silent version with Ann Harding, it has suffered few changes and those few are for the better. It has been brought up-to-date with a brilliant new script, fresh dialogue, excellent production and glorious cast, and it looks as though Columbia has hit another high mark following *The Awful Truth*. Besides Katharine Hepburn, there's Cary Grant who shares acting honors with Hepburn, and Lew Ayres who gives them both a run with the excellence of his performance as the sotty brother. There's also Doris Nolan who plays the sister, Edward Everett Horton, Jean Dixon, Binnie Barnes and Henry Daniell. Bringing a tear and a laugh this romantic comedy gives you a well-balanced *Holiday*. Don't miss it!—*Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

FUTURE FAVORITES
ANTHONY AVERILL

By HAL WHITEHEAD

NO MOVIE scout would have located Anthony Averill where literary agent Don Stetson Davis found him . . . nor would Averill . . . a handsome young newspaper man on the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* . . . have sought movie fame . . . Sheer chance brought about his discovery . . . a competition for his contract by three studios . . . and a final compromise through which he came to Hollywood . . . on contract to two of them . . . with Warner Brothers he had signed a regular, long-term contract . . . with Selznick he had signed a two-picture arrangement . . . which would allow that studio to call on him . . . if they deemed him the best choice . . . to play *Rhett Butler* in *Gone With The Wind* . . . Agent Davis . . . accustomed to being with writers and newspaper men . . . was with a group of them in the tavern of the King's Way Hotel, St. Louis . . . Averill, a member of the party . . . was induced to make a humorous speech to "the gang" and sing *Pennies From Heaven* . . . Davis had just been talking stories in Hollywood . . . so he saw in Averill a great screen bet . . . He signed him on personal contract . . . hustled him to New York . . . and after a mad whirl of screen tests . . . had him within a few months, enroute to Hollywood . . . Born Anthony Alexander Norton Averill, Feb. 21, 1910, at St. Louis, Missouri . . . the young actor comes from early American families . . . who came here in the sixteen hundreds . . . from the original landing spot at Ipswich, Mass., . . . the family scattered as far west as St. Louis . . . where Anthony attended grammar school and University High . . . Young Averill became interested in amateur theatricals . . . through his newspaper work . . . when twenty-four . . . the director of the Community Theatre at Webster Grove, Mo., . . . persuaded him to become an actor . . . so he played *Scrooge's* nephew in *A Christmas Carol* . . . the lead in *Pair O' Sixes* and *Capt. Stanhope* in *Journey's End* . . . His first picture was Warner's *The Mystery of Hunting's End* . . . On the 6th of April, 1937, he was a newspaper man in St. Louis . . . with no thought of movie acting in his head . . . two days later he was headed for New York . . . on personal contract to agent Davis . . . A few months later he landed in Hollywood with his double movie contract in his pocket . . . In person Averill stands six feet, two inches . . . weighs 180 pounds . . . his eyes are dark brown, his hair black . . . he sings and dances but has no other accomplishments . . . apart from his acting skill . . . he hates giggling women, egotistical men and back-slappers. He wants to travel in Europe . . . He enjoys horseback riding, golf, tennis, swimming and hunting.



MOTHER:

When your baby is suffering
KNOW what to do!

DON'T be *helpless* when an emergency arises! Every mother should *know* what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will *escape* emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's new book—*free* with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafoe has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, *free!* Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafoe's book.

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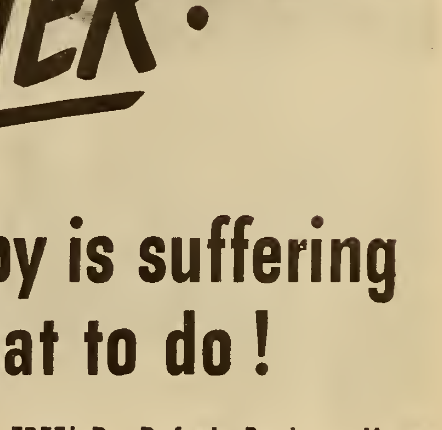

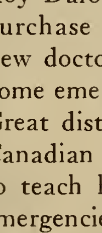

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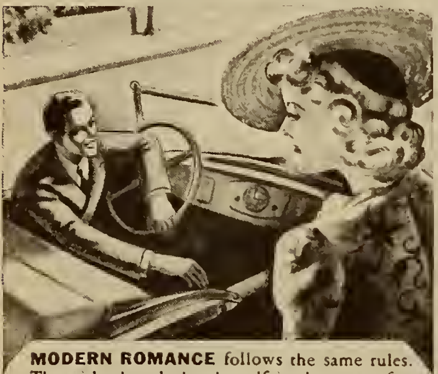
Do You Dream of a KNIGHT OF ROMANCE?

FAIR DAMSELS knew that the bravest knight could be a willing slave to an alluring perfume...



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Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

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Parfum
Djer-Kiss
Kerkoff
Paris

. . . genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

PICTURE PARADE

VIVACIOUS LADY —AAA½—

While *Vivacious Lady* has beaten *Having Wonderful Time* to the theatres we don't mind and neither will you for you're sure to be having wonderful time when you see Ginger Rogers' new film, *Vivacious Lady*. And don't let anyone tell you that Ginger can't play straight parts and that *Stage Door* was just an accident, for in this she only sings one song—but a cute one—the rest is dramatic acting and Ginger proves she has that quality, too. And as to Ginger's tiredness, there's no trace of that in her appearance or performance for she looks gorgeous and has plenty of umph. And while we mention Ginger's appearance, Bernard Newman deserves part credit for that because of his stunning wardrobe creations. James Stewart co-stars in this romantic comedy and we can't help remembering those romantic rumors linking Jimmy with Ginger for they play their love scenes with such abandon and feeling . . . particularly that final clinch. But, maybe it's just talent. There's also James Ellison, Beulah Bondi, Charles Coburn, Frances Mercer and Franklin Pangborn whose talents add to your enjoyment of this film.—*RKO-Radio.*

YELLOW JACK—AAA½—

Yellow Jack or Yellow Fever that devastating disease which ravaged our Army in Cuba during the Spanish-American War makes a meaty subject for Metro's film starring Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce. Adapted from the stage play of the same name, it deals mainly with the medical corps who slave and sweat to isolate the mysterious carrier of the dreaded disease. But to make this appealing to mass audiences the story doesn't stress the mass effect of the disease but the problem it presents to a small party of men. The result is a human interest story with dramatic punch. We're glad Metro decided to do this film. We're glad for Robert Montgomery's sake for as Sergeant O'Hara he is given a chance to show his dramatic talent. Also commended for their fine thespian qualities are Alan Curtis, Buddy Ebsen, Sam Levene, Lewis Stone, Henry Hull, Stanley Ridges, Charles Coburn, Andy Devine, William Henry and C. Henry Gordon. And for those of you who must have romance there's Virginia Bruce looking like an angel and playing the part of an angel of mercy.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

Left, 6 thirst quenchers; Mint Julep, Sherry Flip, Lemonade, Iced Coffee, Grape Gingerale and Toasted Coffee. Below, Iced Tea—with the trimmings

WHEN YOU'RE HOT ICED TEA IS NOT!

By Mrs. Christine Frederick

PALATE AND PURSE CAN BE SUITED TO A "T" WITH TEA

ICED TEA, America's own summer beverage, seems to have everything—stimulating zip which snaps you out of heat wave lows, lingering coolness, and beautiful amber clearness to entice you with its crystalline refreshment. No other beverage is so inexpensive, so easily and quickly prepared, or so versatile as just tea! Perfect when served in smart lemon-decked tall glasses on the afternoon porch tray, or when garlanded in a punch bowl for the crowd, it is at home equally at the elaborate or the simple occasion. The guest lunch requires no finer accompaniment than a tinkling glass of frosted tea, while for the informal home meal, it suits every taste from adult to invalid—to a "T"!

It is worthwhile noting that one may brew about 200 cups of good flavored beverage from a single pound of tea leaves. And is that not splendid economy? In hot weather, when everyone, old and young, is crying out for "something cool to drink," many other beverages make a big dent on the budget —but not tea. A teaspoon of leaves and a cup of freshly boiling water, and your beverage is ready at a fraction of a cent per serving. When extended with ice cubes, the cost may be even lower. This point of tea economy is something to remember every day the whole year through.

Tea flavor is the second important quality which endears tea drinking to the hostess. For every good tea is 100% genuine FLAVOR. However, and this is also something worth recalling, the flavor is so mild, delightfully neutral and natural, that it blends perfectly not only with other beverages but with solid ingredients such as cut fruits, fruit juices and spices. For this reason, tea is tops as a basis for the many delicious refreshing punches which do so much to make any party a success. Use a moderate amount of fruit juices, add plenty of ECONOMICAL tea, and the gathering is bound to have "punch!"

By the way, before I forget it, here's a recipe which shows exactly what I mean. It makes just about the right quantity to serve two tables of bridge (and of course may be increased as desired), and that's why it's called—

ORIENTAL BRIDGE PUNCH

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 quart strained freshly made tea
6 whole cloves
1 inch stick cinnamon
1 tablespoon minced preserved ginger
1 cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
Mint leaves

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add tea and seasonings, and stand to cool. Strain, and chill. Add fruit juices, mix well, and pour over ice cubes made of iced tea. Garnish glasses with mint leaves. (Makes 8 tall glasses.)

SPEAKING of flavor, there are many occasions in the hot sultry days of late summer when a refreshing sherbet is exactly the right cool note to offer a tired guest, or to serve to the family as the first, or last (as preferred), course to a light supper. When no strong flavors would be relished, the delicate subtle tea flavor is just enough—but not too much—to cool the palate and make everyone exclaim, "Oh, do tell what this is, the flavor is so delicious!" Make the tea brew in the morning while you are washing up the dishes, and pour it into the refrigerator tray before you leave the kitchen. It will be ready for you when you need it most, as for instance that lowest of low moments when you slip out of your shoes and sink back on the sofa on your return from a hectic shopping trip. It can't hurt you, or cloy as many rich foods sometimes do, but

[*Continued on page 64*]

Don't let unsightly hair spoil your LOVELY LEGS!

RINSE OFF UNWANTED HAIR

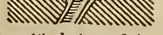
This Quick, Easy Way!

Legs are in the spotlight! And men just won't forgive the girl whose legs bristle with untidy hair. So—whether at the beach or clad in sheer silk stockings—be sure *your* legs are smooth and feminine!

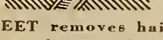
Just spread NEET (like a cold cream in texture) on unwanted hair. Then rinse off with water. That's *all!* NEET removes all hair . . . leaves your skin satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. There is no razor stubble to snag your stockings and cause runs—and no danger of cuts—when you use the safe and convenient NEET way.



Magnified view of sharp bristly hair after shaving. Snags stockings.



NEET removes hair closer than razor, ***leaves no rough razor stubble.***

Beach wear, shorter skirts and summer dresses call for smoother, hair-free arms and legs. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it *today.* At drug and dept. stores. Generous 10¢ size at all ten-cent stores.

NEET **Just Rinse Off Unsightly Hair**

PICTURE PARADE

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE —AA½—

This should really be rated twice—once for those who like the Ritz Brothers (we do) and then again for those who don't. So if you're enthusiastic about the Ritzes by all means go and see *Kentucky Moonshine.* If you're not, we hesitate to say for there's little else besides their crazy antics, excepting Marjorie Weaver and Tony Martin. Of course there are many of us who are more than glad to pay at the box-office for a gander at Marjorie. Again we're on the sympathetic side. This funny piece is about radio and Maestro Tony Martin's dilemma when his program fails to click. His sudden inspiration is an authentic hill-billy act so he hies himself to them thar hills in search of native talent. The Ritz Brothers and Marjorie Weaver, unemployed entertainers, learn of the plan and beat him down to Kentucky where they do a brother and sister act in mountain style. The gullible Tony falls for it—and Marjorie, too—and back they go to New York. It's loads of fun and there's plenty of mountain music by Pollack and Mitchell if you go for that sort of thing. The cast also includes Slim Summerville and John Carradine.—*20th Century-Fox.*

DR. RHYTHM—AA½—

Dr. Rhythm is the title of Bing Crosby's new picture but as far as we are concerned this is Bea Lillie's picture. We're only sorry we had to wait so long to see Lady Peel on the screen. But we hope that now that Bea has made her screen debut we will be seeing her again—and again. For even though her material isn't very new, particularly for theatre-goers, it is still delightfully funny and she can still get us convulsed with laughter over her "Dozen double damask dinner napkins" act. There are other acts, too, and in the interim there's Bing Crosby, who makes an odd doctor, to say the least, croonin' and spoonin' with Mary Carlisle. There's also Laura Hope Crews, Franklin Pangborn and Andy Devine who add a laugh now and then. And to build suspense there's the other man—and such a villain!—Fred Keating. This should please all audiences for there's romance for the romantic, music for the swing addicts and comedy for all. Who doesn't enjoy a laugh? And for you who love action there's Bing chasing Mary and Mary chasing Fred and the cops just seem to chase all around the place.—*Poromount.*

SIDNEY--FOR SUMMER TIME

By
DENISE CAINE

SUMMER TIME IS NOT ONLY THE TIME TO BE CAREFREE BUT FREE WITH BEAUTY CARE. SO WE GIVE YOU SYLVIA SIDNEY'S RULES FOR BEAUTY BECAUSE THEY ARE GOOD FOR YOU TOO.

BEHIND that sweet little heart-shaped face of Sylvia Sidney's there's a strong mind. Sylvia, I discovered when I interviewed her, is an individualist. She doesn't do things just because other people are doing them. Her beauty rules, she follows, not because they're rules, but because she knows they're good for *her*.

Look at her long hair—in a year when everyone is going in for high-piled coiffures . . . She knows that a soft, long bob goes well with the appealing little-girl quality that has always been her stock in trade—so she *keeps* her hair long, and casually soft in spite of trends. . . .

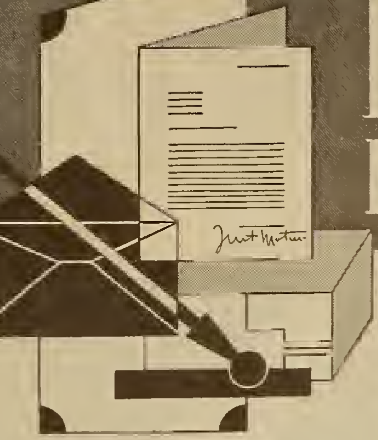
Most of the time she wears it as it is in the photograph; but now and then, for evening, she compromises by arranging the front in an upward fashion—but without cutting even a snip of hair. . . . She brushes it up from the temples, pins it in soft curls high on her head, and lets the back hair fall into a soft, loose bun at the nape of her neck. It's cooler for "dog days" and nights, and it's just right for her.

Another gal, with hair as dark as Sylvia's might think it unnecessary to shampoo often. But Sylvia thinks otherwise. Dust film can destroy the gloss of dark hair just as easily as it can darken blonde hair, she knows. So she uses a liquid shampoo once a week, rinses well and uses a hair brush faithfully each day. When I talked to her, in her New York apartment—a huge one for so tiny a person—her dusky hair was a joy to behold.

Sylvia has a farm. Not because it's smart, but because she likes to farm. Sylvia is no absentee landowner, either. She likes to get out and dig for herself. But you'd never know it from her hands. They're as soft and smooth as any southern debutante's. No earth stained hands, split cuticle, broken nails for her. There's no secret and magic formula that keeps these gardening hands of hers lovely to look at. Just good, sensible hand care. Sylvia gives herself an oily manicure two or three times a week. A mild bleach cream removes any nail and knuckle discolorations. She hasn't forgotten (as so many of us have) how to use a nail buffer. She buffs and buffs till her nails have a soft gloss, couldn't possibly think of going ridgey on her. And then she applies her polish.

The day I chatted with her, Sylvia was wearing with her simple black dress a dusty rose shade of nail polish. This is her favorite, though she does like to go exotic sometimes, wear a darker polish that matches her dress, her hat, or the flower she is wearing. Under all her polishes, she told me, she wears a creamy protective base. This helps to [*Continued on page 56*]

PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!



FROM LITTLE BOOKS BIG MOVIES GROW

$15 Prize Letter

I WOULD like to say something pro and con about the way noted books are adapted to the screen. I, for one, have quit going to see Shirley Temple's films because of the way they burlesque the books the stories are based on. In *Wee Willie Winkie*, Kipling's beloved little English lad was changed into a dimpled, curly-haired darling just to make a picture for Shirley. Now I am sure her studio could find suitable material for her without doing such injustice to a great and beloved classic. And the same thing is true of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. If Shirley is Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Rebecca*, I'm one of the Dionne Quins. If a studio doesn't intend to make the movie anything like the book, why film it? Or is it perhaps because they want only the title to help put the film over? I enjoy motion pictures but I also enjoy books and I believe it is only fair that the film version resemble the original.—*Miss E. Cahill, 310 E. Second St., Newport, Ky.*

Shirley Temple

SAY IT AT THE BOX OFFICE

$10 Prize Letter

THIS letter is addressed to those who are always clamoring for better pictures and then, when something good comes along, fail completely to support it. *Of Human Hearts* and *Make Way for Tomorrow* were lauded by critics all over the country and both were box-office flops. I have seen these pictures and I think *Make Way for Tomorrow* deserved the Academy Award. The actors' artistry and sincerity were superb and the action never failed to hold my interest, while through it all ran a powerful thread of truth. I saw old men and women, not easily touched by false sentimentality, moved to tears. These people who give merely lip service to finer pictures should realize that the box-office is the final criterion and should either put up with their money or shut up.—*G. Creighton, 332 West 19th St., New York City.*

DRAWING-BOARD GENIUS

$5 Prize Letter

THERE is something new, after all, and we owe it to that genius of the drawing-board—Walt Disney. After the wonder and amazement of the first few minutes of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, I forgot that these little figures so blithely cavorting across the screen were figments of the imagination. They seemed so real—so alive. Lovely little *Snow White* and her beautiful songs—the dashing, gallant *Prince Charming*—that little mug, *Grumpy*. And where is there another *Dopey*? He's even super-colossal for Hollywood. The animals are lovely—fuzzy-tailed rabbits, beautiful little deer and birds. Yes, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* has everything it takes for an Academy Award—excellent cast, perfect performance, magical charm and lovely music. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.—*Virginia Gatke, 4840 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.*

Walt Disney

AMAZING CHARACTER

$1 Prize Letter

I HAVE just seen *The Buccaneer* and though I admired Fredric March as usual and liked the new star, Franciska Gaal, immensely—Akim Tamiroff completely stole the show for me. He is a most amazing character actor. One would hardly believe that this rough old pirate, with the best of intentions in spite of himself, was played by the same person who played the cruel Chinese general in *The General Died at Dawn*. He certainly deserves more credit than has been given him in critics' reviews of *The Buccaneer*. Personally, I hope to see a good deal more of this fine actor.—*Margaret Cason, Rogers Park Hotel, Chicago, Ill.*

Akim Tamiroff

POOR SPORTSMANSHIP

$1 Prize Letter

THE other day I heard a woman tell gleefully of a letter she had written to a movie magazine concerning a popular comedian. Her words were unflattering; she criticized his private life and large income. I decry such poor sportsmanship! It is contemptible. Anyone who can make this unhappy world laugh for a few hours each day deserves his salary. As a struggling college student who never knows where next semester's tuition is coming from, I love the movies. I like to chuckle with W. C. Fields, cry with Luise Rainer and love along with Loretta Young. I don't get mad when the current boy friend says he'd like a date with Ginger Rogers and more than once I've wished that the kid sister was as sweet as Shirley Temple. So I say that the movies and their actors are swell. Let's enjoy them both and forget the criticism.—*June Gilbert, Issaquah, Wash.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

WELCOME RELIEF

$1 Prize Letter

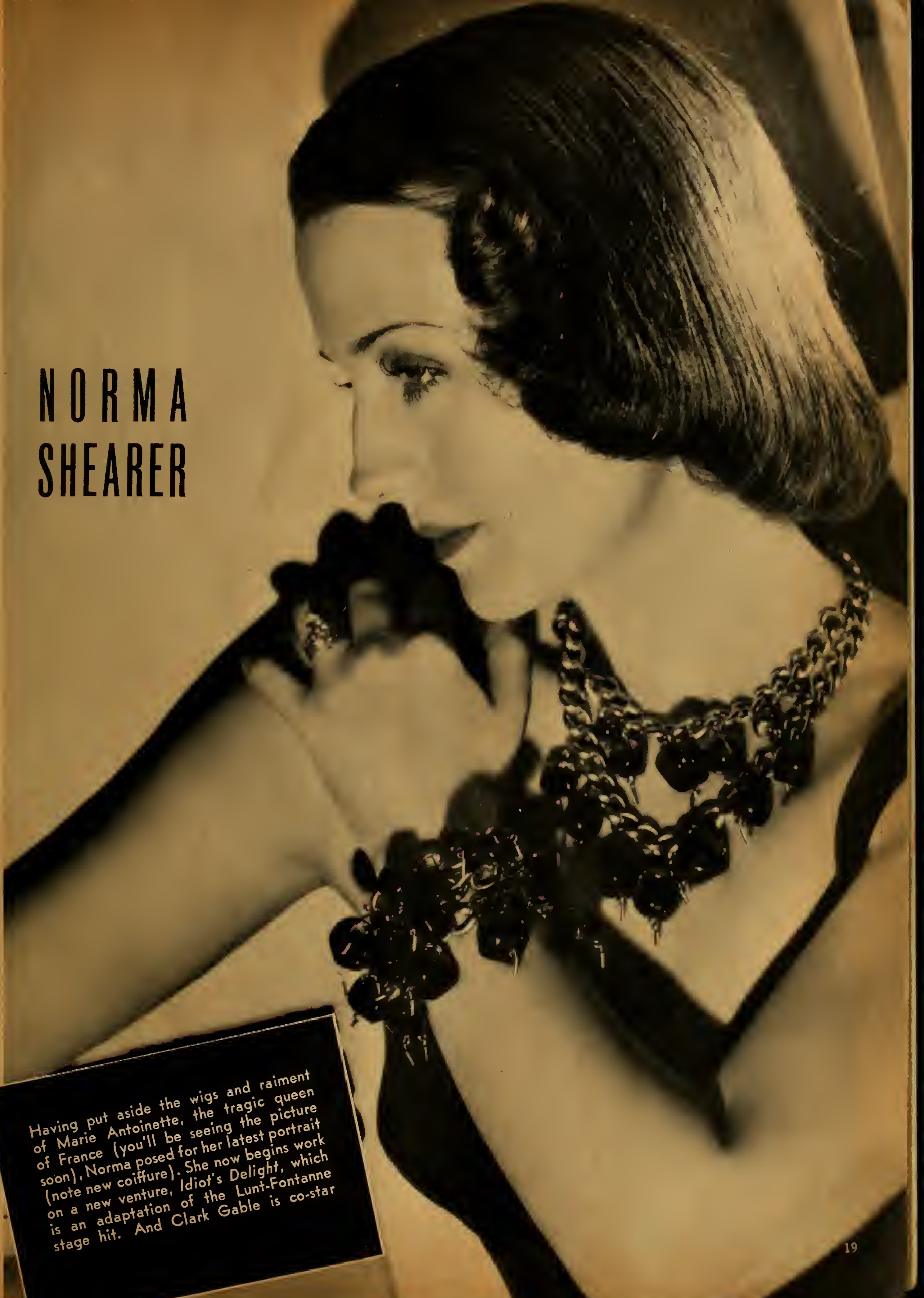
WITH the out-of-doors picture cycle sweeping forward with such great force the motion picture public has much to anticipate in the way of real entertainment. Such pictures as *Wells Fargo* and *Gold Is Where You Find It* are concrete proof that the good old-fashioned western is on the up trend and it is a welcome relief at a time when the public is sated with and tired of insane slapstick comedies and trivial sophisticated dramas wherein Miss Glamor Queen does nothing but wear silly impractical style creations and utter some inane marshmallow statements. So give us the adventure pictures with their clean but brisk romantic backgrounds and banish those trivial stories of immoral love in Manhattan's dazzling but cheap penthouses.—*Wm. McCauley, 28 Daviston St., Springfield, Mass.*

MORE AND LESS

$1 Prize Letter

WHY do movie producers after spending time, talent and money on a picture proceed to ruin it (at least in my opinion) by dwelling for an unnecessary amount of time on the disagreeable? A recent example, *Jezebel*. It possessed an excellent story backed up by the grand acting of Bette Davis. In the latter part where it was necessary to show "Yellow Jack" scenes, we were shown scene after scene of "Yellow Jack" horror. Why did the producers of this picture have to take up so much time with these scenes? One or two of these scenes, I'm sure, would have conveyed the impression sufficiently. Scenes of this type have too much emphasis placed on them. They slow up the action of the story and they are not pleasant to view. So why don't the producers compromise and give us more of what we like and less of what we don't like?—*John Ireland, 122 King George Road, Pennington, N. J.*

Bette Davis

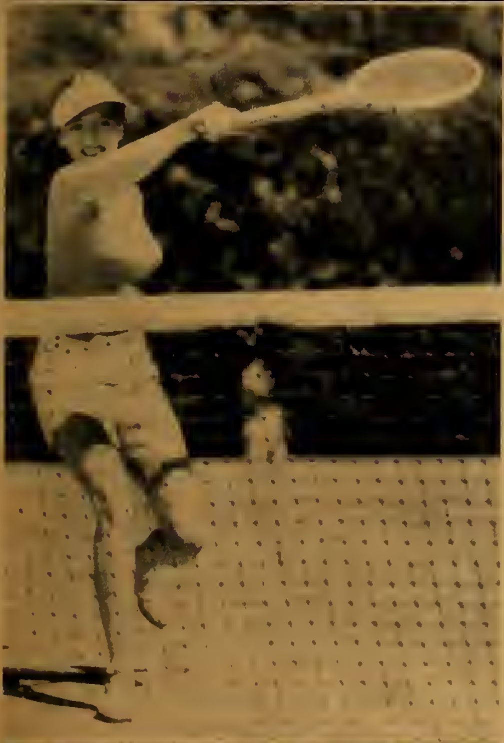


NORMA SHEARER

Having put aside the wigs and raiment of Marie Antoinette, the tragic queen of France (you'll be seeing the picture soon), Norma posed for her latest portrait (note new coiffure). She now begins work on a new venture, *Idiot's Delight*, which is an adaptation of the Lunt-Fontanne stage hit. And Clark Gable is co-star

GINGER ROGERS

Yes, she'll be dancin' again with Fred Astaire. The old Uncle Tom troupers have nothing on Ginger when it comes to doubling in brass and leading the hounds in the street parade. With *Vivacious Lady* an' *Having Wonderful Time* finished she just had to pack off to Sun Valley to soothe those nerves before picking up her tootsies and putting 'em down in *Carefree*



OUR OWN NEWS CAMERA

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

At left, up and around, Danielle Darrieux wears gingham rompers—the better to climb for walnuts . . . We don't know how proficient Arleen Whelan is at tennis, but if she played on a champ court she'd fill the stands—or are you watching that backhand stroke? And Jean Rogers takes to the gym where she hopes to complete a double somersault on the rings . . . When Errol Flynn went fishing in the Caribbean his wife, Lili Damita, piloted their auxiliary ketch, the *Sirocco* . . . Derrick de Marney, English newcomer, takes to his bike on the RKO lot . . . And Sol Lesser's new discovery, 5-year-old Irene Dare, is the youngest professional figure-skater in the world. She appears with Bobby Breen in *Easy Street*

Left and around, Maureen O'Sullivan, femme lead in *Hold That Kiss,* takes her Dalmatian, Rodger, to act in the dog-show sequence of the picture . . . The candid cameraman finds Claire Trevor resting among the camera paraphernalia on the sidelines of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* set . . . In tense enjoyment Olivia de Havilland takes a Grade A kiss from Errol Flynn in *Four's a Crowd* . . . Slim Summerville and bride of a few months smile for the birdie on the terrace of their Laguna Beach home. The Missus was Slim's nurse when he was ill in a Los Angeles Hospital . . . And like good cow people, Dick Powell and Priscilla Lane ride a fence 'tween shots of *Cowboy from Brooklyn* . . . Hollywood's most furious knitter and needle-worker, Kay Francis, catches up on her needlepoint on the *Secrets of an Actress* set

Right and around, Ray Milland took vanilla, the better to sweeten his tooth. Ice cream cones keep down the temperature when playing opposite Dot Lamour and sarong on tropic sands . . . Marie Wilson goes for a dust-proof glass of milk—"the better to pick me up," she says . . . Bob Montgomery is caught driving a big load of car to work . . . When the Ringling Circus opened in New York there was Gary Cooper to catch a close-up of the mighty gorilla, Gargantua the Great . . . A bit of ballyhoo, *a la* ballet, finds Rosemary Lane practicing steps in *Gold Diggers in Paris* . . . Registering good manners and pleasure, Don Ameche rises to greet a guest (who may be Simone or Alice Faye) returning from the powder-room of an Italian restaurant. Note breadsticks and wine, the usual trimmings for antipastos, minestrone, scallopine of veal

Danielle Darrieux, France's newest gift to Hollywood, makes her debut in *The Rage of Paris*—and Doug Jr. (isn't he the lucky bird?) plays opposite. She has been billed as "incredibly beautiful," "French form divine," "the legs of Dietrich," etc. One thing is certain—she has Gallic glamor. Which sets her off in Hollywood—the world's market-place for pulchritude

Gallic Glamor

By LEON SURMELIAN

IT WAS with much curiosity and trepidation that I went to see Danielle Darrieux. "Incredibly beautiful," "French form divine," "the legs of Dietrich and the dramatic soul of Garbo"—such were some of the laudatory remarks I had heard and read about her. She has become a new legend of romantic pulchritude in the world's market-place of that expensive commodity, and even an otherwise blase scribe could not approach this new million-dollar vendor of movie glamor with perfect sang-froid.

As I entered her dressing-room at Universal, I found her playing solitaire. An exotic girl with green eyes of an extraordinary mobility of expression, at once bright and keen, languid and dreamy—passionate eyes capable of great emotional depths. She looked too young for her fame, 17 or 18, I thought, but young with a sophisticated maturity. Her hair is a light brown, with golden glints—almost a titian blonde. It wasn't combed smoothly, but had a careless wind-blown appearance. She is slender, with a long, delicate, sensitive face, a Gallic version of a streamlined bathing beauty. But the impression she leaves on you is not that of a provocative eyeful which would prompt the baldheaded rows to exclaim ou la la, but rather of an attractive and intelligent girl with a certain vibrant intensity of feeling, the potency of whose charms you immediately feel but cannot define or explain them right away.

As I sat down at the table on which her cards were spread it didn't take me long to realize that I had to deal with a very human and friendly person (regular guy to you). To break the ice, our conversation began with a legitimate question. "What type of role do you prefer?" I asked her.

"Oh, all types," she said. "Tragedy is easier to play. It is much more difficult to make people laugh."

Yes, to be sure, but what I was wondering about was her amazingly good English. Her diction is well-nigh perfect. She speaks with a slight foreign accent, but you understand every word she says. I am sure you will have no difficulty in following her dialogue on the screen. Annabella, Simone Simon, and even Luise Rainer might well envy her command of our vernacular.

"I take English lessons every day," she exclaimed, pleased by the sincere compliment I paid her. Of course, like all foreigners she has had her linguistic troubles. "When I arrived in New York every reporter asked me if I am temperamental," she said, laughing. "That's none of your business, I told them. What impudence to ask me such a question on the first day of my arrival in America! I didn't know that 'temperamental' has an entirely different meaning in English, that it doesn't mean sensuous, sexy, as in French." A naughty gleam shone in her eyes. "There were three hundred reporters, and they all asked me that!"

SHE lighted a cigarette. The telephone rang. I heard a man's voice in the next room, a deep French voice, making a brave effort at conversational English.

"He is my husband," she said. "He, too, is taking English lessons every day."

I wanted to meet him. "Henri! Henri!" she called, when he finished his conversation over the phone. A tall man with black hair and a strong, tanned face towered in the doorway. He wore a sport shirt and no coat, and hesitated to come in. He didn't want to [*Continued on page* 55]

Mlle. Darrieux is 21 years old and looks 17. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds. Has light brown hair, green eyes

Danielle keeps her figure slim by proper diet and exercise. Now in France with director hubby, Henri Decoin. Back in the Fall

AT THE CROSSROADS THAT SEPARATE HIM FROM CHILDHOOD AND MANHOOD FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW LOOKS BEHIND HIM AND AHEAD

LITTLE MANS, WHAT NOW?

By GLADYS HALL

Freddie's growing up and his talent grows apace, too. After laying off a year he recently made *Kidnapped* (left) and is now engaged with *Lord Jeff*

"LOOK at me, Aunt Cissie," said a boyish voice, "for you'll never see me like this again!"

Aunt Cissie looked. And there stood Freddie in short trousers, pull-over, mop of dark hair in unruly waves, her little boy. . . .

Then Freddie turned and ran up the stairs. Aunt Cissie followed him with her eyes straining to catch a last glimpse of the bare knees she had so often plastered "with vinegar and brown paper," that thick longish crown of hair she had so often ruffled with her fingers. She saw him as mothers always see their little boys (for in all but fact Aunt Cissie *is* Freddie's mother) who are to be little boys no longer.

A brief interval and then Freddie was back again. Freddie in long trousers. Freddie with hair cut mannishly short. Freddie with his eyes shining but . . . wasn't there a new gravity in them? Freddie saying "Well, Cis, how do I look?"

There was a silence while Aunt Cissie said a last farewell to her baby. A pause during which Aunt Cissie thought, "It *can't* take so short a time for a little boy to become a big boy, just the difference between downstairs and upstairs! But there it was. Then she said: "You look fine, Freddie"—and burst into tears.

"But gosh," said Freddie when we talked of the way Aunt Cis feels about the long pants, about how Colonel Neblett, Freddie and Aunt Cissie's lawyer and friend, had bought them for him because, for the first time, here was something Freddie wanted and Aunt Cis couldn't bring herself to buy . . . "But gosh, I'm five-foot-three-and-a-half-inches tall and. . ." "Five-foot-*two*-and-a-half-inches, Freddie," corrected Aunt Cis, hopefully. . . . Freddie waved a brown hand, gave Aunt Cis an affectionate, twinkle-eyed smile then went on, "But gosh, I couldn't go around in short trousers any longer. Why, when I walked down Hollywood Boulevard everyone turned around and *stared* at me!"

And then I knew that Freddie is not all grown up, but only in patches. For he still doesn't realize his fame. He didn't know that people were staring at *Freddie Bartholomew* and would stare at him regardless of the trouser change he might be sporting.

"Like when he goes to the movies," smiled Aunt Cissie, who hangs on to every shred of evidence of his little-boyishness, "he gets so excited, he *hits out*. He stands up and jumps up and down. I never sit at Freddie's right when we go to pictures. If I do, I have sore ribs for days. Many a person in many an audience has been surprised by the jabs in the ribs they get. And more surprised when they recognize who is jabbing them.

"And," went on Aunt Cissie, eagerly, "while Freddie was determined to go into long trousers he really isn't at all clothes-conscious yet. He does slick his hair down with water, grumbling over the wave in it. But if he can get out of the house without washing his hands or back of his ears, he *does!* Thank goodness!" added Aunt Cissie fervently.

As I entered the M-G-M commissary to have lunch with Freddie and Aunt Cissie (who still [*Continued on page* 51]

JEAN ARTHUR'S NEW SET-UP

WHEN someone goes away, and then doesn't return when you think she will, but is gone for months, and you hear little about her in the meantime, you don't know what to expect when she does come back. You want to see her; yet you approach your first meeting with mingled anticipation and apprehension. You wonder if she has changed—and, if so, *how* she has changed.

Last summer, Jean Arthur and Columbia, her studio, parted. On top of that, she needed a rest. So she went away from sets and scripts and cameras for a while. Everyone expected her back in a few weeks. But months passed—and still no sign of Jean, no news of her. Then suddenly, the other day, after a lapse of a year, she was back, rested and refreshed and holding a new contract. And everybody promptly wondered. Has she changed?

A year is a long time in an actress' life, especially if she isn't acting. A great many changes are possible in a year. I went around, with mingled anticipation and apprehension, to find out what the past twelve months have done to Jean—or for her.

She was at work in some of her early scenes in *You Can't Take It With You,* Columbia's big picture for 1938. The play, a two-year hit on Broadway, cost the studio a fortune. Frank (*Lost Horizon*) Capra is directing. And, besides Jean, the cast boasts such names as James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, Mischa Auer, Ann Miller, Spring Byington, Donald Meek, Halliwell Hobbes, Mary Forbes.

For today's scenes, Jean was wearing an apple-gree chiffon evening gown, very full and filmy, with a shoulder cape of orchid satin. According to the script, she was going on a date with James Stewart.

[*Continued on page* 53]

By DUNCAN THERON

WHAT HAS THE PAST YEAR DONE FOR JEAN—HOW HAS SHE CHANGED? WITH HER RETURN TO FILMS IN A NEW SET-UP IT CAN NOW BE TOLD

MUNI KNOWS ALL THE RIGHT ANSWERS

By DAN CAMP

MUNI TELLS WHAT HE WANTS TO DO AND WHY. HE DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY A ROLE BUT AN IDEA. AND IT MUST FIT HIS IDEALS

WILLIAM TELL was a patriot, and he had a long grey beard . . . Benito Pablo Juarez was a patriot, too. But he didn't have any beard . . . So I'll lay you a little bet. I'll bet you that Paul Muni, who right now is trying to choose which of the two he's going to be next, decides on Juarez.

Because Muni is so blankety-blank sick and tired of being somebody with whiskers that, all other things in the roles being more or less equal, the whiskers'll decide his choice. Last time, he was the bearded Zola. Before that, his Pasteur had 'em. And before that, in his career, he's worn whiskers in 23 other roles, and most of the time they were his own whiskers because he prefers to raise his own crop instead of wearing a Westmore job. But all in all, he's fed up on the idea—and so I suspect that he's pretty darn glad that Juarez was a Mexican-Indian. Indians don't raise 'em.

Of course, all this talk about whiskers may sound a bit silly to you. To Muni himself, it'll probably sound worse, when he reads it. It'll probably hurt his feelings. I'm sure he didn't have the slightest idea, as we waded through two hours of vermicelli soup and brook trout *und kaffee mit brodchen* down at swank Perino's on Wilshire Boulevard, the other day, that I was going to lead off on his observations by talking about whiskers. In my story I mean; you can certainly rest assured that then and there, over the vermicelli and the trout and the Viennese idea of *nachtisch,* I most positively didn't talk about whiskers with Muni.

But we did talk about his roles, and his ideas, and what he wants to do and why—and how he doesn't see how in blazes he can be personally interesting to you fans at all, at all.

He realizes, to be sure, that you like to see him in those wonderful screenplays of his. He can't help but realize that when he sees what Pasteur and Zola did at the box-office. But he insists that it was Zola and Pasteur who dragged you in, and NOT Muni.

"Muni," he told me, "is a very uninteresting fellow. Who should care what color pajamas he wears, or whether he sleeps in both ends or only the top, or what he eats? [*Continued on page* 52]

Paul Muni will never be of the Hollywood that glitters. He dreads premieres but'll face them as he did here with his wife, Bella, at his own *Emile Zola*

IT PAYS TO BE EXCLUSIVE

By TEMPLE CRANE

Bette's exclusive but no snob. And between pictures she does her share of entertaining at her home. Right, close-up of aquarium. Poor fish

BEING EXCLUSIVE TAKES COURAGE SAYS BETTE DAVIS, BUT ONE MUST BE THAT WAY TO CARVE A CAREER

"BUT don't get me wrong!" Bette Davis added.

"People may call you a snob when you earn a reputation for exclusiveness. Actually, they're mistaken. There's nothing snobbish about it. It is merely a phase of self-preservation. *And it's no accident that many of Hollywood's finest players are considered anti-social, to put it mildly.*"

For oddly enough, the stars who are most successful so far as box-office, art, and honors are concerned are the ones who don't mingle too much with the mob and who budget their energies carefully. It's not snobbery, they insist, but merely saving one's best for what is really important!

Bette herself, considered to be one of the screen's finest actresses, goes to parties so seldom that her appearance is an event. Luise Rainer, Academy Award winner twice over, rarely goes outside her small, exclusive circle of friends for amusement. Greta Garbo, of course, is a classic example.

The charm books, telling how to win friends and be successful, are all wrong when they preach that the quiet little girl, sitting in a corner with her book and her doll, will never amount to anything! In Hollywood, believe it or not, it's the girls like Olivia de Havilland, staying at home with their scripts and seldom striving for social popularity, who win stardom.

"Being exclusive," Bette admitted, looking as democratic as possible sitting on the lawn in her English plaid slacks, completely

[*Continued on page* 66]

JIMMIE FIDLER—RADIO COMMENTATOR, COLUMNIST, ACTOR AND AUTHOR—WHO SEES ALL, KNOWS ALL AND TELLS ALL ABOUT HOLLYWOOD, LETS DOWN HIS HAIR IN A FOUR BELL INTERVIEW

ONCE, when he was about two meals this side of starvation, it mattered considerably what Hollywood thought of Jimmie Fidler. Now the important thing is: What Jimmie Fidler thinks of Hollywood. He has that much of an audience.

Twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—some nine million radio listeners tune in on Jimmie Fidler, to hear him tell, intimately and crisply, what's new and what's what in Hollywood.

Once a day, "Jimmie Fidler in Hollywood" appears in 115 newspapers. Six days a week, ten million people read Fidler — because, in a world full of Hollywood gossip columnists, he is something different. He isn't a keyhole-peeper. He is an O. O. McIntyre of the movie scene. An open-eyed boy from back home, rubbing elbows with the famous and—the unknowns. He sees all, knows all, pithily tells all of the local color. Also, once a month, beginning this month, he is writing an article on Hollywood for a national magazine read by three million women.

Recently, with Producer Ralph Staub, he embarked on a series of movie shorts called "Jimmie Fidler's Personality Parade." And no short in film history has sold like the first of the series. Already it has been booked into 8,000 theatres—half the theatres in America. Fifty million Americans will see it. Then the rest of the world will have a look.

And now Jimmie Fidler—the boy from back home who grew up to rub elbows with movie stars—becomes one of them, himself. Playing a Hollywood commentator and columnist named Jimmie Fidler, he has one of the biggest roles in the million-dollar musical, *Garden of the Moon.* And Warner Brothers have an option to star him in a second picture.

He is receiving $50,000 for his services in *Garden of the Moon.* Add his weekly radio salary to that. Add his weekly "take" from his newspaper column. Add his magazine checks. Add his returns from the movie shorts. And the total is—an annual income that any movie star might envy. . . If this staggers you, don't think you're alone. Fidler is staggered right along with you. He can remember when it took him ten years to earn what he will pay in income tax for 1938. He can remember because—that wasn't so long ago.

"I'm not any different now from what I was then," he says, his blue eyes amused. "I don't write any differently, or talk any differently, or act any differently. The difference in income is simply a difference in publicity. My name means something now. And—I've been lucky."

In short, the Fidler success hasn't gone to the well-shaped Fidler head. He *hasn't* "gone Hollywood." But—how did his name come to mean something? What did he do to incur the smiles of that stubborn, unpredictable old girl, Genevieve Q. Luck? Ah, *there* is a story. An amazing, amusing story. A true story with all the elements of a four-star—pardon me, four-bell—movie script. . . . His name, in the beginning, was James Marion Fidler. The beginning was in 1900, in St. Louis, Missouri, where his father was a salesman.

Jimmie says, "He's still a salesman. So am I. If I hadn't been a salesman, I'd have been licked before I started. My inferiority complex would have licked me. As a writer, I'm no Ernest Hemingway, and I know it. As a talker, I'm no spellbinder. As an actor, I'm no Barrymore. But as a salesman — I've always felt as if I could sell anything, if I believed in it. And that's what I'm doing now—selling. Selling ideas, and impressions, and stories, and — Jimmie Fidler."

With 9,000,000 people tuning in on Fidler twice a week and 10,000,000 people reading his daily newspaper column, it's no wonder the movies called him to play himself in *Garden of the Moon.* Top, he makes first screen test. Left, he goes over dialogue with Busby Berkeley

THE PHENOMENON NAMED FIDLER

Here's Jimmie
Fidler Saying
Hello To You And
He Does Mean You
NBC

By

JAMES REID

HE WASN'T many years old when the Fidlers moved from St. Louis to Memphis, Tennessee. He grew up in Memphis, which accounts for that trace of Southern accent. Meanwhile, he gave no one, including himself, an inkling of what he was to become. He wrote nothing beyond school compositions. He had no urges toward amateur theatricals. And his idea of an achievement in radio was to hear KDKA on his $2.25 earphones.

He was 17 when he did his first big job of selling. America had gone into the War, and he wanted to get in, too. He convinced a recruiting sergeant that he was something more than seventeen. He landed in the Marines. Before he was mustered out, at 19, he was a commissioned officer—the youngest in the Marine Corps. He has always had energy. But his thirteen months in uniform gave him three things he didn't have before. A straight stance. A crisp, clear voice. And Hollywood ideas.

Even a Marine has to relax sometime. And Jimmie relaxed by taking in all the movies that the local canteens offered. He took in so many that he became movie-struck. He wrote letters to his favorite stars—Norma Talmadge, Betty Compson. Betty answered. In a year, they exchanged a dozen letters. And Jimmie lost many a night's sleep, wondering how he could get in the movies, become part of her life.

He hadn't been out of the Marines long when he thought he saw his chance. A movie magazine was staging a contest to find a Venus and an Adonis among its readers. Jimmie sent in a photograph. (Taking a jibe at himself, Jimmie says ruefully, "I thought I was a cinch for first prize.")

Weeks passed. He heard nothing. Finally, he became impatient. He couldn't wait forever to go to Hollywood. So he set out on his own—to visit his uncle, Henry Dougherty, then drama editor of the old Los Angeles *Express*. He had hardly arrived when a letter from the magazine caught up with him: "Sorry, but everybody can't win the contest, etc., etc."

Jimmie was undeterred. Hollywood photographers were more artful than the Memphis variety. He had some new pictures taken, and sent *those* in, under the name of James Marion. They won the contest. The first prize was—a trip to Hollywood. . .

The embarrassed editor, discovering that his prizewinner was already resident there, tried to make everything "right" by helping James Marion get some bit parts. As for James Marion, he was now so intent on fame for fame's own sake that he sidetracked his former ambition—to meet Betty Compson. He wasn't a fan now. He was an actor.

That was what *he* thought. Hollywood apparently thought something else. Despite the initial push from the editor, subsequent pushes from the uncle, and considerable self-pushing by the neophyte, James Marion couldn't get anything except bit roles—"and mighty few of those."

And then came catastrophe. The studios had their first major shutdown. For three months, late in 1920, not a Hollywood camera turned. [*Continued on page 62*]

Every star has its sun but some don't shine with any lustre. It takes a SHINING EXAMPLE like Zanuck to bring out their brilliance. That's why it's sunny weather for Mr. Z and his solar system

ZANUCK--STAR-

By MACK N. TAGGERT

DARRYL ZANUCK, WHO MADE A MILLION DOLLAR MOVIE STAR OUT OF RIN-TIN-TIN IS A GENIUS AT PICKING WINNERS. HE'S HOLLYWOOD'S BEST TALENT DISCOVERER AND STAR-MAKER

YOU'VE read those rags-to-riches romances—the bootblack-to-banker, peanut-peddler-to-president success stories—and you've seen them on the screen. But far more fascinating than the Algeresque fantasies is the saga of movie-man Darryl Zanuck, which might be titled "From Dog House to Star-Maker." And in one generation, too.

Skipping lightly past the question as to whether Hollywood's Head Man was ever really in the cinematic bow-wow hotel, it's a fact that the Wahoo Wonder Boy worked for the Warner Brothers writing romances for Rin-Tin-Tin!

After three years of doing doggy dramas he stepped into a top spot, and five years later, in 1933, he quit that berth to take charge of production at Twentieth Century. The new company merged with Fox and Zanuck became Czar on the lot where he had once penned a picture every week for a year for practically no pennies. He made a million-dollar movie star out of a mutt. And he's been a star-maker ever since.

Back in those days Paul Muni was one of the disconsolate. Glassy-eyed casting directors looked out the window and shook their heads with proper frigidity when he came around. "You're not the type," they told him. Muni had been hearing it for four years when one day in 1932 he bumped into a wiry, dynamic little man with penetrating blue eyes and sandy hair.

With the uncanny shrewdness that was to elevate him in later years into a fabulous Little Corporal of Flickertown, he didn't try to transform Muni into another Valentino. He let him suffer in a little piece called *I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang*. The picture became famous. And Paul Muni became a star.

There was another disheartened fellow hitting the Hollywood highways. Broadway liked Eddie Robinson but the movie moguls eyed him skeptically. He wasn't a Great Lover, they said. Then Zanuck pulled aside the curtain, out stepped *Little Caesar* and Edward G. Robinson became a star.

The young Nebraskan continued to make magic with Bette Davis and Dick Powell and Jimmy Cagney and Joan Blondell and Warren William. No wonder he was numbered among the most amazing of all Hollywood's legendary characters!

In the summer of 1936, a Norwegian ice-skater came to town. She didn't speak good English and she was no Marlene Dietrich. Her name was Sonja Henie.

Now Hollywood likes to watch athletes do their stuff, but it shuns them on the screen as it would athlete's foot. The champs may be great showmen on diamond, gridiron or court, but before the cameras, they freeze like a polar bear's breath.

When Sonja had been turned down by every studio, Zanuck signed her and the Cinema City said that the Conqueror had hit his Waterloo. He gambled a cold million that

[*Continued on page* 65]

MAKER

Marjorie Weaver
Simone Simon
Arleen Whelan
George Sanders
Richard Greene
Tyrone Power
Sonja Henie
Don Ameche
Edward G. Robinson
Paul Muni

SAND

(OH BUOY, OH

A star with stripes—in her Matletex swim suit—is Nan Grey, left. Nan's one of the Three Smart Girls and doesn't she look it? Lana Turner, center, is trying to keep the sons away with an umbrella but even that won't do the trick. Where's your sweater, Lana? And, above, Jinx Falkenberg looking high-tide and handsome in a Gantner-Mattern swim suit-able satin lastex

WITCHES

BUOY, OH BUOY!)

A girl who seas for herself is Mary Howard, above. And doesn't she look tide-y in her laced white satin BVD swim suit? Sandwiched in her dressing-room is Rita Hayworth, center. And what a sand witch Rita makes in her "seaside pebble" design bathing suit. And right, here's beauty and the beach in the person of Jan Holm, Warner starlet. She's a *Gold Digger*

WHY I'M MARRYING FOR THE THIRD TIME

HUMPHREY BOGART, WHOSE PREVIOUS MARRIAGES DIDN'T TAKE, WILL SHORTLY JUMP OFF THE DEEP END WITH MAYO METHOT. HAVING NO ILLUSIONS, THEY ANTICIPATE A FINE "GO" OF IT

By MOLLY CASTLE

"EVERYONE who has ever meant anything to me started out by hating me," said Humphrey Bogart. "Mayo was no exception. She disliked me for years."

He was talking about Mayo Methot, the girl he's going to marry. She disliked him. He didn't especially notice her. Then one night, at the Screen Actor's Ball, there she was sitting up in a box wearing a red dress. He climbed over all the tables between them and scrambled up the front of the box and they had a lot of laughs and then somehow it was serious. And both of them married to someone else.

So they didn't see each other, not for four months. At the end of that time Mr. Jack Warner drew his cupid's costume out of the prop department and cast them both in *Marked Woman.* Maybe Bette Davis *was* the marked woman, but Mayo was the girl who got hit.

Humphrey didn't say that he loved her and he didn't ask her to marry him but she managed to know what he meant.

"You see," he explained, "I think it's just as important to say 'I like you' as to say 'I love you.' 'I love you' seems shop-worn somehow—well doesn't it? 'I like you' is much more real. But there ought to be some new words invented."

However, from time to time it's been taken as said. Mayo doesn't need to have all the I's dotted and the T's crossed. She understands men and especially Humphrey; can meet a man on his own ground without necessarily having to beat him on it. That's one of the things that makes Humphrey think that he's got a good chance of being very happy.

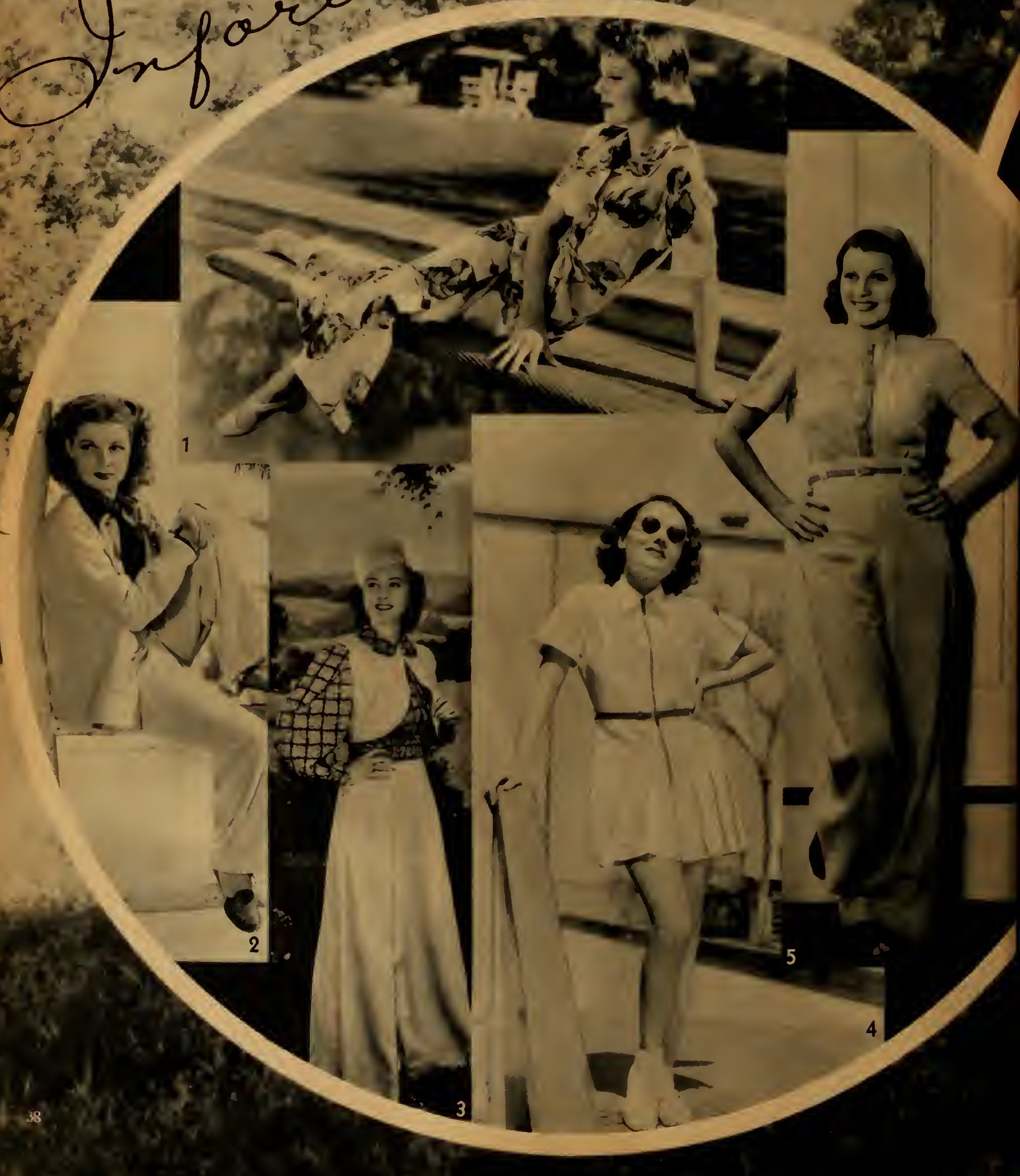
Funny sort of a screen star he is. It isn't charm that he's got; not if by charm you mean the slick kind of allure that the personality boys lay out in gobs. He's no hand kisser. If a queen held out the [*Continued on page* 58]

LORETTA YOUNG

As nice a PRAYER as FOUR MEN or forty million others would want to pray over, Loretta now turns her attention to 3 *Blind Mice*. But if these mice (or men) can't recover their sight after getting a load of Loretta then their case is hopeless. As for you, David Niven, in the love spot, who said you needed specs?

WE FOUND THESE FAIR PLAYTHINGS FOR YOU IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE THE STARS NOT ONLY PLAY BUT PLAY RIGHT IN COOL, CASUAL TOGS

Informally yours,



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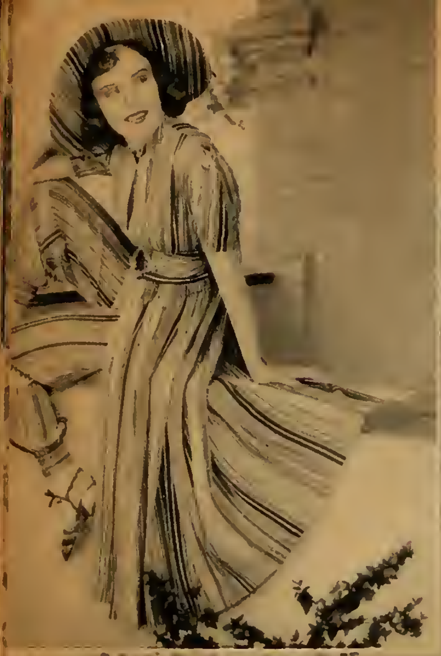
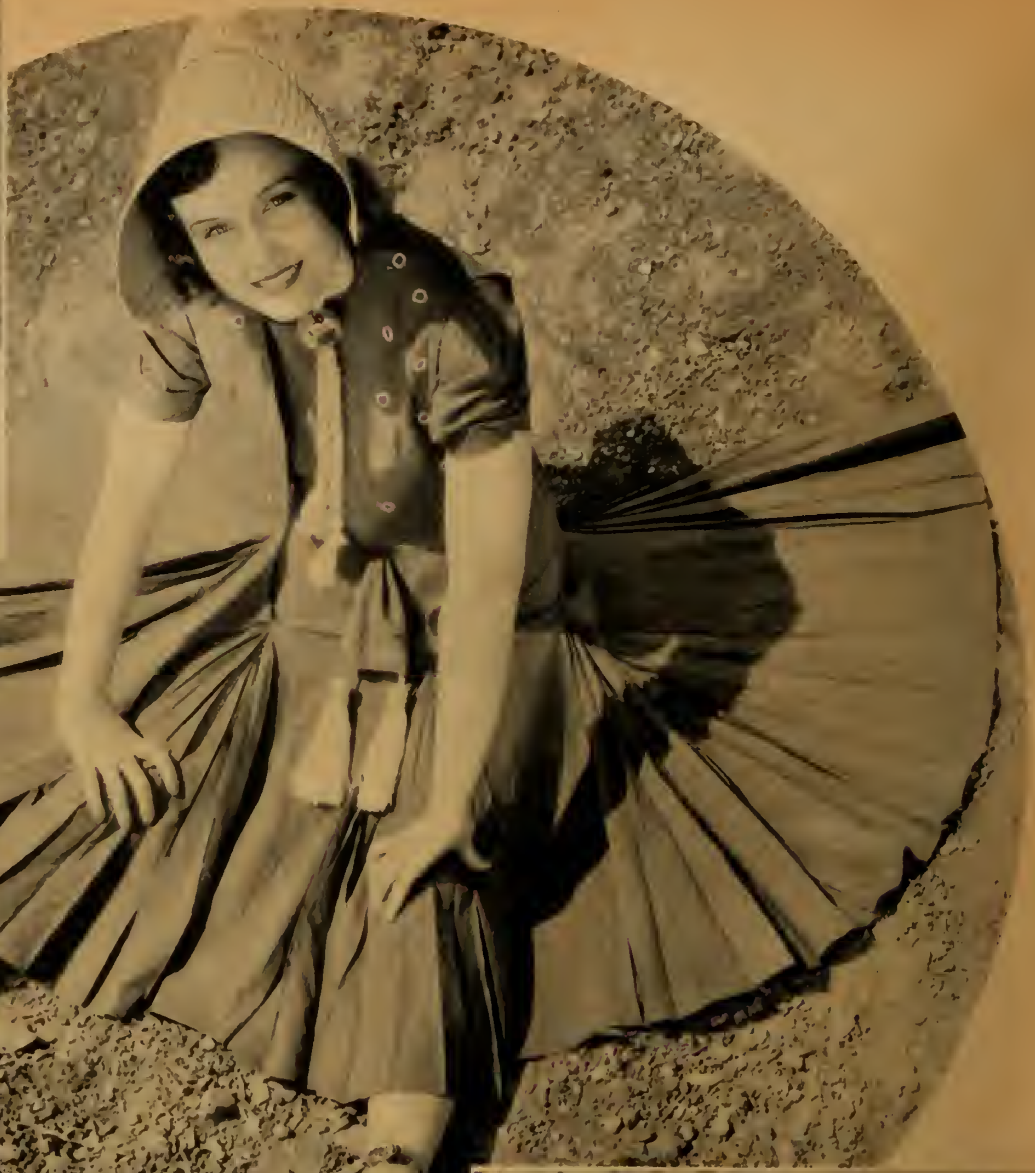
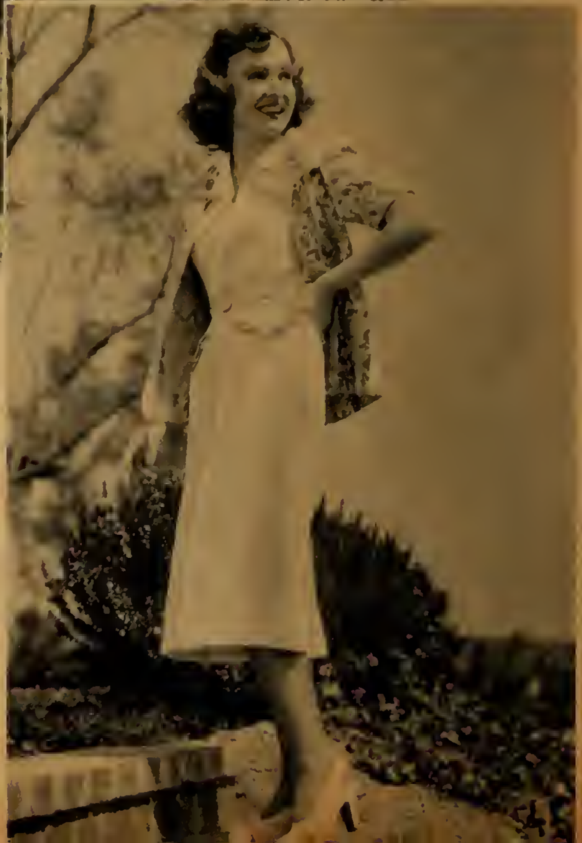
10

1. Freshened and cooled by a dip in her pool, Loretta Young relaxes on the diving board in a gay print coat
2. After *Cowboy from Brooklyn*, Ann Sheridan seems to be sitting pretty in a slack suit at Lake Arrowhead
3. Peasantly yours is Margaret Lindsay in a white linen slack suit. The peasant blouse is of printed cotton
4. Short and sweet is Louise Campbell's one-piece tennis outfit of white sharkskin with red belt and zipper
5. Rita Hayworth strikes up the band in a natural crash slack suit with bands of red along sleeves and down front
6. Arleen Whelan scores a love match in cocoa sweater and white shorts which are buttoned in matching cocoa
7. Maybe it's the power of suggestion that influences Priscilla Lane to wear a coolie outfit to keep cool in
8. Rosalind Russell's white terry cloth beach robe which she wears in *Four's a Crowd* was inspired by a monk's robe
9. Underneath that bright peasant dress Arleen Whelan wears a swim suit to match. Both are of crinkly crepe
10. Priscilla Lane may look nauti-cal but, oh, so nice in her hand-blocked short linen coat. Where's Wayne, Pat?







Stars and stripes forever we sing—and you'll join us—after glancing at Madge Evans' beach costume at top of page. The pajamas, fashioned like Turkish trousers, have a brassiere top. Crystal buttons fasten the tight trouser cuffs, the straight collar and the wide girdle of the matching coat. While *Sinners in Paradise* is the title of Madge's new film, she gets right down to earth, center, in an intriguing gardening outfit of rust Tacuyo cloth. The inverted pleats adapted on the Spanish ballet skirt make a fullness of twelve yards around. The bolero has white embroidered circles, matching the tassels of her sash. And right, Madge looks right for a day in the country in her white sharkskin sports dress with zipper front. A flower patterned sharkskin fashions the jacket and pockets

Lew was 20 when he played with Garbo. Now at 29 he hopes to get going again. He's seen in *Holiday*

WHAT'S LEFT FOR LEW AYRES?

By BEN MADDOX

ONCE THE SCREEN'S WONDER BOY, LEW COULDN'T STAND PROSPERITY. HE TEARS HIMSELF APART IN AN AMAZING CONFESSION. HAVING MADE A CLEAN SWEEP HE IS DETERMINED TO MAKE GOOD AGAIN

LEW AYRES is almost important again. A terse enough statement, but it's news with such hidden drama behind it. It's an amazing story! Utterly human, too. It is really the inside answer to what too often happens when dreams come true too soon. What started out so bright and thrilling for him went all wrong.

"I think," Lew said, in his dressing-room at Columbia where he is supporting Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant in *Holiday,* "I think that how people change, for better or worse, is a fascinating study. There are pronounced phases, and then a temporary enthusiasm may wear off and the person hasn't progressed at all! But we do change, very gradually. Personally, I think I am straightening myself out, at last. I am trying to build a new life. My new home is but one evident step. Inside of me I suspect I have made a clean sweep, also. I believe you can discount what I have said, whatever I have thought, before now. Because, today, I am almost the opposite of what I was! I had, you see," he added with a smile that is friendly now instead of shy, "so much to learn. I made so many mistakes. I plunged so—well, immaturely is the kindest word I can muster up for my past behavior!"

He *is* different. You get that immediately. He is still modest, but the mark of sullenness is no longer on his soul. Lew, indeed, is a thorough surprise. He is avidly appreciating his current role, even though it is his first supporting part since he began. Maybe you haven't been half so conscious of him recently, but he has been working steadily. There was sufficient impetus from his original skyrocketing to keep him, technically, in the star status.

Not so awfully long ago Lew, who is 29 now, was the wonder boy of the movies.

At 20, after only one acting job, he was cast in a romantic sequence with Garbo. He scored. At 21, he was spectacularly shot to the top of the ladder. The world acclaimed him as the hero of

[*Continued on page* 60]

JAMES CAGNEY

Here's the BOY who smiles down on the GIRL he meets in that satirical slap at Hollywood. When you see *Boy Meets Girl* you'll be seeing Jimmy Cagney at his best. And don't think Hollywood can't take it! It outkids the kidding directed at the movie town in the Broadway version. It boasts the best kidders on the Warner lot

Marie Wilson, as the GIRL met by the BOY, comes into her own after a long apprenticeship. Being just about the best comedienne on the Warner lot she'll not only entertain you but she is also certain of going places now that she has been given her big chance. Yes, *Boy Meets Girl*—and GIRL hopes you'll be liking her

MARIE WILSON

MERLE OBERON SPEAKS HER MIND ABOUT MARRIAGE

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

"I LOOK forward to my wedding day as being the happiest of my life. But I can't tell you when—or where—it will be. Or with whom . . ." said Merle Oberon.

Eighteen months ago when she left Hollywood you could have got a ten-to-one wager with anyone in town that she would be Mrs. David Niven before the year was out. But—

Young Mr. Niven was in Palm Springs when her train pulled into the little Pasadena station. Norma Shearer had sent her car and chauffeur to meet her (Norma herself being detained at the studio) and there were orchids to burn in bright florist's boxes. But none from "Davy." They met at Brian Aherne's farewell party a couple of days later. Looked at each other over tall, frosted glasses. Laughed. Amused, friendly laughter. Said Davy, "It's my turn to travel now. I'm leaving for Scotland to visit my people for six weeks."

Said Merle, "How nice"—and meant it. Whatever *rapport* had been between them, what the French so appropriately call the "red flame," had vanished. But men never get over being friends with Merle. She's that type. Loyal and likeable. If you haven't the price for a table-for-two at the Troc, a spin around Venice will do! In fact, she'd probably prefer it because there is something distinctly down-to-earth about this lady known as Oberon.

"I expect a great deal of marriage. I *hope* a great deal from it. Companionship, home, children, and enough delightful romantic nonsense to keep it from getting stuffy and stolid. But it is definitely the end of one chapter and the beginning of another. And I am not through with this first chapter yet! Not for three or four years."

Life is so terribly exciting right now. Merle wiggled her toes in her slim satin sandals like a small girl. Her hair is a much lighter tone, almost a bronze-gold, because it highlights better in Technicolor. She is thinner even than when she left. And since everybody has forgotten that she once was an "exotic siren" of the screen, she has dared to go in for cleverly exotic house clothes. At present she was wearing a white crepe Chinese costume, buttoned high, with pale blue satin trousers showing beneath. "Maybe we've been brittle and bright about romance long enough," she was saying. "Maybe the world needs a few extra illusions at the moment and a little 'pink clouding.' Maybe that's the answer to this new romantic trend in pictures. Like *Graustark*, for instance. When Mr. Goldwyn asked me how I would like to do *Yetive* I was almost frightened. Because for years I've wanted so much to do her. I read the book first when I was a little girl in my uncle's home in India and I used to borrow mother's lace gown to act out the part. . . . We're not going to modernize it, you know. I'm to wear a pompadour!"

Merle with a pompadour. As a princess with a Gibson Girl flavor—and bustles. After seeing her, you can bet your totalitarian thesis we'll all be wearing 'em. For what Merle can do with even a few wisps of material and a stray button or two. . . .

[*Continued on page* 59]

HAPPY MARRIAGE IS THE ONE DREAM LEFT FOR MERLE—WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE TIME, PLACE OR MAN

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

You can't blame Bob Montgomery for running a fever with Virginia Bruce as his nurse. They play at love in *Yellow Jack*

Less Ballast Fore and Aft

■ Stupendous-Achievement note: tired of being constantly mistaken for a baby blimp in full flight, Jack Oakie has dieted-off thirty pounds! So now if he'll just take off thirty more, he'll be only thirty overweight.

Charlie Chaplinside Stuff

■ Sounds like the old blah, but this time Talk of Hollywood is undenied that Chaplin is going serious, is writing himself a heavy dray-ma in which he'll not only act, but talk! Always, through all his clowning, Chaplin has yenned to do something tragic. Nearest he's ever come to gratifying the wish has been off-screen, where his life itself has been one of Hollywood's fundamental tragedies—but that's another story, which'd take a book to tell . . .

However, he's still "holed in" in that cottage at Carmel, miles from Hollywood, whence he utters not a whisper to the world about what he's doing, besides dodging Paulette. However, your indefatigable old keyhole-hearkener hears that what he's working on this time is NOT a story for Paulette, NOT a new comedy for himself, but a serious story with dialogue for himself.

Hollywoodevelopments

■ When Arleen Whelan had to wear a thin silk nightie,
She wouldn't work 'til the set was closed up tightie!
And of all the Hollywoodevelopments most fiercely alarming,
The awfullest is this: Carole Lombard's studying FARMING!

It's true! Now that she has that San Fernando Valley ranch, Carole is taking a University of California agriculture course by mail!

Film Realism Note

■ That fight you'll see between George Brent and Humphrey Bogart in *Racket Busters* was strenuous, but acshooly!—both of 'em got real black eyes out of it.

Ainthollywoodwonduffle

■ Charley Grapewin between pictures makes inlaid wood bridge tables and he's working on his fifty-third now!

No star in Hollywood has a greater assortment of pets than Jane Withers. She prizes her Peke among her flock of dogs

Hollywood's newest love posture is demonstrated by Cary Grant and Katie Hepburn—who get that way about each other in *Holiday*

What—No Golden Key?

■ A Hollywood classified ad, as clipped from *The Hollywood Reporter*:

AM YOUNG, blonde, and beautiful. Want chance in film. 118 lbs. Amer. Dram. exper. Ride horse bk. and expert boxer. CAN BE PLEASING TO PRODUCERS TOO. Box H-156.

Quickie Money Buys Gift for Honey

■ Not the kind of wife who buys hubby birthday presents out of his own pocketbook is Sally Blane. She's been working in a quickie, doing a five-day bit for a coupla' hundred dollars—so's she can buy "an inexpensive birthday gift for Norman" she told me . . . Seems that although she retired from the screen when she took up seriously being Mrs. Norman Foster, she still does a picture-job once a year—just before his birthday rolls around—so she doesn't have to use HIS money to buy HIM a present.

Right On The Button

■ Most Pointed Observation of the Season on Life in Hollywood, as reprinted here verbatim from the keen-witted Hollywood Reporter: "This picture business is funny. They tell the young hopefuls to learn the fundamentals, study dramatics, voice culture, posture, etc., etc.—yet the four top grossers today are a skater, a child of nine, an animated cartoon and a dummy made of wood!"

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

But Tall, Dark Man Came Into Her Life

■ Study in Disillusionment: —In 1932 Gail Patrick visited a certain noted Hollywood fortune-teller. "Some day you'll be in movies," he told her . . . Well, just the other day, Gail, now a movie star, went to the same fortune-teller, who didn't remember or recognize her at all, and proceeded to tell her:

"Some day you'll be in movies."

So Gail doesn't quite believe in fortune-tellers any more. She is married to tall, dark man—Bob Cobb, restaurateur.

Glammer From Her Gams

■ Furiously forward goes the de-mouthing of Martha Raye. Neither Martha nor Paramount will even concede anymore, that Martha even HAS a mouth, much less an extraordinarily joe-brownish one. Martha, they say, has got glammer . . . ! And so they've turned down an independent production in which she'd co-star with Joe E. Brown, because it contained too many gags about her mouth. And now Paramount reveals to your faithful reporter that, to draw your attention from that end of Martha to the other, they're writing a special sequence into *Give Me a Sailor* which shows Martha winning a "beautiful legs" contest—and it'll be Martha's OWN legs, and not a double's, that'll win the prize . . . ! All of which still seems like deliberately turning their back on a rare asset. EVERY gal in Hollywood's got legs!

Don't Let It Dabbage You, Bill

■ Bill Fields eats so much corned beef and cabbage
That it's actually getting to be a habbage!

Won't Tell

■ Dolores Costello is still saying NO to those publishers who are after her to write a book about John Barrymore . . . Not that she *couldn't,* mind you!

Simone Simon of the golden keys, also registers a golden voice—which she demonstrates in *Josette*

"Come on and hear, come on and hear *Alexander's Ragtime Band.*" And when you do you'll be seeing T. P. and A. F. make love

Bob Burns tells the bull to get along—what with Martha Raye on his hands. You'll see all three in *Tropic Holiday*

Back To "Curse You, Jack Dalton!"

■ Heaviest Talk of Hollywood these days is, of course, the gosh-awful slump at the box-office. This town has been blue, before, in its occasional slumps. This time, it's deep ultramarine, with spots of indigo . . . But YOUR interest in it is this: Desperately hunting for an antidote to the box-office poison, Hollywood's producers have reasoned it out, somehow or other, that what the fans want is fewer drawing-room drahmas, more red-blooded outdoors action stuff where the villain is a villain and the hero simply too, too heroic . . . So you can look ahead to a positive rash of that sort of thing on your neighborhood screen.

Don't Get Her Sarong, She Loves Hollywood

■ Dorothy Lamour just won't let poor, be-deviled Paramount rest comfortably about her . . . After getting her bosses all hot and bothered by her recent declaration that contract or no contract, she intends to have a baby (although darned if I can see that she's done anything definite about that!), she now ups and worries them by announcing she's gonna get a haircut . . . ! Mr. Paramount can't decide now which is worse—getting in what Hollywood never calls a delicate condition, or getting her haircut. Her long locks, they insist, are one of her principal charms.

That's How Titles Get Born

■ Paramount wanted to call it "Behind the Eight Ball." But W. C. Fields insisted that "The Gentleman From Cucamonga" would be a better title. So they compromised on—*Mr. Bumpus Goes to London* . . . ! ! ! And with Bill and Paramount parting company Bill won't be making it.

With several months of steady work behind her Ginger Rogers took time out to relax before starting work on *Carefree*

THE TALK OF

Snow White vs. Snow White

■ FEUD-OF-THE-MONTH is between Snow White and Snow White! Seems that both Marjorie Belcher, Hollywoodarling, and Adriana Caselotti, vocalist, are battling as to which of them really IS Snow White in the life.

The answer: Adriana's is the voice you hear coming out of Snow White's mouth. And Marjorie is the cutie who posed for the artists who drew Snow White.

I Am What I Am

Annabella, in her dressing room: "Hello, Hello, studio cafe? Well, please reserve me a table; I'm coming right over."

Phone-gal at the cafe: "Who? Annabella? But I thought I just saw you come in?"

Annabella: "No, no. I could not have just come in because this is me. I KNOW I am me."

Us Kiddies

■ Between takes, Bob Taylor models tiny animals in clay.

Perched on her way up the ladder, Marion Martin looks forward to stardom after *Sinners in Paradise*

Betty Grable (Mrs. Jackie Coogan to you) dons a playsuit to offer Hollywood's most gorgeous figure

Laurie Lane ruled as Queen of 1937 Mardi Gras where she was discovered by Paramount scouts. Debuts in *Tropic Holiday*. Is 5 ft. 6½ in. wt. 123

East Is West

■ Eyebrows are lifted gigglishly in Hollywood as the news comes from the East that Mae West, far from being dismayed at the impersonation of her being staged by a Negress in a Harlem nite-club, actually laughed at the take-off, then went back-stage to meet the sepia bebby and teach her a few more westisms . . . !

Fred Goes Tourist

■ Not too easily recognizable out of screen make-up is Fred Astaire, who usually wears clothes best described as "careless" when not acting, and whose offscreen appearance is in several ways not like his onscreen dapperness.

So, having fun at a Beach amusement pier, he didn't suspect he'd be recognized when he went for a string of those "three-poses-for-a-quarter" postcards showing him in a prop boat, a prop train, and a prop airplane. BUT—fifteen minutes later, passing the same gallery, fawncy his chagrin to hear the barker yelling:

"Here y'are, girls; here y'are—brand new pictures of your hero, Fred Astaire—just taken at this studio—two bits apiece, only two bits apiece . . . ! Which only goes to show you that Fred's pictures still sell—with or without Ginger Rogers. Studio papers please copy.

HOLLYWOOD

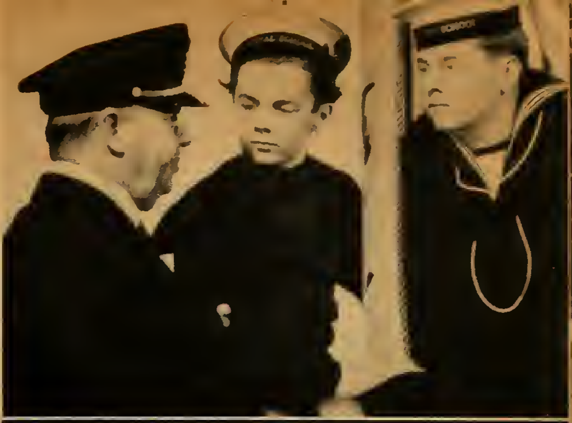
Art

■ Incongruity-highlite of the month: Luise Rainer, who won the Academy Award for fine acting, entertains at parties by throwing her shoulder out of joint!

With Bated Breath . . .

■ For lunch every day Priscilla Lane eats a sandwich of raw onions—

And after lunch, you'd oughtta hear her leading man's opinions . . . !



How boys are trained in seamanship for British Merchant Marine is told in *Lord Jeff*, starring Freddie B. and Mickey R.

The Crawford Gesture

■ Famous for kind gestures in a Hollywood where kind gestures are too infrequent, Joan Crawford did another nice thing the other day—Frances McInerney, her newest protege, had a date for a screen test to be directed by Edwin L. Marin. But when she showed up, Marin was busy—and it looked like postponement of the test. In Hollywood, postponement too often is spelled "finis".

Then Joan stepped in. She called Robert Young. With Young, Joan played the test scene while Frances looked on. Then Joan took the director's chair, directed Frances [*Continued on page 71*]

Probably the last Austrian importation for some time to come is Hedy LaMarr—now at M-G-M studios

Even the Younger Set affects summer play styles. Bonita Granville wears a head scarf, sweater—and slacks

Shirley Templesantries

■ When he got a letter from Shirley at Palm Springs, saying that on account of she was starting diving lessons, would he please not ask her to report for work for another week, 20th-Fox headman Darryl Zanuck sent a three-trailer expedition, carrying song-writers, script-writers, wardrobe women and costume materials all the way to Palm Springs—so's not to interrupt Shirley's diving lessons, but at the same time get to work on her next fillum . . . ! ! !

As your faithful snooper types this, plans are afoot for Shirley to go East on a "vacation trip". On it she'll include Callander, Ontario. By some odd coincidence, The Dionne Quins, on whom 20th-Fox has exclusive movie rights, live there. And by another odd coincidence, the Quins are going to sing a song in their next picture, and Shirley has agreed to "coach" them.

And now would you be surprised, at all, at all, it if should suddenly be announced that 20th-Fox is going to produce a picture in which Shirley and the Quins will all appear? No—neither would we.

But He'll Pay A Dime To Check It

■ So fascinated was Freddie Bartholomew by the ancient three-cornered hat you'll see him wearing in *Kidnapped*, that when the film was finished, Freddie made a deal with the studio, and bought it—for a dime.

Talent scouts know a good number when they see one. Which introduces starlet Jan Holm of Warners' *Gold Diggers of Paris* and *Boy Meets Girl*

"THE KID'S" ADVICE TO CHILD STARS

By MARIAN RHEA

JACK COOGAN, WHO WORKED THROUGH CHILDHOOD AND GREW UP TO FIND HIMSELF BROKE, WOULD BE A CHILD STAR ALL OVER AGAIN. THE "KID" ADVISES CHILDREN TO ACT IF TALENTED

"THE Kid" said, incredibly: "No, I'm not sorry I was a child star. I would do it all over again. . . ."

It wasn't what I expected Jackie Coogan to say. I had considered the Coogan story—this story of a youngster who was made to work through his childhood whether he would or no, then grew up to find himself broke—an out and out sob story. I had thought he would say: "I am sorry Charlie Chaplin ever found me. . . ."

But he didn't. In fact, the whole situation was different from what I had expected. True, we were having lunch together as we had arranged, but it wasn't at the Brown Derby or the Vendome or any of those places where denizens of Hollywood usually gather. We were eating at a drugstore lunch counter, half a block from the downtown offices of his attorneys, Frank P. Doherty and William M. Rains, sitting back in a corner on our high leather stools. Jack had a hamburger "with" and coffee, and I the same "without."

Even he, himself, was different from what I had expected. Tall, well-built, well-dressed, assured of manner, he wasn't a pathetic figure at all. He was broke. He admitted that when he invited me to lunch at the drugstore counter. He was engaged in a bitter quarrel with his mother over his earnings as the world's most famous child star, and that couldn't be

[*Continued on page* 69]

In panel is Jack, the Kid who made a fortune and went broke. Right, with wife, Betty Grable

FRED MacMURRAY

This tall, dark and handsome man who used to be a sax appealer and is now a sex-appealer has just done the *Cocoanut Grove* with Harriet Hilliard. And now *Sing You Sinners* with Bing Crosby and Ellen Drew. Howsabout it, Fred, would you rather toot your sax for the jitterbugs or get the gals jittery with emotion?

RAY MILLAND

And in this corner, ladees and gentlemen, we give you another sex-appealer, Ray Milland. Ray must have enjoyed being *Her Jungle Love* —and vice versa—for he and Dorothy "Sarong" Lamour are on a *Tropic Holiday* together. And you should get a laugh out of that, seeing how Martha Raye and Bob Burns are also in *Tropic Holiday*

COLUMBIA
CBS

GETTING IT OFF HIS (HOPE) CHEST

WHILE THERE'S LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD THERE'S HOPE TO KEEP THE FUN A-ROLLING. HERE IS WHERE BOB, FORMERLY OF BROADWAY, TELLS YOU ABOUT HIMSELF

At top, Bob Hope calls Bing Crosby "The Groaner." And Bing congratulates Bob on his degree of "Doctor of Croon" at Beverly-Wilshire. Last seen in *College Swing*, Bob's next is *Give Me a Sailor*

By E. J. SMITHSON

THE next time we interview wisecracking Bob Hope you can bet all the burrs in Burma against all the sighs in Siam that it won't be in the Paramount lunch-room. On the contrary, it's going to be in a place marked "Strictly Private," "Beware of the Dogs," "No Peddlers Allowed," or not at all! We're going to be alone even if we have to have a police escort!

We thought it would be fun to interview a funnyman, especially a funnyman like Hope who, by the way, is Hollywood's only four-letter star with a right to place CASH (Comedian, Actor, Singer and Hoofer) after his name, but after the first five minutes, during which time we asked five simple questions and received five simple blanks we reached the quick conclusion that it was going to be all work and no play to make the young man "give" as he should. It probably wasn't Bob's fault. He was too busy greeting friends, or friends were too busy greeting him for us to make much headway, but we kept at it despite the interruptions, Bob's frequent absences, and the "hellos," handshakes and goodbyes of his admirers.

You may be interested in a sample of what we went through before we got an answer to our first question, a simple little query as to where he was born. It ran something like this:

"I was born in London, England, and brought to this country—hi, there, George, glad to see yah; hi, there, Dorothy, you look prettier than ever—that was George Raft and Dorothy Lamour—fine people—I was brought to this country when I was a child and lived in Cleveland, great town, Cleveland—well, bless me, if it isn't Lynne Overman. Nice work in that *Jungle Love* opus, Lynne, you certainly made a chump outta that chimp. Now where was I? Oh, yes. In Cleve- [*Continued on page* 67]

Little Mans, What Now?

[*Continued from page* 26]

stays with him every minute he is in the studio) I saw at a glance that there is a difference in Freddie. The first thing I noticed was the way he sits now, so quietly, back straight, shoulders up. An adult posture. A year ago he would have been fidgeting around on his chair, restive as small boys are. He was wearing horn-rim specs for reading, the script of *Lord Jeff* by his plate, going over his lines. A year ago Aunt Cissie would have been going over his part with him but now Freddie is aware that he has a job to do—and he does it. A year ago the line between playing at home and playing at the studio would have been blurred for Freddie. Both were *playing,* weren't they? Of course at the studio they photographed you while you were playing but that was about the only real difference.

But now Freddie is conscious that he is giving a performance. The Age of Reason is upon him and he is no longer "just acting" because he is a born actor; he is asking himself *why* he does this bit of business or that. He is developing theories about things. He doesn't see his rushes, "because," he told me, "they might make me self-conscious. I might take a dislike to some scene I had done. There would be nothing I could do about it once it was 'in the box' but it might worry me throughout the rest of the picture. I never believe in worrying about what is *done.*" Yes, now Freddie realizes that there is a difference between playing at home where nothing but the fun of it is involved and doing a picture at the studio where a million dollars may be involved.

I SHOULD say that the greatest change in Freddie is that he now has a sense of responsibility. Every now and again, as we talked, his eyes would turn to the clock in the commissary which warns actors when their lunch hours are over. A year ago Aunt Cissie would have been watching the clock for Freddie. He has, too, lost just a trace of his English accent. His fine manners are still courtly but a little easier now. Less the charming child than the charming young man who is meeting us adults on our own ground.

But to further bear out my contention that Freddie is still midway between a little boy and a grown-up lad, even as we talked about football (try to stop Freddie talking about football!) and about the girls he doesn't notice, he was doing his noisy best to inhale a strawberry through the straw in his ice-cream soda.

And when I said, "Little mans, what now . . . ?" he answered politely but with the implication that the question was slightly unnecessary, "Oh, *football,* of course. . . ."

And then Freddie proceeded to launch forth into a masterly dissertation on the manly sport. I know that he thinks he will make "an end or a fullback in time"; that "a quarterback has to be pretty heavy and of course I don't know yet what my weight will be"; that "we play with a seven man team now, the kids in my neighborhood and I"; that "Edward," Freddie's colored chauffeur, "and one of my very best friends," is water-carrier for the team besides giving invaluable pointers on the makings of an athlete.

I said that I saw. But I didn't. And trying to break in on the football theme before I fell entirely from grace in those eager eyes I said, "How many years before you are through with the high-school course, Freddie?"

"About two years," said Freddie, "as you know I don't go to a regular school. I can't. The studio. But my tutor—he is our football coach, by the way, he played fullback on his own school team—says I will be ready for college in about two years if we go along as we are going now. . . ."

"And then what?"

"THEN college," said Freddie promptly. "I want to go to college very much. I think college gives a fellow a polish and culture he can't get in any other way. You make the right friends in college, too. Then after college I should like to take a trip around the world with Aunt Cis. A very leisurely trip, stopping off for quite long stays in different countries so that I would know something of the ways other people live and think. Then after that, if they still want me in pictures, I should like to be an actor, of course. If they don't want me in pictures I think I should be interested in radio, in aviation."

Aunt Cis didn't like to see Freddie growing up and wearing long trousers. But she's happy because he's happy

"Would you like to go to an English college," I asked, "to Oxford or to an American college?"

"An American college, I think," said Freddie, "Aunt Cis and I are very grateful to America. I am thinking of taking out citizenship papers one of these days. America has done a lot for us. The public has done a lot for us. And," he smiled at me, "so has the press."

"But what about your work in pictures while you are in college?" I asked. "Four years is a long time to be away from Hollywood. . . ."

"Of course that is the problem," the boy said, "and the estate has been seriously depleted, as you know. I imagine it will simmer down to a matter of the family finances. If we can afford to take four or five years off (how youth can toss the years over its shoulder) we'll do it. If we can't afford it, we won't do it. Either way it will be all right. You sort of have to do what you have to do, don't you think?"

I said that I did. But I wondered how he knew it, so letter perfect, at fourteen. . . .

I SAID, then "What about the girls, Freddie? What do you think of girls?"

"I don't know," said Freddie, indifferently. "They're very nice people, of course."

"But if you did think about girls, what type of girl do you *think* you'd like?"

"Oh, well," said Freddie, "the athletic type, I suppose. I'll tell you, she'd *have* to like football!"

Yes, the "What now, Little Mans?" question is answered in one word—football. Freddie is a football fanatic, Freddie's heart (lost once, ever so fleetingly) is not in a vanity case, it's in a football. Freddie has all kinds of interests and hobbies. He is pretty mean at photography, handling his 16 m.m. camera like a professional, doing his own developing and printing. He has turned the garage into a machine shop and there, during the year he was away from the studio, he built one of those scooter things, a soap-box for the chassis. He is now working on a motor bike invention which Aunt Cissie assures me will be the death of *her.* He also flips a nifty canoe paddle. He reads all kinds of books, such as *Of Mice and Men,* Priestley's *Midnight in the Desert,* Maugham's *The Summing Up,* all the aviation stories the libraries can provide. He is, Aunt Cis told me, "the *busiest* boy in the world. Never in his life has he come to me and said, 'what shall I do now'?"

AND Freddie has been in love this past year. His first love but more fleeting than frenzied. Since at the first, "aw, Freddie's got a girl. Freddie's got a girl," the tentative flower of that first flame was blighted. Freddie met Judy—yes "She" is Judy Garland—in the school-room on the M-G-M lot. They met again at a Sunday breakfast party at Louis B. Mayer's beach house. They sat on the sands together. The sea was blue. So was the sky. Her eyes were brown and warm and merry. And they were very young. When Freddie came in from the beach he whispered to Aunt Cis, "I'm *very* much in love, Aunt Cis." Aunt Cis, being wise, said nothing. Not with the tip of a fore-finger would she have touched so fragile a thing as shone in Freddie's eyes.

That afternoon Freddie suggested that he stop off at a florist's. It might be the thing to send Judy a gardenia. (Freddie also bought one for Aunt Cis . . . woman-wise, Freddie, if not woman-interested.) *And he paid for them by giving the florist two autographs.* One little day of romance, and then no more. . . . Now Freddie and Judy are "just good friends."

But these interests, hobbies, avocations, romance, legal difficulties, are as nothing compared to his passion for football. Girls

[*Continued on page* 73]

Muni Knows all the Right Answers

[*Continued from page* 28]

Paul Muni lives in a beautiful home high up on the cliffs of Palos Verdes, facing the Pacific. When he's in an escapist mood he looks longingly at the ocean knowing that he and Bella can get away from it all—and sail to far-off places

"No, I haven't got that sort of thing to give the people who pay to see movies. I believe that the people who come to see my pictures don't come with the expectation of getting what Dick Powell, say, gives them—or Bing Crosby, or Errol Flynn. No; to me, they come to see something different. And so is it wrong that I should work as hard as I do, strive as earnestly as I do to give them the very best of that sort of thing they ask of me?—instead of what's called sex-appeal, or something like that?"

So I agreed with him, naturally. It was only a rhetorical question by Muni, anyhow. And he went on, trying to answer the lead I flung out. "What," I asked him, "is it that you ask of a role before you play it? What is it that you demand in a script, or a part, before you give it your okeh . . .?"

(You understand, of course, that Muni is not required to play any role unless he approves it.)

WELL, it took many strands of vermicelli in that wonderful soup that only Perino's in Los Angeles seems to know how to dish up, before Muni had the answer to my question. In fact, he was well along on the second trout before he stopped, a fork halfway to his mouth, and flung the answer at me:

"I have it," he said. "I have the answer, I think, to that question of yours. It's this:

"What I want to play is NOT just a role; what I want to play is an IDEA. The part itself—the individual character who translates that idea, is secondary. Do you get it?"

That's why Muni reads and rejects script after script. He's seeking not a fancy part to play, not a flamboyant set of lines to spout, not a colorful figure to strut up and down the stage. He doesn't care about how the character looks. Muni doesn't ask the character to be handsome, like so many of your screen favorites do. He doesn't give two toots in a teapot whether or not they're heroic, just so long as they're real, and earnest and have a great idea to motivate them. But the idea must be down Muni's own alley of thought and ideology.

"Would you play a part—let's say a great part—if the idea behind the character did not coincide with your own ideals and beliefs?"

"No! Never!" he practically shouted.

"Would you play at all a character of whom you don't approve?"

"No," he repeated. "Never." Then he amended, with a sly grin that's as delightful as it is rare when you interview him:

"Not, that is, unless it came down to a sheer question of existence for me—and Bella."

IN THAT phrase—"and Bella"—Muni stepped from the stage and became human. There are two Muni's in Hollywood. The Muni of professional life, and the Muni who begins to exist only when the other Muni is done with his job. The latter Muni is as fascinating a chap as the Muni of the screen, but infinitely harder to know. I'm going to try, if I can, to give you a little insight into that Muni—the rare Muni that a few intimates know. Because, after all, I know you've read reams of type about the other Muni—the actor Muni and his ideas about the stage and screen, and his terrific sincerity about his work, and how he flings himself so utterly into his character that throughout production he ceases to be himself and is only the person he's playing.

You all know that classic crack that was made by a visiting Englishwoman to Mrs. Muni. Or don't you? It seems that Mrs. Muni was explaining to the visitor about Paul's system of BEING the man he's playing. How, when he played *Pasteur*, he was *Pasteur* at home. How, when he played *Zola*, he even carried *Zola* home with him to the extent that, like *Zola* himself, he ate such colossal meals at home that he became ill enough to have a doctor treat him for acidosis. How, when he played a gangster, he acted and talked like a gangster at home.

Finally, the Englishwoman looked at Bella Muni, and said: "But my dear, you must be positively POLYGAMOUS . . .!"

In a way, she was right. But in a way, she was wrong, too. It's more as though her husband moves out and far away, when Paul goes into a role.

BELLA knows all about it. They have a system now—as soon as Paul begins production (that means as soon as he has okayed his next role), Mrs. Muni takes over. She takes over EVERYTHING about the business of living. Just as utterly as though Paul were shoving off for a six months stay in Little America, with the short-wave out of order. She may as well—for despite the fact that the physical entity that is Paul Muni comes home nights from the studio, there's nothing there but an automaton. He is in a semi-coma.

He can attend to none of Paul Muni's business affairs, or social affairs. He never detaches himself enough from the role he's playing. And that goes on throughout the picture—and usually for a couple of weeks afterward. It takes him that long to do what he calls "unwind." But when he's "unwound," then the Paul Muni that his friends know as Muni Weisenfreund comes into being—and is as naively charming a person as the world might ask to know. Then you must call him Muni. Because that, after all, is his real first name, and that's what his friends call him. He hates to be called Paul.

That's when you see the man who's simply crazy about his new home—that gorgeous place he's bought at Palos Verdes, an hour or so from Hollywood, on a hilltop overlooking the Pacific that sparkles far below.

He stands there, every now and then, in his great windowed living-room, and flings his arms about his Bella. And he looks out of the window across the ocean below, and like a kid, he turns to her and says: "Bella, look. Look, Bella—that ocean there. Right there it is, at our very feet—and yet it flings itself out and at the same time it's here, it's touching China, and those other places."

That means something to Muni, but he admits that he can't quite put it into words. It isn't that he isn't an accomplished wordster. I know few stars in Hollywood who have the vocabulary Muni has or who choose their words as carefully and as intelligently. Yet Muni can't put into words what he feels when he stands in his home on a hilltop and sees the ocean that knows no limits.

I can tell him, though. I can tell him that it's the subconscious realization of escape from the things that oppress him. The ocean is great, untrammeled, free.

TO MUNI, it represents escape from, as I said, the things that oppress him. And depress him. Muni is one of those people who will ever be depressed. He is too terribly socially-conscious. The plights of far peoples, of harassed lands, or underprivileged individuals and groups, hurt him. He cannot bear to see suffering, yet he knows there is little that one individual can do to alleviate the suffering that runs rampant in the world today.

He was not long back from his trip abroad when I talked with him, that day in Perino's. It was, as a matter of fact, the first interview he'd given since his return, and it was

[*Continued on page* 72]

Jean Arthur's New Set-Up

[*Continued from page 27*]

She hasn't suffered any loss of glamor, certainly, in the past year. If anything, she has added to what she already had. And it isn't her new wardrobe that creates this impression. Last year, her face had lines of tiredness. Now there is nary a line, except smile-lines. And her blue eyes have as much lustre as her shining corn-gold hair. Even her voice—the most distinctive feminine voice in Hollywood—has new life.

I told Jean that she looked happier than she did a year ago. *Was* she?

She smiled warmly. "Much happier," she said. "There's a new set-up. I think it will work out better for both the studio and me.

"The last twelve months I worked, I did six pictures," she explained. "That was too many. When you do six pictures in quick successions, the law of averages prevents you from having six hits. Somewhere among them will be one that disappoints people; there may even be more than one. And when that happens, it's just that much harder to sell yourself in your next picture. I don't think there's a truer Hollywood proverb than: 'You're only as good as your last picture.'

"So—under the new set-up, I'm doing two pictures a year for three years. The studio has a chance to make both of them hits, and so do I, because we won't be rushed . . . This arrangement starts after *You Can't Take It With You.* This is an extra picture."

JEAN laughed. "That sounds funny, I know: I sign to do two pictures a year, and then immediately start doing a third. But this isn't any ordinary picture. I'm not playing a starring role. Nobody in the east has a starring role. No one person has the worry of 'carrying the picture.' The story is the thing. That, and the fact that Frank Capra is directing."

Her "new set-up" will begin with *Golden Boy,* from the play by Clifford Odets.

"I want to do varied things. And *Golden Boy* should be a provocative beginning. The role of the girl in that will be a great departure from anything I have ever done. She is hard on the surface, thinks it's a man's world and lives accordingly. No man is going to break *her* heart. She's the mistress of a fight manager, and very loyal to him. Then the manager takes on a new fighter. And—she falls in love with the boy. She tries to suppress it. She doesn't want her heart broken. She doesn't want to hurt the only man who has ever given her a break . . . After *Golden Boy,* I don't know what will be next. Right now, I think a comedy might be a good idea. But not screwball comedy. I've developed a violent dislike for slapstick humor. I'm staying away from it, off-screen and on.

"What will I do besides the two pictures a year? I haven't made any plans. I'll probably do a little radio work. Right now, I haven't any stage plans—but I might do a play if the right one happened along, at the right time. No, I haven't any plans for three years from now, when this contract is up. That's a long time away. I'll let the future take care of itself. I'm not going to worry about it now."

This was a new attitude for Jean to express. She used to be Hollywood's Champion Worrier. Time was when, if she didn't have something big to worry about, she would hunt around for some little thing to harass herself with. Has this past year cured her?

Jean laughed again. "A little, I think. I take things a little more in stride now—I hope. This past year, I rather got in the habit of living each day for itself, not brooding about either yesterday or tomorrow."

SERIOUSLY now, she elaborated. "I learned how to relax, really relax, for the first time in my life. I *had* to learn how. After those six pictures in a row, I was in very bad shape—physically and emotionally depleted. I like my work, but toward the last, going to work was a hardship. I was tired out, yet I was so tense that I wasn't getting enough sleep. And I had to get up at six or six-thirty, and be at the studio by seven to have my hair shampooed and dressed, put on my make-up, and get into my costume, to be on the set at nine. And I didn't arrive home until eight at night, exhausted. My nerves were frayed. A very small annoyance could upset a whole day for me.

"Now, things are different. I will have time to relax. And I've learned how to relax. Little things that used to bother me —don't any more."

Where and how did she learn the secrets of relaxation?

"When I realized, finally, how exhausted and jittery I was, I made up my mind to take time out for a rest—no matter what the cost. I wanted to find some spot that would give me a complete change of scenery, some spot away from hullabaloo and hurry, some beautiful quiet spot where I knew no one and no one knew me, and I could be absolutely alone.

"I went first to Carmel, up on the Monterey Peninsula. I don't know of a more beautiful place. It is another world.

"I didn't have anything to do, or want anything to do, except read, and swim, and walk, and—watch the sea. There's nothing more restful than the sea. After those three months in Carmel, I went to Yosemite. I stayed there for weeks, exploring mountain trails. Last winter, I went back again, to ski. The rest of the time, I was quietly here in Hollywood, living in slacks and my garden, seeing only a few intimate friends."

I ASKED Jean if, not acting for so long, she had been self-conscious, starting work again.

"No," she said. "It's still the same as before. I've never been self-conscious, acting. I'm not now. The only times I'm self-conscious are—when I'm Jean Arthur. In front of a camera, I lose my own identity completely, and with it I lose my timidity. As a character in a play, I feel as if I can be what people expect. As Jean Arthur, I never feel as if I know what people expect." She smiled ruefully. "There have been some misimpressions, you know."

For example—?

"Some people seem to think I'm high-hat because I like privacy. But I've always liked it. For years, I could have all I wanted of it. Photographers didn't object then to my having it. Writers didn't object. But now, because I still like it, I'm 'difficult,' I'm 'temperamental,' I'm this and I'm that.

"It's amazing, how things can be twisted, how innocently you can become a victim of false stories. For instance, one time I went on loan to another studio. The hair-dresser and the make-up man I had had on my last picture were let out, because there was nothing for them to do. When I heard about it, I went to this studio that had borrowed me and asked, if they didn't already have people to do my hair and my make-up, could these two have a chance? I was trying to help out the studio, as well as the hair-dresser and the make-up man. But I heard later that the story was going around that I had tried to tell this studio how to run its business. Which was in direct contradiction to another story—that I had had the two people fired in the first place . . .

"Things like that bother me horribly. I don't like to be disliked. I can't have the attitude, 'I don't care.' I *do* care.

"I've had one peculiar obstacle as a star that many haven't had to face. When a studio first meets some players, they're already stars. They have made names for themselves on the stage or in opera. But Hollywood knew *me* when. After we achieve a certain development in our careers, there are certain privileges that we have a right to expect. And if I were an operatic star, I could ask for anything and get it immediately. But, being Jean Arthur, I run into the attitude, 'Why, who does she think she is?' If *I* ask, I'm 'demanding.'

"I'm not temperamental. All I want is to do my job in the best way possible. If certain things will help me to do it better, I feel as if I ought to have them. That's all.

"Some people even misinterpret my going to my dressing-room between scenes, instead of my staying on the set, joking. They cite that as another 'proof' that I'm high-hat. I know many people can joke one minute and go into a crying scene the next. They can change character instantly. I can't. I have to go to my dressing-room after a scene, go over my lines and build up the mood for the next scene.

"I don't like people to play politics with me, and I don't like to play politics, myself. I don't see any reason for it. But that has caused me trouble, too. I don't go in for subterfuge. I lay my cards on the table. And, because I do, I'm called 'a problem'."

HAS her private life changed much since her return?

"No, I wouldn't say so. We"—she means her husband, Associate Producer Frank Ross, and herself—"have moved. That's the biggest change. We live in Brentwood now, instead of Beverly Hills. We've rented a small house that's really unique. For all its smallness, it has three stories. It has a living-room and dining-room on the main floor, bedrooms above, and a playroom below, with a terrace and a swimming-pool opening off it. I spend a lot of time in the pool, and in the garden. But that's nothing new.

"Evenings, our lives are pretty much the same. We read a great deal. Often, we play Russian Bank. We have friends in often, or go to see them. We go to the movies a great deal—but never to previews. We do almost no night-clubbing."

Does she feel that she, herself, is "pretty much the same?"

"Yes," she said, with a candid smile. "There's one big difference: I feel as if I have more zest for life. Before, I had no time for anything. I was like a shut-in, a sick person. The principal change is the change of a sick person becoming well. I feel as if I am just beginning to enjoy life."

Watch for Jean Arthur in *You Can't Take It With You, Golden Boy* and whatever follows. You'll find the refreshed Jean refreshing!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

It may be an old Cantonese custom but Anna May Wong introduces a trick animal act never found in a circus—that of a dog carrying monkeys on his back. Hang on, boys

FAIR ADVANCE WARNING!—Of what LORETTA YOUNG will expect from her husband, when and if: "When I marry," she told me, in her dressing-room the other day, "I'm going to have a big family!"

"Big?" said I.

"U-huh, BIG," said she; "five or six . . . ! ! !"

■

The Bill Boyds (Grace Bradley) greet you at the patio gate of their rich ranch

MERRIEST-GO-ROUND of the Hollywood Love-Month is the June Lang-Vic Orsatti-*et-al* show: Ever since their divorce, each of them has been outdoing the other in mass dating. But they're still squeamish about being in each other's company. So much so that at the Troc, the other night, Vic was so irked at being seated at a table near his ex-wife that he had things switched so he was as far as possible from her . . . As for June, she's been compiling a veritable list of swains, with A. C. ("Blumey") Blumenthal still topping the roster, despite Mrs. Blumey's avowed intent not to divorce him. Blumey gets about fifty per cent of June's dates; the rest go to Junior Laemmle, poloist Glenn Austin, and odds and ends of fellers-about-town. Frequently along with June is the inescapable Mother Lang, still dominant in daughter's affairs. Ma has a boy-friend, too. He's Joshua Marks, and lots of times it's a June-Blumey-Josh-and-Ma foursome . . . ! Ain't Hollywood fun? Meantime, ex-hubby Vic does his strutting with such Hollyhonies as Jane Hamilton, or Ilona Massey.

HOWEVER, Ilona doesn't belong to Vic. Ilona is all Michael Whalen's, and don't let the 20th-Fox press department's earnestest efforts to link him with somebody—ANYbody—else fool you. . . . IF Whalen ever gets married (and there are plenty in Hollywood who'll bet he won't), Ilona stands as fair a chance as any of being Mrs. Mike.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Owen Crump and Isabel Jewell—
Hotter'n ever!—(or Tattler's a fewell.)

Snuggle while you dance might be the theme song of the Jimmy Ellisons (Gertrude Durkin) who are frightfully happy

AMONG Hollywood's subscribers to the "safety in numbers" creed are Rouben Mamoulian, who alternates between Tilly Losch and Mary Loos; Germaine Aussey, who finds both Brian Aherne and Jean Negulesco equally charming; Claire Dodd, who juggles Lynn Howard and Donald Barry.

■

HOLLYWOULD like to know why Alice Faye and Tony Martin cut that delayed honeymoon of theirs short!

[*Continued on page* 74]

Gallic Glamor

[*Continued from page 25*]

disturb us, he said, and was very apologetic. Mlle. Darrieux has a husband built on the proportions of Clark Gable, but taller. He is a French world war pilot, Olympic swimming champion, a playwright and motion picture director. His name is Henri Decoin, which may not mean anything to us, but carries weight in France.

"I wish I could speak as good English as Danielle," he sighed. "She learns very fast, like children do." I was curious to know how she met and married him.

"I met him in Berlin," she said, speaking slowly and carefully pronouncing every word. "I was making a picture there, with Jan Kiepura. Henri was the director of the French version. I was very nervous, and we fought all the time. We fought two weeks. I called him bad names. But after the projection of the picture, I saw that it was good. 'Oh, very fine, thank you, Monsieur Decoin, thank you,' I said. He asked me to have dinner with him. And *apres* dinner, romance! We went back to Paris, and two months later, we married. In July, 1936. I was earning then only one thousand dollars for a picture."

"And now?"

"Now!" she looked heavenward. Now, Danielle is in the big American money.

"Do you still fight?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, of course," she said, and M. Decoin nodded. "We must fight sometimes," she asserted in emphatic tones, "because after the reconciliation (which she pronounced as in French) it's much nicer—it's good!" She opened her eyes wide. And M. Decoin nodded again. "We are very jealous," she went on. "If you are not jealous, I think you do not love."

"We are Latin," M. Decoin interposed.

"We always go out together, we do everything together," she said. "In America women are too free. That is bad. No, I don't like that, no, no!" She shook her pretty head. M. Decoin beamed with masculine satisfaction. "There is harmony and cooperation between us," she continued. "We do the same kind of work. And that is one important secret of our happiness."

I asked him to define the personality of his wife, as if she were the heroine of a play he was going to write. He thought for a moment, and the two exchanged significant glances. "I think," he stated, "Danielle is a child with the character and mind of a mature woman."

"Sometimes I am five years old," she laughed, "and sometimes thirty." She is 21.

A WOMAN came in loaded with furs, and she tried them on, standing before a mirror. Then an assistant director came and told her she was wanted on the set. We walked to the sound stage. Her blonde secretary-interpreter, Mary Lee Martin, handed her a sheet of paper containing the dialogue of the scene, with a French translation. I asked her if she studied her lines at home. "I couldn't!" she replied. "They write my lines on the set, day by day." She didn't know what the story was about and how it was going to end. "So far, it's charming," she said. I told her that *100 Men and a Girl* was also shot that way. "That's a good sign!" she exclaimed.

Said Mlle. Darrieux: "I came here for three months, but I have been here eight months. *C'est terrible.* Henri has much

[*Continued on page 57*]

THIS NEW GREASELESS ODORONO ICE IS SIMPLY A DELIGHT TO USE
YES—AND IT KEEPS YOUR UNDERARM ABSOLUTELY **DRY** AND IT LASTS AS LONG AS 3 DAYS

NEW ICE DEODORANT
is cooling, vanishes completely, checks perspiration instantly

HERE'S the last word in underarm daintiness made to order for busy, fastidious moderns! The new Odorono ICE meets *all* the requirements . . . quick application, greaseless, cooling, *checks perspiration!*

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Protect your feminine charm—the friendships that are your natural right! Get a jar of Odorono ICE today! Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

"SAFE—cuts down clothing damage, when carefully used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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STOPS BODY ODOR

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*
ODO-RO-NO ICE
COOLING — NON-GREASY

Sidney—For Summer Time

[*Continued from page* 17]

keep her nails from splitting or breaking off, prolongs the life of her polish, gives her nails a mirror-like brilliance. Sylvia covers her whole nail with polish because it makes them look longer, more almond shaped.

Sylvia is like most movie stars in one respect—she uses soap and water as well as cream to care for her lovely skin. She believes this method makes her skin look cleaner, feel smoother and softer. She washes her face at least once a day, gives it a good lubrication daily—and when she's out in the sun and wind, doubles up on the creams. Her light olive skin is clear and soft and flushed with health.

Whether you take your summer sun on the beach or in the backyard, you'll want to be extra careful to protect your skin. Sun tan is fine (although the coppery and chocolate browns of yesteryear have been replaced by a lighter golden color of bisque, or beige), but sunburn is another thing. There's the palest of pink lotions just out on the market that does a most efficient job of screening out the painful burning rays and letting through the gentler tanning ones. Use it again and again through your toasting period—whenever the sun has used up the first dose. It's easy to apply and not the least bit sticky or greasy. It will not stain, of course, and leaves your skin soft and smooth. The squarish, maroon labelled and capped bottle costs 60 cents.

HAVE you a dry skin—or an oily one? Or are you the girl whose skin is sometimes oily, sometimes dry? A famous Hollywood cosmetic king has taken *all* of you into account and produced a cleansing cream that will agree with all types of skins and tend to normalize dry or oily ones. This feather, light, pure white cream seems just right for summer use—when the sun makes oily skins oilier, dry skins more leathery. Use it freely to remove make-up. It's quick and thorough in its cleansing action. Fifty-five cents buys a large white jar, gaily capped and labelled in red and gold.

Are your hands sunburned—or worse yet, sun dried and coarsened? Then you'll be interested in a pale pink hand cream I've been experimenting with for months. It does a wizard job of softening and smoothing the hands that are really dried and cracked and painful. I kept a jar in my desk all winter long for hand comfort, and I'm not going to pack it away now—when my hands are exposed to sun and wind more than ever. You'll find the dainty white jar with its pink and silver screw top on sale in five and ten cent stores, for ten cents, as well as in drug and department stores for 50 cents. Interested?

Do you have a bad case of dandruff that seems even worse (more obvious at least!), now that you are running around bareheaded? There's a liquid shampoo that literally dissolves dandruff. You don't have to take my word for it—a world famous insurance company backs up the maker's guarantee to refund your money should their product fail to do all they claim. You'll find the alcohol that the shampoo contains grand for toning up lank, oily hair, giving it a new lease on life. Especially when summer heat has made it still more oily. In bottles at 10, 75 cents and $1.50. I'll be glad to give you the name if you want it.

Gang up on your curls with aid of a gun-shaped metal curler and many bob pins

Travel light but beautifully with an airplane luggage kit containing every essential preparation

This pale pink lotion will help you toast to a golden brown without painful scorch and burn

Going in for the new "picture" hairstyles, with tiny curls pinned high on your head? You'll find the curls easy to make, easy to keep in place, if you have a certain gun-shaped curler to help. Your ammunition consists of bob pins. You open one, insert the ends in the "barrel," clamp the curler over a strand of moistened hair, then twist the end of the "gun," till you have the curl where you want it. Release the clamp, and slide the hair, bob-pin and all, off the curler. You can remove the pin when your hair dries, or leave it in—it's on the under side of the curl, and can't show! I'm 'specially glad to tell you about this curler now, because it has recently been put out in a fifty cent edition, as well as in the original dollar one.

That half dollar provides you with the curler, and a dozen bob pins.

Name, please?

SUMMER is no time to forget about personal daintiness, if you're *ever* so foolish as to forget it! There's a grand cream deodorant that is easy to use—just smooth a bit under your arms, rub it into the skin, and let the skin absorb it. You can continue with your dressing immediately. Grand for foot comfort too. The recently redesigned white jar has a fluted base, a screw cap circled by a rose colored wreath. It comes in 35 and 60 cent sizes—do write to me.

Superfluous hair is always much more in evidence during the summer than at any other time. The sun seems to bring it out in all its luxuriance, shorts and short sleeves do their best to reveal it. It's such a shame to go around looking like a sheep dog when there are so many reliable ways of removing excess hair. One is a wax, that gives excellent results. It removes the hair from underneath the skin, so it's a long time before a regrowth of hair appears. Heat and apply it in long strips, then pull it off after it "sets" a bit, but before it is quite cool. The manufacturer is offering, for a limited time, a dollar package of the epilator, together with a dollar bottle of a toilet water, fragrant with gardenia bouquet. A dollar buys the pair.

Just room to tell you about some grand traveling make-up kits. There are three sizes—each in a luggage kit of washable, airplane cloth of navy blue with Roman stripes. The overnight kit priced at $2.50, contains all the necessities for cleansing, softening and stimulating the skin, a powder base and face powder. The slightly larger week-end kit (selling for $5) brings you all these, plus matching rouge and lipstick. And the de-luxe vacation kit, costing $7.50, has a larger box of powder, a dainty vanity. *My* week-end beauty kit is going with me on all big week-ends this summer. I'd love to send you the name of the justly famous manufacturer.

Do you know the formula for keeping lovely in spite of summer heat and sun? If you need beauty advice on any problems, or if you want to know the names of any of the products mentioned in this article, write to DENISE CAINE. She will be glad to help you. Just enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) self-addressed envelope with your letter. Address is: DENISE CAINE, c/o MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Gallic Glamor

[*Continued from page* 55]

work in Paris. We must go back when I finish this picture, and he will direct immediately one picture in France. We shall return to Hollywood in the fall." He directed her last two pictures, one of which, *Abus De Confiance,* was recently awarded first prize in a European cinematic exposition. Still, it's very nice to cash those whopping weekly checks in U. S. dollars.

Mlle. Darrieux dabbed make-up on her face, which is unusual for a star. She has great respect for the magical talents of Hollywood's make-up artists, but doesn't want to be metamorphosed into another stereotyped glamor girl.

Her husband and I watched her do a scene, which Mr. Koster pronounced, "Brilliant! Excellent!" She *can* act, as she has already proved to American audiences in *Mayerling.* She was literally the cinematic rage of Paris when the astute Universal executives put her under contract. She is no mere exponent of exotic sex appeal.

RESUMING our conversation, she said she is crazy about Hollywood. "I have now two *patries,* France and Hollywood! Hollywood is paradise. You can dress here as you like. I wear slacks all the time. Sometimes I wear tailored suits." Her favorite color is green. She was wearing a blue dressing-gown, but she said she doesn't like blue, except on other people. But blue photographs well on the screen. Hollywood is a much bigger town than she imagined. "I thought Hollywood was just a beautiful little village by the ocean, all studios. One studio, two studio, three studio, and I could see all the stars in the streets. But I live in Bel Air, and I hardly ever see a star!" Does she go to night clubs? "Yes, sometimes. I like them, but I am not crazy about them. They are all the same, and you get sick of them."

What does she do when she isn't working, how does she spend her days? "I take my English lessons. I go shopping. I love to shop. I like to walk on Hollywood Boulevard. I swim in our swimming-pool. My husband taught me how to swim. I take sun baths. I read, play cards, eat. And every night I go to a movie." She eats everything. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall, and weighs 110 pounds.

Her closest friends in the film colony are other lustrous importations from France—Annabella, Simone Simon, the Boyers, the Gravets. She doesn't like airplanes, spiders, snakes, and women loaded with jewels. She mimicked women whose arms are heavy with bracelets and their fingers thick with rings. "A little jewelry is very nice, but too much of it is bad, vulgar."

I asked her to give the lowdown on herself. "I am frank," she said. "I am afraid sometimes too frank. I am not *diplomatique.* And I work hard. But I do not work hard enough to kill myself. Oh, no! Life and love comes before work. *La vie et l'amour,*" she repeated. Her husband nodded. She snatched his cigarette from his lips and smoked it herself. "I have no *volonte.* My nerves are very bad. I cannot control them. But when I become nervous, I have a good reason. I do not like to be temperamental."

"I shall tell you one more," her husband volunteered. "She chews her teeth like this." He puckered up his mouth and showed how. She looked at me with an expression of what-can-you-do-with-a-husband-like-that? But a minute later she was saying, "The greatest thrill in my life was my marriage." It is our impression that they live in a perpetual honeymoon, including the precious fights of honeymoons.

She doesn't expect to be in the movies more than five years. "Movies will kill you. I want to go on the stage." She has already made her mark on the French stage. I asked her as a parting shot, "Mlle. Darrieux, what's your great ambition? What do you want to accomplish in your life more than anything else?"

"I want to have a baby," she said.

"She is very maternal," her husband said in French.

"Just one child?" I asked her.

"Yes, one. But big." She showed with her hands how big.

Such, my friends, is Danielle Darrieux, La Belle France's lovely gift to Hollywood.

..JUST TRY TO GET AWAY!
YES! ROMANCE LASTS FOR GIRLS WHO GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
YOU'VE BEEN MARRIED FIVE YEARS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BRIDE, THE FUSS YOUR HUSBAND MAKES OVER YOU! NO WONDER, THOUGH, WITH THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!
WISH I COULD FIND SOMETHING THAT WOULD IMPROVE MY COMPLEXION! IT'S SO DRY, LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING. I HAVE REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
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Truly, it's a shame for any woman to let pale, scraggly lashes spoil this most endearing of all our charms!

This need not be true of your eyes, however, if you will simply brush a bit of Maybelline Mascara upward on your lashes. Then—see what a long, silky, sweeping fringe of lashes is yours—and how *naturally* dark and luxuriant lashes appear! Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Match your Maybelline Mascara with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow. Apply Maybelline Special Eye Cream nightly to help guard against those premature age-lines around your eyes.

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Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity 75c. Refills 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case 75c. Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. All in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye Shadow in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Why I'm Marrying For the Third Time

[*Continued from page 36*]

royal hand to be kissed he'd probably slap it. Maybe that's why he's got half the women in Hollywood standing in line. Women who get slapped by him just come back and hold out the other hand. Except on the screen. There is no happy ending for *baby-faced Martin* in *Dead End,* or that drunken producer in *Stand-in.*

It's because she has the right kind of attitude about him that Humphrey thinks Mayo is the wife for him. For one thing she is well able to do a little hand slapping on her own account—his or anyone else's.

He says she's right, too, it's just what he needs. She's the one who's going to marry him. It isn't the first time for either of them. They've had experience, and what they've learnt from it is that a slap in time saves the count of nine later.

Humphrey wants a wife who's not too proud to keep him out of trouble. When he goes to a party and the party spirit gets at him he's apt to flirt with any amusing girl he sees. Doesn't mean it. Doesn't even want to do it. He says his wife's job—and Mayo's promised him she'll take it on—is to yank him out of the fire before he gets burned.

"I LIKE a jealous wife. I can be a jealous husband, too.

"She's a grand girl, Mayo," says Humphrey. "She knows how to handle me. She says—and she has an idea there, though the thing started out as a joke—that men watch their step with other men much more than women do among themselves, because they're afraid of being asked to step outside. So right now she's inaugurating a pistols-for-one, coffee-for-two club. Women members only.

"I love a good fight. So does Mayo. We have some first-rate battles. Both of us are actors, so fights are easy to start. Actors always see the dramatic quality of a situation more easily than other people; can't resist dramatizing it further. For instance I come in from a game of golf. Maybe I've been off my drive. I slump into a chair. 'Gosh, I feel low today,' I start. She nods meaningly. 'Low, hm? I see. You feel low. You come to see me and it makes you feel low. All the thrill has gone and—you feel low.' And we go right on from there.

"I remember a line out of a play I once did that just fits in at that point. She has a speech that follows right along. Before we know what's hit us we find it's a plate, or part of the telephone that we're disentangling from our eyebrows. If anyone came in and asked what the row was about we wouldn't have the slightest idea. But we've been having fun because we've stuck to the script. We're actors not writers. We'd only go wrong if we'd tried to make up our own words. We'd never carry a hangover to next day on someone else's lines.

"That's just one example of what I mean when I say Mayo and I suit each other. We both understand that one of the important things to master in marriage is the technique of the quarrel."

Marital fights need a strict set of Queensberry rules—and if either party hits below the belt, the marriage is disqualified. Telling truth that hurts is hitting below the belt.

"If your wife has a cast in her eye," continues Humphrey, "and one day, after years of not mentioning it, and probably thinking it's rather cute, you get mad and say 'Look at you, look at yourself with that squint in your eye. How do you think it is for me to have that in front of me every day for breakfast?' Supposing next day you're sorry and say so. Supposing you say, over and over, that you love the cast, it's distinguished, it's different, it's one of the things that has always attracted you to her, what will happen? Your wife is going to resent you for the rest of your life together. Every time you look at her she's thinking that you're thinking she squints.

"Money quarrels can cause a foul, too. Not always. It doesn't matter a bit if a husband accuses his wife of extravagance. She'll forgive him even if he raises the roof about her new hat. There's no question of pride involved, you see. She knows that, if anything, he values her more because she costs him dear. But once let a wife remind her husband that she's earning more than he—if it's true—and it hits the pride. That's a disqualifying blow."

One of the things that was wrong with his other marriages was geography. "Long-distance marriages aren't any good—not for me anyway. I need to have my wife around to remind myself I have one."

The distance was caused by the fact that his two former wives were women with careers: Both famous New York actresses whose careers came first. If he had to go to Hollywood he'd have to go alone. They were busy on Broadway. With Mayo it will be different. She's only going to work if the work happens to be right at his side.

"MAYO'S a good actress . . . better on the legitimate stage even than on the screen—but she's not going to put her career before her home life.

"Another reason why we get on so well together is that we don't have illusions about each other. We know just what we're getting so there can't be any complaint on that score after we're married. Illusions are no good in marriage. You're much better off without them. What if you've admired a girl's legs, thought they were a fine shape—and then they turned out to be cork? You'd be mad, wouldn't you? It's the same with other things. You should get to know someone before you marry them . . . but if you both feel that way about each other, go ahead and get married and get it out of your system."

There are times, not many of them now, that Humphrey wonders if maybe he was cut out to be a bachelor. "There's such a lot that goes to making a happy marriage that it seems a little presumptuous to think you know all the answers. Any man knows that he may learn to put away the bath towel and not leave bristles in the basin after he's shaved. And remember all the time to replace the cap on the toothpaste. And then next time he's in wrong it's something different. Maybe he has a bar in his house and he wants the glasses arranged his way."

Other times, when he thinks about the house he's going to buy, the first one he's ever owned; when he remembers how enthusiastic he's become recently about gardening and raising dogs; how comfortable his own fireside seems in the evenings, he looks forward to the new deal with confidence.

Certainly he sounds like a man all set for a happy marriage and maybe he is . . . if he'd only put a pair of carpet slippers on that twinkle in his eyes.

Merle Oberon Speaks Her Mind About Marriage

[*Continued from page* 43]

DURING her stop-over in New York they called her "the best-dressed woman of the season." With reason. In those nine trunks she brought over from Europe were costumes to create a dither in any language. Even Fifth Avenue language. When she swooped into El Morocco one night with Frank Shields, Mike Bartlett and young Astor, every deb in the place wanted to go right home and tear her own dress to shreds. Merle's gown was a black tulle robe de style—you know, the kind with a very bouffant-ish skirt and no shoulder straps. Most of her evening gowns are designed to set off her jewelry. Particularly the new diamond and sapphire necklace (which she swears she bought herself) that matches the bracelets and ring which she has had for some time.

Her trunks were still out, all neatly dotted with London labels. "Want to see?" said Merle. We climbed the circular staircase that is almost as famous in Hollywood as Harold Lloyd's playhouse. For Merle rented Norma Talmadge's beach home within two hours after she landed in town and that place has housed so many celebrities it simply spouts atmosphere. But with a typically English gesture, Merle had made it her own. You'd have sworn she had lived there all her life. There was the huge phonograph, which she plays almost continuously, holding the most conspicuous spot—with Cole Porter's records side by side with De Falla's and a Beethoven symphony; exquisite miniatures of her mother; her rare collection of perfumes already in place in the satin-backed cabinet. Only those trunks spelled "new occupant."

"If I have a favorite evening dress this is it," explained Merle holding up a delicious concoction of chiffon. White in back, black in front and quite swirly with a dream of a cape floating over the shoulders."

THE telephone kept ringing, discreetly soft. The "grips" on her last picture here wanted to welcome her home. The Gary Coopers were asking what night she could dine with them.

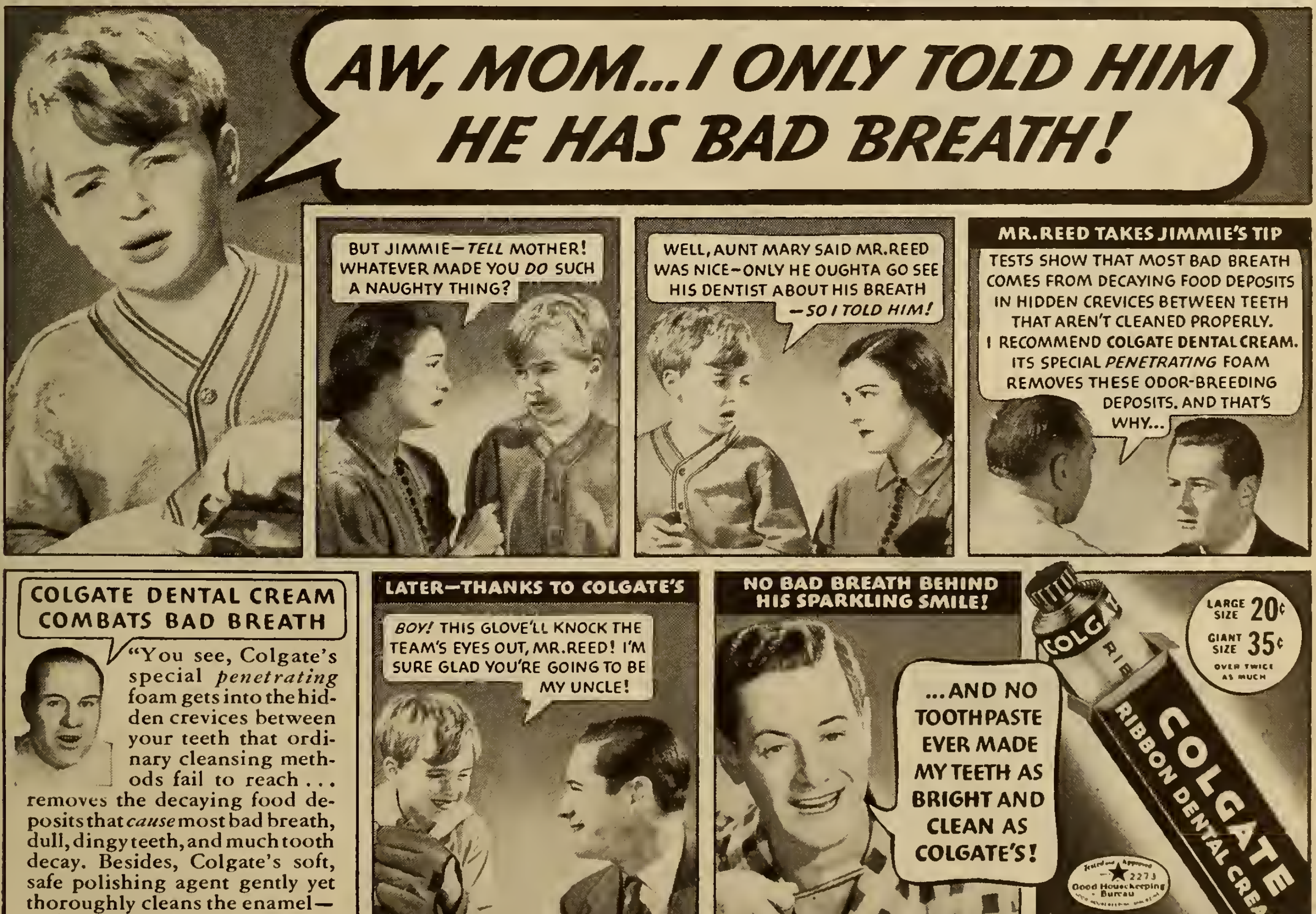
"You know," said Merle, "my first telephone message was from little Katharine Thalberg. Imagine! That baby. When I went away she was scarcely able to talk and now this little voice comes over the wire, 'I'm so glad you're back, Merle. When you coming over?' It's those two adorable children of Norma Shearer's that make me realize I have been gone nearly two years. They've grown so! I can't believe it. Irving, Jr., is nearly a young man.

"I am so glad this house is just a stone's throw from Norma's. She is one of the best friends I have in the world. Has been since the time we met in that odd manner. . . .

"It was shortly after I had come to Hollywood for the first time. You draw into yourself when you are as bewildered as I was then. After all, I had only my work in *Henry VIII* and *The Scarlet Pimpernel* to fall back on—and they told me I was to be typed as 'exotic.' *Me!* But I thought no one could possibly be interested in seeing me as I am so I agreed." There is an amazing naivete about Merle that intrigues. "It was the night of the Mayfair ball. I probably looked snooty because I was trying so hard to live up to my 'type!' Anyway, I tripped right in front of Norma's table. I looked up, more embarrassed than I've ever been in my life. She was smiling. Understandingly, sympathetically. I thought, She knows just what I am going through. She's *real*. . . . We've been friends ever since."

From the hallway came the sound of a tremendous swish. Then—*crash*. And Trubshaw and Entwhistle came bounding into the room perfectly delighted with themselves. They mistook my feet for a footstool and Entwhistle offered a sandy paw. Merle groaned. "Why didn't they tell me coach dogs grew to be giants? They were puppies when I left. Now I get them from the kennels—and look at them." Trubshaw decided he was really a lap dog. He and Merle had a little argument about it—he weighs three pounds more than she does—and it ended up on the floor. Everybody, including Merle's secretary and maid, was in stitches. The telephone again. The Basil Rathbones wanted to know if they could come over

[*Continued on page* 70]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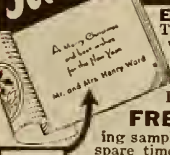

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What's Left for Lew Ayres?

[*Continued from page* 41]

All Quiet on the Western Front, as the very symbol of youth with depth. Here, it seemed, was the exceptional candidate for acting glory. Here was warmth and magnetism, fascinating because there was, strangely, a hurt in his young eyes. He had lived already, and so he could bring understanding to what other actors made mere routine, shallow characters.

By the time he was 22 Lew was in full swing as a Hollywood success. He had been upped to official stardom, with a startling increase in salary to do justice to his popularity. The gruelling makeshift days were over and he was a big shot earning a good-sized salary. He could live comfortably, favor his hobbies. He could even marry.

LEW never spared himself where love was concerned. Recklessly impulsive, he was drawn irresistibly to the softness and beauty of women. He could, at last, afford to marry. Love was his for the taking, and he chose a girl who was his own age and who was also being applauded as an over-night star.

But while Lew rated ace billing, he wasn't happy on the swankier side of the tracks. His charm was exploited in assignments that generally required little more than his walking through a scene. The talent he had demonstrated was apparently, deliberately neglected. And that wasn't "all right" with him. He quickly, instinctively reacted. He turned secretly bitter. He wasn't eager to please anymore. He retaliated by refusing to play ball with Hollywood. He took the money because he'd discovered Art was just a racket, but he scorned the obligations of success. Answer fan letters? Tripe! Dress up for his public? Why bother?

To the onlookers he had not only an enviable career and money to ward off the inconveniences of life, but emotional completeness as well. At 21, besides his professional triumph, he fell in love. The next year he married Lola Lane. At 26 he was married anew, to Ginger Rogers. Lew had the blind devotion of two stunning, superior women. They laid their futures gladly at his feet and, in turn, left him to pick up the pieces of their lives as best they could.

"I have learned," he declared, "even a little bit about love!" He wasn't swept into ecstasy, after all. He knows now he wasn't ready. He confesses he was unprepared for his opportunities.

"I'm a backward sort of guy," he said. "That is, I mean I've gone after what I've wanted directly enough, but I plunged without thinking. I was backward in believing I could follow my impulses. My judgment, my hunches were about 100 per-cent all wet. It's fine to be definite. It's not a bad idea to be pig-headed sometimes. But supposing you're obstinately declining to be swayed and you're making, literally, whopping blunders? That's been my past.

"I reversed the ordinary procedure here in Hollywood. Most beginners come naive and anxious to be instructed in the tricks of how-to-get-along. They are grist for the mill. Quite frequently, when they've been in pictures as long as I have, they wind up cynical know-it-alls—fed up with the simple pleasures.

"Well, much of my difficulties can be traced to my having been the opposite. When I commenced here I was anything but naive. I wasn't untouched by 'the facts of life.' I'd come into contact with the tough side. Many writers sobbed about my 'baby face.'" He laughed. "It suits me better today. My intentions are far more innocent! For I was headstrong if anyone ever was, and I was going to have my cake and eat it, too. I did what I wanted, when I wanted.

"Here's something that'll make you laugh. I'm just getting educated *now.* This is why I don't go out much. My conduct was that of an egoist. I was stupidly indulging in childish self-pity. I stay at home now because I am bent on gaining a background. I had none. I have become a student, seriously . . ."

I INTERRUPTED, curiously. "But what value is a cultural background in Hollywood, Lew? You went far, lacking it. Can it hold a candle to looks and luck? Who have you met who's made you so self-conscious?"

"No one. No one at all. I'm recommencing on what appears to me the intelligent approach, that's all. First, I want a so-called background because I was always wondering who Plato and Socrates were, anyway. A background is, unquestionably, desirable for itself alone. It won't help me get better roles though it can't hurt my chances. I don't expect to bowl over any one with a discourse on what the words were the Greeks had for things. A knowledge of the great thoughts of the ages isn't a material advantage. But I've never been awed by money.

"You see, I quit high school at 15. We lived in San Diego and music ran in the family and I stumbled upon a banjo. In three weeks I played well enough to join a striving orchestra. Who'd stay in school when he could earn seventy-five a month and stay up late nights? Not me. I argued myself out of school; I was too smart for that stuffiness. A good book? Ha!

"Soon I could play a guitar and sing, too. I was earning from fifty to a hundred a week. I played at nearly all the night spots in San Diego. Eventually, it couldn't hold me. I'd heard tales of the Mexican border towns. That was the gay life! So I moved my guitars and banjos to Tia Juana. The saloons were more devilish than the dance halls at home. I am proud, now, that my father used to play with the Minneapolis Symphony. I wouldn't have breathed it then.

"When I was 19 I'd saved enough to come to Hollywood to try to be a movie star. Roving picture people had encouraged me to try acting. When I arrived, however, none of them recalled that. I didn't have any 'in.' I believed my singing was my best 'trick'—well, you've never heard me sing on the screen, so that's how Hollywood goes! I got in the extra ranks, made out long lists of do's and people to see. When I'd existed on peanuts for a week I went back to my music. I played in the Cocoanut Grove, at the Beverly-Wilshire. No one was overwhelmed. I resolved to be equally as hard-boiled when I finally clicked.

"One afternoon I went into the Roosevelt Hotel, to a tea dance. I was hoping someone would notice me. I was dancing with a young lady, and an agent did notice me. He got me a contract and I was on my way. I had played at maturity for so long that I felt entirely capable. To work across the border I'd had to lie, say I was 21. And so, at 20, I took Garbo in stride. I blush at the audacity!" Promptly taken up by the discerning cinema ladies, Lew romanced with Constance Bennett in short order. They say he had no hesitance in telling her where to get off, either.

So it was no wonder that he had the wrong attack on real love. He demanded all and gave only what he wished in return. He expected catering to; he'd always gotten it. Tired of night-life, he objected to going out dancing; instead, he'd sit and gaze through his telescope. Astronomy, added to a violent temperamental maladjustment and to Lola's impatient ambition for him, killed his first marriage. He imagined he and Ginger were compatible, but they weren't. Her disposition was more easy-going; but still he hadn't recognized that love, inevitably, is more give than take. Her spurt ahead of him, professionally, didn't cause their trouble. He had, then, too much ego to be phased by it.

"I was so sure, always, that I knew what was the right thing. I *knew* that you had to keep people in their places in order to succeed; in my limited orchestra years I'd seen so much of pettiness that I took for granted it was pretty necessary. So I annoyed my picture bosses excessively. Once they arranged for me to make a personal appearance, but I ducked out leaving the theatre high and dry. I didn't like personal appearances. And how I argued about my parts! I insisted upon roles which weren't my type. I'd have nothing to do with romantic stories. I was determined to be an Edward G. Robinson. At that age, and with my face!

"But I was telling you of my present 'education.' I've consulted those whose opinions are good, I think. I began with Greece. I've read all the books of merit on Greece—read everything outstanding on the art, philosophy, politics, and science of that period. I'm on Rome now; I'm up to Christianity. It is, truly, an intriguing curriculum.

"I still subscribe to a monthly journal on astronomy, but now it's too cold and I'm too old to sit through the nights at Mt. Wilson. Once a year I drive up to say hello and, occasionally, I go to the local Planetarium. I don't have to sight comets myself now. I have traveled considerably. I had Hollywood down as the center of creation. You can't see Europe and not learn better."

WHENEVER emotionally jolted, Lew used to rush off, impetuously on some different tack. When Lew and Ginger separated he decided to abandon acting and become a director. For nine months he sat on sets to learn the fundamentals. He took charge of dialogue, participated in the cutting. Then he directed a picture himself, and it was praised.

"I had a chance to act again, right afterwards, and the salary was too tempting to reject. I've been busy acting since. There was much satisfaction in directing, however; but I know I can't combine it with acting. Producers figure an actor hasn't brains enough to direct, that he's just possessed with another whim, a desire to play at being boss. And acting is giving me time for myself, time to begin again as a person.

"I have no regrets. I consider regrets futile. But I've so many new yearnings. I'm taking diction lessons; it never dawned on me before that I could improve my speaking voice. I realize, at long last, that I didn't study my craft and so didn't deserve better roles. I hadn't the training an actor should have. I know I'd be lucky to make a hundred a week in an orchestra now.

"Today my greatest handicap, I feel, is indecision. I have only experimental rules mapped out; I don't see my goals clearly. I have dabbled so much—at acting, directing, sculpting, painting, composing and playing music. Even at writing. I can do something of everything and nothing truly well!

"Expressing myself correctly—that's it. But just how? I hope being in a fine picture once more means I'm regaining my acting impetus. I've been so careful not to make suggestions to the director; I've tried to be open for all the advice I can get. I want to deliver, for there's no joy at all in being mediocre. I *know* . . . not even though you try to blame everyone else for your foolish fix! I dislike drifting, not knowing where I'm heading. I want a purpose to my life. But perhaps one can't force things. Yesterday my decisions were such boners . . ."

Today Lew is unquestionably at his crossroads. He is no longer boyishly stubborn in his actions. He started that way, but he has changed. Fortunately, while he was disturbing he never made enemies. Both his ex-wives remain friendly, for they realized he wasn't ruthless at heart.

What's left for him at 29? That is up to him. Certainly there is no reason why everything shouldn't be just beginning for him. He has prestige as an actor, lasting love to try for. He has seen his errors, altered his attitude. He has a wealth of experience to guide him. Now he really can bring understanding to his roles. But he must not let himself be versatile until he has polished himself in the art of acting, not if he is to recapture his Hollywood peak. He must be absolutely dependable, completely generous, undeniably strong if he is to find the love which will give him the incentive for which he is searching so desperately.

Olivia de Havilland
in
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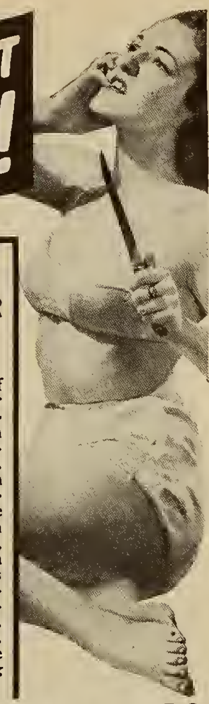

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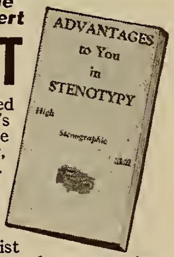

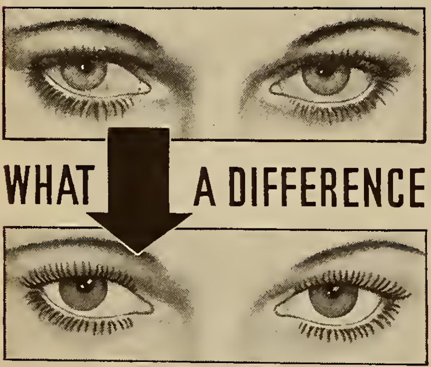

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The Phenomenon Named Fidler

[*Continued from page 31*]

"I almost starved to death," says Jimmie, with a grim grin. "With so many people out of work, employers were fussy. I couldn't get work. If it hadn't been for my uncle, I'd have been finished. He took me on as his assistant. I was cured. I never wanted to have to rely on pictures for a living. I never tried to get back in."

He had never written anything for possible publication. Now he had to *make* himself a writer. Every piece of copy he turned out cost him perspiration tinged with blood. Every time he sat down at a typewriter, his inferiority complex leered at his efforts. He had to build up a defense mechanism. He told himself that the most important thing was not *how* to say something, but to have something to say. He started operating on that theory. And—it has paid dividends. The first dividend it paid was the job, at twenty-one, of first drama editor of the first daily published in Hollywood, the old *News*. The new paper was out to attract attention, build circulation. Jimmie had instructions to make the drama page talked about. Those instructions were all he needed. He wrote a daily editorial, lambasting one Hollywood foible after another. The studios didn't like it a bit. Finally, to silence him, one studio offered him a job, at a nice boost in salary, as a press-agent. He took the job—chuckling. He knew something that the studio didn't know: his successor on the drama desk would continue the fireworks.

The publicity chief told him that his first job would be to "handle" Gloria Swanson, then Hollywood's star of stars. Jimmie was inclined to be flattered—until some of the boys tipped him off. The last two fellows who had had the job hadn't resigned. They had been fired—*bam!* So what did Jimmie do? He went to Gloria, told her that he knew her last two press-agents had been fired. He told her that he was new to publicity work, and would probably make mistakes, but he was eager to work with her, and he only hoped she would help him.

He appealed to Gloria's mother-instinct. It was a new way of selling himself. But it worked. He *wasn't* fired. In fact, he got so much publicity fodder from Gloria, and so much newspaper space for her, that he decided a fortune was waiting for him as a free-lance press-agent. He became one.

"I started with one client—Walter Hiers, the comedian. For a long time, he was the only one. He paid me fifty dollars a month. I couldn't open an office on that. So I moved in with a realtor friend of mine. He let me use his desk if I'd answer his phone calls when he was out."

When he finally snared another client, he moved into his own quarters, and tried to look prosperous, even if he wasn't. In Hollywood, nothing succeeds like success—unless it's the appearance of success. Soon he had a modest quorum of clients. One of them was Marian Nixon.

"She was the only one who had publicity sense, knew publicity values. I fell in love with her. She *didn't* fall in love with me. But I didn't want her paying for her publicity. When she insisted, I made the bill as low as possible. And every check she paid me, I banked in a separate account. I had some vague idea of buying something for her some day that would show how I worshiped her . . . One day she telephoned me, wanted me to come up right away. She had a story to give out. I raced up to her house, and she introduced me to Joe Benjamin, the boxer. She had just married him. *That* was the story . . . I went straight from her house to the bank, drew out that special account, and went over and bought a Hudson car—for myself. Youth's idealism had been shattered to pieces." Jimmie laughs at that memory, but he doesn't laugh at the memory of his finale, in 1929, as a press-agent. It was too tragic at the time.

"I LOST all my money, except a little I had in property . . . Also—a publicity man was the last person to get his pay. *He* could wait. 'Publicity was a waste of money, anyway.' Broke and disgusted, I got out. I was through publicizing other people. From now on, I'd publicize Jimmie Fidler . . . I didn't know how I'd do that exactly, but that was the idea.

"I had been in Hollywood long enough to know my way around. The editor of MOTION PICTURE encouraged me to write some stories for him. That led to stories for other movie magazines. For a period of six months, in 1930, I averaged seventeen stories a month. I made good money, and I spread my name around—but the pace was killing. I had to give it up. I became Western Editor for a couple of magazines, at six hundred a month.

"Not long after that, Merlin Aylesworth, then head of NBC, decided Hollywood ought to be on the radio. Hollywood couldn't see it. Radio was 'competition with the movies.' But Aylesworth persisted. He had RKO, with which he was also connected, sponsor a program called 'Hollywood on the Air'—a program of interviews with stars. And I was invited, as Western Editor of these magazines, to do the interviews.

"The first one was with Dorothy Jordan, wife of Merian Cooper, then production head of RKO. I got together with Dorothy and we cooked up a lively interview, with considerable banter back and forth. I wrote it; she okayed it. But when RKO saw it, they took all the life out of it. It wasn't 'dignified.' As it went on the air finally, it was a horrible thing—twelve minutes of ga-ga praise. On top of that, both Dorothy and I were scared to death. The whole thing was bad. But—it drew four hundred fan letters.

"That set me thinking. If a thing that bad could do that well, maybe we had something. I stuck with it—at no salary. All I got was publicity. Then one day I woke to this fact. I wasn't an integral part of those programs. What was to prevent RKO from deciding overnight that somebody else could do the interviews just as well—maybe better? I had to make Fidler an entity, a personality. I started putting in lines like this: 'Old King Cole had his fiddlers three, and Hollywood has only one. But here he is—*Jimmie* Fidler—interviewing So-and-So' . . . Fidler had to be built up. And"—Jimmie laughs—"he was. By one ruse after another.

"I kept saying that some day somebody was going to be doing Hollywood gossip on the air, as Winchell was doing Broadway gossip. But I couldn't sell RKO on the idea—till one night a program ended up short. There was one minute of blank silence on the air. The broadcast people went into a stew over that. We 'couldn't let *that* happen again.' I said, 'If a program ends up a few seconds short, why not let me fill in with gossip?'

"THAT'S how Hollywood gossip on the air started. By accident. The first items were all very innocuous. 'So-and-So was thirty minutes late on the set today because her dog had a tooth extracted, and she had to hold his paw.' Things like that. Sometimes I had time for only two or three items. But spouting even those few did two things for me. It put me on the program twice, and it gave me first chatter rights in Hollywood.

"Every week for nearly two years I did that program. And I got no money for it—except, the last three or four months, fifteen dollars a week. I lived on my magazine job. Then one day the publisher told me I'd have to give up the program or the magazines. So I gave up the magazines. That's what I thought of the future of radio . . .

"Finally, I picked up a sponsor—Maybelline—and a bit of cash. I supplied a star, wrote the program, and delivered it, for three hundred a week—a hundred of which went to the star. You could actually interest some of them in those days with that kind of money. When they went big-money-conscious, I had to give up the interview type of program, make my program something else. I had to sell *myself*—for fifteen solid minutes—try to keep 'em interested."

After Maybelline, his sponsor was Tangee. Two years ago, when he married Roberta Law, Eastern socialite, Tangee tried a little stunt to test his radio appeal. They announced that, instead of the happy bridegroom's receiving presents, he was giving them. Every listener who wrote in would receive a free sample of Tangee. In two days, the company was swamped with 243,000 requests.

Drene Shampoo (Proctor and Gamble) became his third sponsor. They put him on the air not once, but twice a week. And, the other day, renewed his contract for three more years. When his fan mail reached 2,500 letters a week, he couldn't believe that such prosperity would last. He decided he had better look around for something to support him when the boom collapsed. Something like a newspaper column.

"So I sat down one day and wrote a long telegram to all the newspaper syndicates. The telegram suggested they were missing a bet, not having Jimmie Fidler under contract, doing a daily column. The telegram was very extolling. Fidler was 'the man of the hour . . . brilliant . . . a great guy . . . with a radio audience of millions . . . et cetera.' I really piled it on, and signed the name of one of the boys in the office, as 'Fidler's manager.' Two or three answers came. McNaught Syndicate wanted the manager to come to New York to talk over a deal. I wired back that I 'happened' to be flying to New York myself that afternoon. I took along some sample columns. They were chatter columns. McNaught said there were too many chatter columns already. (But how about something on the O. O. McIntyre order? . . .")

IF HE has any success secret, it's that insistence on "a little different twist," brevity ("every line has to have something in it"), frankness, and a disregard of what Hollywood thinks of that frankness. Hollywood may be listening, but he isn't talking to Hollywood. He's talking to a hypothetical listener out yonder somewhere—a listener named "you."

His tag line used to be: "Goodnight to you, and you, and *you*." He was briefly off the air, and somebody appropriated the line. So he improvised a new one: "This is Jimmie Fidler, saying goodnight to you—and I *do* mean you." People laughed when he first said it—but they ended up saying it, themselves. Now they're even singing it.

That tag line is practically a Fidler trademark. So are his radio editorials, his Open Letters to stars ("the best one I've done yet was the one to Bing Crosby—because it did the most good"), his Personality Parades. But the smartest thing he ever did was to preface each picture review with the dinging of a bell, putting to sound the idea of giving stars to pictures. As Jimmie says, "I can't copyright the bells, but nobody can copy the idea without being a plagiarist."

NEARLY twenty years ago, he couldn't get a movie job even as an extra. Now, by a special request of Warners, he is a star in *Garden of the Moon*. What's the sensation like?

"Like treading on eggs," he says, with a wry grin. "Anybody can sit in a theatre and say, '*I* can act as well as that star.' but you've no idea of the things you can't do, till you're on the other side of that camera.

"I still insist this business can't possibly be difficult, though, if you know acting. The trouble with me is—I don't. I came in green, and I'm going out green. It's a godsend to me that Busby Berkeley is directing. He acts everybody's part. I watch him, and then I mimic him. I *can* do that.

"You wouldn't like being in the movies. There isn't enough to do. You go crazy, waiting to work. There are endless delays. I'm trying to keep sane—going to my dressing-room and writing, between scenes."

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold

Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to swim and ride horseback. (*See her in Republic's "Romance On The Run."*)

Freshness wins Fans for young star...and Old Gold

STARS have risen, gleamed brilliantly for a time—and faded out of popular sight. *Why?* Their talent was no less. Their looks were not lost. Yet something was lacking; something that makes the difference between greatness and mediocrity. *Freshness.* In a star or a cigarette, freshness gives you an *extra* thrill that no other quality provides!

Old Gold spends a fortune to bring you the flavor-thrill of prize crop tobaccos *at the peak* of appealing freshness; each pack protected against dampness, dryness, dust, by *two* jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane—double assurance of the utmost pleasure and satisfaction a cigarette can give.

TRY a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds! Discover what *real freshness* means—in richer flavor, smoother throat-ease!

• • •

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-scoops, Tuesday and Thursday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM*.

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Here's News! Iodent No. 2 toothpaste and powder is scientifically compounded by a Dentist and guaranteed to SAFELY remove most stubborn stains—even smoke stains—from hard-to-bryten teeth, or money back. Have bright, sparkling teeth like millions do. Get refreshing Iodent today.

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NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN | TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER | NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

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WORLD'S SMALLEST REAL PERFORMING RADIO

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Complete in one unit—weighs only 3 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. **NO CRYSTALS** to adjust—**NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. Self contained "Speakophone" unit gives superior performance. IS NOT A TOY! **THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS**—Many report amazing reception and distance. Sent complete with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT.** No hook-ups to any current. Six colors available.

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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and 2 FLAME-GLO Rouge Compacts; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing costs. (15c in Canada).

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ADDRESS

10c, 20c and 25c AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

When You're Hot, Iced Tea Is Not!

[*Continued from page* 15]

will quickly bring you back to your cheerful self as you spoon it slowly.

TEA SHERBET

1 cup canned crushed pineapple
1 cup maple syrup
2 cups double strength tea
1 tablespoon rum or brandy flavor
Maraschino cherries
Mint leaves

Combine pineapple and syrup. Add chilled strained tea and flavoring, and mix well. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze to a mush or sherbet consistency. Remove and scrape from pan, beat and return to freeze hard. Serve in sherbet glasses and garnish each with cherry and sprig of mint. (For variation, 2 whipped egg whites or 1 cup whipped heavy cream, may be added at time of beating, for richer mousse consistency.)

As you make these economical tea-flavored dishes or sip such cooling tea drinks, you may ask yourself, "Am I using the best tea, or the right tea? Or perhaps I should know more about making tea to increase flavor and aroma."

Truly, tea is a romantic plant, and one with a history which unfolds like a six-reel movie "thriller". . . Nations have fought each other to obtain the most preferred tea plantations, and back in our own Colonial times, tea was the "villain" in that famous Boston Tea Party.

A TROPICAL shrub, the tea plant is a beautiful evergreen, which is cultivated in elaborately tended plantations. India, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra are the chief sources of American supply, and so closely related is tea growing to the culture of these nations, that most elaborate tea rituals or ways of serving, with special etiquette attendant on each, are part of every young woman's education in these quarters. The Oriental knows his tea, and has shared with us many of his tea secrets.

Variations in tea are due to many factors, particularly to the elevation at which the tea is grown, to the amount of rainfall and similar geographical and atmospheric conditions. Also, the three main types of tea are all grown on the same bush, believe that or not!

These three main types of tea are *green tea, semi-green* (Oolong) *tea,* and *black tea.* Green tea, when brewed, produces a drink of delicate pale amber; whereas black tea when brewed produces a drink which is copper in tone; while the semi-green tea is between the two in appearance. The difference between the three types is that green tea leaves are unfermented; Oolong is semi-fermented; while black tea is fermented and processed in manufacture to give it full body, flavor and aroma.

When shopping for tea to be used for iced tea, it is a practical suggestion to purchase that package of tea which bears on its label the words "special iced tea pack," and to use this pack exclusively for iced tea and other summer tea drinks.

But whatever the type preferred, don't fail to make tea by the right tea ritual. Here are the 5 simple steps:

1. Use only a china teapot, and scald it immediately before use.
2. Allow ½-1 teaspoon tea for each cup; if using tea bags, each will make 2-3 cups mild tea.
3. Have water freshly drawn, and brought to a rapid bubbling boil.
4. Pour furiously bubbling water over tea leaves in scalded pot.
5. Steep 3 minutes, then draw off and serve immediately.

USING tea as a *carrying flavor* for other ingredients is quite the newest in smart food secrets. That is, when you want to make up a delicate gelatin mold with chopped vegetables or even fruits, or a fancy buffet masterpiece using cold cuts—use tea! Yes, just well brewed, strained golden tea. Use it in place of the water or other liquid usually called for in such recipes, and your mold will be delicately pale, refreshingly cool, and with a zestful flavor. As you often flavor the molding liquid with lemon, you may also flavor it with lemon in tea (and just try shrimp molded in a tea aspic!). Here is a clear fragrant translucent jelly which you will want to try right away:

VEGETABLE SALAD ROYAL

2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
½ cup cold bouillon
2 cups freshly brewed tea
½ cup sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons vinegar
Salt, white pepper
1 cup finely shredded cabbage
2 cups diced celery or mixed vegetables
1 green pepper, minced
Lettuce
Mayonnaise

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold bouillon, and dissolve in hot strained tea. Add sugar, lemon juice, vinegar and seasoning, and cool. Pour into oiled ring mold and allow to set slightly. Add vegetables, and chill. Unmold on lettuce, and garnish with mayonnaise. (May be made with any mixture of raw or cooked vegetables.)

In hot weather when tea is tops as an iced drink, it is a good plan to make up one or more refrigerator trays full of ice cubes made from good strong tea—in short, *tea cubes.* Keep them on hand and when you are about to serve any cold drink, use them for chilling the beverage, since if they melt, they will not uselessly dilute the drink but will make it more tasty. On fancy occasions, mold a maraschino cherry, a bit of lemon peel or a mint leaf in each tea cube! Or, for chilling a punch bowl, make up tea cubes of strong tea infusion and color them bright red or green with vegetable colors.

FREE

Let me send you the 8 beverage recipes, including Malted Orange and Lemon Delight, Iceberg Chocolate and Frosted Grape Juice Whip.

Just mail this coupon with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Christine Frederick, c/o MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

(This offer expires September 15, 1938)

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MP-8

Zanuck—Star Maker

[*Continued from page 33*]

the ice-skater would be hot and, of course, Sonja Henie became a star! Indeed, the clink of coins at movie box-offices still sounds like minting time at the U. S. Treasury. Out of a hundred sports champions, the Little Corporal had picked "one in a million" to succeed on the screen.

Tyrone Power wasn't eating regularly and the holes in his shoes were covered with cardboard when Zanuck first saw him. Don Ameche was a voice over the radio. Simone Simon wasn't even a funny name for double-talk gags. Michael Whalen was an Irishman whose only assets were fortitude and 27 cents. The Ritz Brothers were hoofing in vaudeville and nite clubs. Joan Davis did her hard spills in the same spots and later extracted the splinters in her dressing-room. They were unknown to most of you, yet through one man who had confidence in them their fame has become world wide.

ZANUCK, himself though, is the first one to deny that he is a Houdini, and he does it in his typical staccato, machine-gun English. A slender, energetic man, he paces the floor while he talks and punctuates his terse remarks with punchy gestures. He declares:

"No man can say an unknown will be a star tomorrow. There are no sure bets in Hollywood. Every actor represents a definite gamble. You can narrow the odds, though, for there are certain qualities every star must have. There must be something in the personality that establishes a sympathetic bond between moviegoer and player. In a woman, it may be sophisticated charm or naivete. While not essential, beauty may help. In a man, this characteristic may show itself in a certain virility or a philosophical outlook on life. The spark is indefinable. It can't be broken down in a test tube and analyzed. And yet without it, training in diction, poise and other phases of dramatics is worthless.

"Our talent scouts search the world for that spark, the rare quality that makes a personality pleasingly distinctive, and when we find it, we build that player toward stardom.

"Yet even with the spark, she still may fail. Perhaps the moviegoers aren't in the mood for the type of comedy or drama she offers. Perhaps the film story is unsuitable for her. Perhaps she has been rushed into a part without sufficient preparation. A dozen other factors may list her among the grand 'flops' of Hollywood.

"Every producer studies these factors and tries to govern them. Yet the human element is often unfathomable and uncontrollable. A common fallacy is that stars are born overnight. If that were true, the gamble would be even greater than now and Hollywood would shortly be bankrupt. Almost without exception, the 'overnight' star underwent long and extensive training, either on the stage, over the radio, in little theatres, or in the studio's drama school. She may have even appeared, almost unnoticed, in small picture parts.

"The star-making process is expensive. Movie tests for make-up and wardrobe run into the thousands of dollars. More thousands are paid out in salaries during the training period. The box-office values of a picture may be impaired greatly if the newcomer fails or is little more than passable.

"The cost may run to a million dollars, even more. Every business, though, must maintain an experimental and research laboratory if it is to move forward. Otherwise it stagnates and dies. Only where most companies deal in steel or chemicals, the studios use men and women in their tests."

Although Zanuck, deprecates his feats as a star-maker, he strikes no pose of modesty. Working at a furious pace from 12 to 16 hours a day, he is too busy for that. All of his discoveries, of course, are not in the Big Dipper constellation but even his lesser ones are shining somewhere in the movie firmament. No wonder then that in Hollywood the gagsters say don't waste money on fortune-tellers, just have a seance with Zanuck!

A little red-headed, emerald-eyed manicurist by the name of Arleen Whelan is the latest to go into the Zanuck test tube.

Only a few months ago he resorted to his favorite brand of sorcery with another unknown girl—Marjorie Weaver.

AT THE same time that "the little fellow with the big cigar," as they call him around the studios, was moving Arleen Whelan across the checker-board, he was also maneuvering a handsome young Britisher into the king row. A talent scout in London reported a youthful stage actor, one Richard Greene. After looking at a screen test Zanuck agreed that Richard was sprinkled with cinema stardust.

There are a half-dozen others in the Zanuck laboratory now. You'll remember June Storey of *In Old Chicago;* Phyllis Brooks who had the leading role in *City Girl;* George Sanders who made cinema history in *Lancer Spy;* Dick Baldwin of *Love and Hisses,* and Lynn Bari whose first feature role came in *Racing Blood.* Some of these will be the stars of tomorrow.

Perhaps Zanuck's sure judgment is a matter less of luck or occult power than it is of the life he has lived. This son of a Swiss father knows what those in many walks of life want to see in the movies because he himself has trod strange paths years before he tramped into Hollywood. The years when he fought in Mexico and France are as fabulous as those he has spent as a star-maker.

Eddie Cantor illustrates this point: "The average producer in Hollywood awakens in a sumptuous boudoir. His valet dresses him. The butler almost feeds him his breakfast. His chauffeur rides him in a limousine to the studio where he proceeds to plan a picture to be called *The Fireman's Flame.* How in blazes does he know how or who the fireman would love and what he would say to his sweetheart! The man hasn't touched solid earth in years!"

Zanuck has. He has forged his way up from days when he even tried prize-fighting to escape from hunger. In September, 1902, he was born among the wheat fields along the Platte River, in Wahoo, Nebraska. His parents owned the Grand Hotel there. His mother was of good American stock; his father was Swiss.

"I NEVER could get enthusiastic about school," he says. "I know I made a mistake about education and I'm trying to impress the value of school on my three youngsters. But then, I was too restless. When I was 15, I posed as 18 and signed to fight Villa in Mexico."

[*Continued on page 71*]

"SCRAM TO THAT SCOWL"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"FELLA, it's already gone! You see—I found that package of Beeman's you slipped in my pocket! Some flavor, I'll say! I like that luscious smoothness—that clean tang!

Look at the package — see that tight sealed foil? Keeps the air *out* and the fresh flavor *in* — no wonder Beeman's has such fresh snap and go! Let's stop in for more Beeman's right now!"

Beeman's

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Make your skin young looking. Flake off the stale, surface skin. Reveal the clear, beautiful underskin by using Mercolized Wax Cream regularly. Give your skin the combined benefits of cleansing, clearing, softening, smoothing and beautifying in every application of this single cream. Mercolized Wax Cream brings out the hidden beauty of the skin.

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THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

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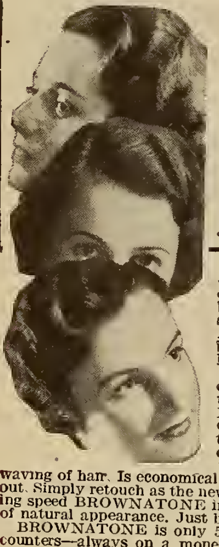
For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.

Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.



Brush Away GRAY HAIR

AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

AT HOME, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved — for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. With amazing speed BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color of natural appearance. Just brush or comb it in.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

SNUBBED BECAUSE OF "ADOLESCENT SKIN"?

Act now to help keep your blood free of pimple-making poisons

Don't go on being cursed by loathsome pimples. Don't make others feel ashamed of you or shun you. Find out what's the matter and correct it.

During the period of adolescence, in the years between 13 and 25, important glands are developing. This causes disturbances throughout your body. Waste poisons from the intestines often find their way into the blood . . . and may break out in ugly skin eruptions. You must help free your system of these intestinal poisons.

Thousands of young people have solved this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this fresh food contains millions of tiny, *living* plants that act to help you eliminate waste poisons from the body—*before* they can get into the blood. Your skin becomes clearer and fresher again. Many get remarkable results in 30 days or less. Don't lose time. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast *now* . . . 3 cakes daily, one before each meal.

It Pays To Be Exclusive

[*Continued from page* 29]

surrounded by dogs, "takes courage. But it's possible for everyone, even the poorest of us. And often it's an open sesame to something beyond our wildest dreams.

"For instance," she added earnestly. "I know a girl who started out as a telephone operator. She worked hard for very little money. She was beautiful and ambitious. She had delicate hands and glorious hair. Naturally, she was attractive to men. Every night she could have dined with a lively crowd, and every afternoon off she might have attended matinees or teas.

"Instead, she made up her mind to limit her pleasures and to accept only a few invitations. It wasn't easy. She attended a college extension-course. She learned French while dressing in the morning, by lessons played on a portable phonograph. What if her fellow-employees did sometimes make her miserable with ill-natured jests? What if she was accused of failing to 'get into the spirit of things?' Of being, in their opinion, an arrant snob?

"Today that girl has left the switchboard far behind. She rides in a lovely town car and has a beautiful wardrobe. It was exclusiveness that gave her the poise to attract the attention of a certain man. He happened to have money and position—all in the perfect fairy-tale tradition. He had been married before, to a social butterfly, and my friend, with her passion for self-improvement, measured up to the standards he sought.

"Being exclusive can lead just as well to a career as to a successful marriage. In fact, you must be exclusive to have a career at all! You must guard your time and energies in order to learn, to groom your personal appearance, to read. You simply *can't* waste precious minutes on 'being a good sport' and social frivolities that get you nowhere."

ALMOST any star's life story proves Bette's point. Bette herself, working as an usherette with the Dennis Players in New England, spent many evenings and most of her spare time learning the leading lady's parts. Maybe the crowd called her "different" because she didn't go in for their social doings. Maybe she seemed snobbish. But there came a night when the leading lady couldn't appear, and Bette won a chance to tread the boards in *Mr. Pin Passes By*—her first step toward stardom.

"In Hollywood or anywhere else," Bette explained, "exclusiveness is practically forced on anyone who wishes, seriously, to give his best to his work. Energies must be budgeted so that each moment counts."

That's why Paul Muni, recognized as our outstanding portrayer of sensitive roles, has earned a reputation as a hermit. He even has a small cabin on the Muni estate to which he can retire to study—and no member of his own family dares disturb him.

Spencer Tracy, this year's Academy Award winner, is another who shuns the social life of the colony, except for polo playing and hunting with a few favored cronies.

Actually, the "exclusive" stars, almost without exceptions, would rather spend their free time with a few old friends instead of a mob of important strangers. Just the other evening Bette Davis visited the home of a woman she has known for years. She arrived late, after a gruelling radio rehearsal, and sighed with relief as she curled up on a sofa by the fireplace. What if the other guests were unimportant—socially speaking? What if the home were small but charming, with a rent no more than yours or mine?

THE next day Bette's name was mentioned at a fashionable lunch place by one of Hollywood's most talked-of hostesses. "The nerve of Bette Davis," she exclaimed, "refusing my invitation to dinner last night when I wanted her to meet several important people from abroad!"

Bette told me, "The daily life of almost any working girl explains in itself why exclusiveness is necessary. Take my own. When I'm making a picture, my routine goes something like this:

"From six to eight in the morning—breakfast, make-up and drive to the studio.

"From eight to nine—hair grooming, costume fitting, and final make-up touching up at the studio.

"From nine to twelve—on the set.

"Twelve to one—lunch, usually with an interview at the same time.

"One to six—on the set again. Sometimes, of course, we work much later than six.

"From six to seven—I spend this hour in my dressing-room, removing make-up, discussing business with my financial advisers and with studio heads, resting if there aren't too many necessary phone calls.

"Seven to eight—dinner at home, usually alone with my husband, since by this time, as you can well understand, I'm too tired physically and mentally to meet people.

"From eight until bedtime, which is usually ten when I'm working—telephone calls, studying next day's script, or just sitting quietly with Ham.

"EVEN when I'm free from the studio," Bette continued, "there are publicity pictures, business interviews, fan photos to be signed, mail to be answered, books to be read for future parts, and a hundred and one other things.

"My life was just as full even before stardom, for then I spent what might be jokingly called 'spare time' learning to be a better actress — studying plays, diction, clothes, and make-up.

"Every girl, no matter what career she chooses, can do the same thing. There must be balance, of course. I learned that when I tried to play after years of hard work. I simply didn't know how to relax. So it is important to develop hobbies and interests outside your work—but they can and should be worthwhile hobbies and not mere time-wasters.

"Look into the careers of all the women who amount to anything in the world, and you'll find they are 'exclusive' to a degree. Women in public life seem to find time for a hundred daily appearances, speeches, charity affairs, and so forth—but their secret is one of ruthlessly cutting away what is of little value, and giving themselves only to what is important.

"At first it may seem difficult and you may feel 'out of things.' You may not know all the answers and you may not be able to get off a witty quip at the right moment with the 'best crowd.' But soon, inevitably, you'll develop deeper friendships with people as earnest and ambitious as you are. And your reward will come when you reach—as you must—the goal for which you've been striving!"

In other words, in or out of Hollywood, exclusiveness pays. Just try it—and see!

Getting It Off His (Hope) Chest

[*Continued from page* 50]

land. Nice town, that Cleveland. While I was in high-school I took up tap dancing and I thought the jig was up after the first five lessons. The instructor quit and went to Hollywood, which was a good break for me because I took over the school and went-to-town with it—excuse me a moment."

Our young Hopeful got up and hurried across the room where we could see him talking earnestly to a very pretty blonde. Then a couple of very pretty brunettes and another very pretty blonde—whom we identified as Mary Carlisle—joined the group. Finally Bob broke away.

"You'll pardon me, I Hope," he said, "but I seldom come in here—and you know how it is—you gotta say something to your friends. I usually grab a snack in these drive-in places.

"Now where were we? Oh, yes. Well, after tapping my way through high-school I went to work as a clerk for a motor car company and on the side—or I should say, on my back—I went in for amateur boxing. I was getting along fairly well at slinging leather until I got mad one night and poked my nose against my opponent's left hook so hard that I heard the birdies sing—and I don't mean golf birdies, either. Excuse me a minute. I haven't seen that guy in a month."

"THAT guy," sitting about five tables North by Northwest from us, was none other than Roscoe Karns and no sooner had the hopping Hope arrived than the table was surrounded by another group of brunettes, blondes, directors, and writers. We had time to finish our lunch and smoke three cigarettes before our interviewee returned.

"We're still in Cleveland, aren't we?" he asked when he anchored himself to our table again. We said "Yes" and muttered something about boxing. "Well, after forgetting how to duck," he went on, "I applied myself strictly to selling puddle-jumpers, but my sales were few and far between. Seems that just as I got my prospect all slicked up to sign on the dotted line, I'd let go a wisecrack or a funny story and my prospect would laugh himself right out of the signing mood. The only reason the company kept me on the payroll was because it needed a master of ceremonies at the salesman's meetings. So far as I was concerned, that was just what the doctor ordered and I gave those meetings the laugh treatment for weeks.

"One day I learned that Fatty Arbuckle was going to make a personal appearance in Cleveland and that a couple of acts were needed to pad out the bill. I told George Byrne, a pal of mine, about it and we teamed up in a dancing act and landed a job! Two weeks of this and then Fatty introduced us to the manager of a road show and we got another job. When I wasn't dancing with George or doing a blackface act I was singing in the quartet and doubling on the saxophone. And, as though that were not enough, the manager often had me packing the scenery. Excuse me a minute."

ON AGAIN, off again, gone again—that was Hope, the new and popular addition to the ranks of Flickertown's jittery jesters. Three cigarettes and four cups of coffee later he was back, eyes twinkling, and as full of apologies as a yes-man is of nods.

"You know how it is," he explained. "You have to say hello to everybody or they'll think you're high-hattin' 'em—and that wouldn't be so funny—not for a guy who poses as a comedian. By the way, are we still in Cleveland?"

We checked over our notes and assured him that we were.

"Well," said Bob, "it's time to pack up and move. The show closed eventually, and George and I went into vaudeville, opening at the Detroit State Theatre where we remained three weeks. Not bad for a couple of punks. From Detroit we moved on to Pittsburgh and from there into New York where we appeared on a bill with Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Siamese twins.

"One night George and I were informed by our manager that we were to make an audition and both of us were so dumb that we told him he'd have to furnish the tools if he wanted us to make anything except our wages, but after he told us what an audition was we said okay we'd be there—and boy, were we sorry when we faced the judges. Some time when you haven't much to do, try putting on an act before such old-timers as Eddie Dowling, Ruby Keeler, Kate Smith, Smith and Dale and a dozen more just as tough and then listen to the rattle of your bicuspids when you try to do and say something funny!

"After it was over George had given up Hope and I was Byrneing, but believe it or not, we signed up for the show the next afternoon. Maybe you remember it—*The Sidewalks of New York*. We thought we were the whole cheese and maybe the orchestra leader was right when he said we smelled like it, but we kept drawing down wages and that was more than a lot of better show people than we were doing that year.

"Well, in time, they rolled up *The Sidewalks* and back George and I went into vaudeville. When we reached Chicago we decided that a dancing act, unless it was sensational, was a poor stepping-stone for a stage career so we went to work on a new act, perfected it as well as we could, and headed for New York. To break the jump we booked it at Newcastle, Indiana. It was while we were playing here that a story—very old, by now—originated. We had an all-Indian jazz band playing on the bill and a New York theatrical agent, hearing fine reports about it, came on to book them. He came back stage just before the band went on and sought out the conductor. 'Are you really Indians?' he asked. 'Lissen, if you are I'm sure I can put over your act on Broadway.' 'Vot vould be de use of kiddin mit you,' replied the conductor. 'Ve are all fool blodt.' That's the story and it's too late to stop me. Excuse me for a minute."

BEFORE we had time to ask for another cuppa coffee Hope was hopping across the room with all the speed of a Hopi Indian in hot pursuit of Jack (Buck) Benny. Five minutes later he was back at our table as full of verve, *savoir faire*, and chatter as ever.

"A nice bunny, that Benny," he grinned. "Now where are we? Newcastle mit de fool blodts? Okay. One night the manager asked me to announce to the audience—twenty-five of 'em—that Marshall Walker and his Revue would appear at the theatre the following week. I wasn't so hot for the idea but finally agreed and it was lucky for me that I did. The announcement took hold and dumb as I was I was still smart enough

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to know that I had an idea that could be developed into something worthwhile.

"George and I parted company and I went on and sought bookings in night clubs, luncheon clubs, small neighboring houses, and stag parties to perfect my new act in the small time. Finally I decided to try it out in Chicago. I knew what auditions were, but no one seemed willing to give me one and before long I was $4,000 in debt, and down to eating coffee and doughnuts three times a day when and if I could find the money. I was ready to blow out of the Windy City when a friend took me to a booker and put on a pep talk that would have made a circus 'shill' blush for shame. More out of sympathy than anything else, the booker gave me a Decoration Day date in a small neighborhood house and I did so well that the manager said I could open the following Sunday in one of the larger houses.

"I went there for three days—and stayed six months! Then more vaudeville over the old Interstate Circuit and finally back to good old Broadway. Bookers tried to spot me in small-time houses, but I had my debts paid up and a little left over to jingle in my jeans and I turned the offers down. I told 'em that I was neither hungry or broke and that I just wouldn't be bothered with chicken-feed jobs. Not me. Not Bob Hope. Well, they finally got so they'd take off their hats whenever I'd enter their offices, and one of them gave me a chance to play the Eighty-sixth Street Theatre with a spot on the bill next to closing. Leatrice Joy, then on a personal appearance tour, had the closing spot. I had my pick of contracts right after the second show and dotted-lined a three-year term with the RKO circuit. Tests? Well, there was one for Pathe which missed the boat."

THE lunch-room was deserted by now, and Bob, released from his safaris hither and yon, was cool, calm, and collected. After fulfilling his RKO assignment, Lew Gensler, Paramount producer, and Russell Patterson signed him up for the stage show, *Ballyhoo.* It was during this show, Bob revealed, that he loaned Fred MacMurray his hat and cane to make a screen test for Paramount. Another tour in vaudeville, the stage show *Roberta, Ziegfeld Follies, Red Hot and Blue* were checked off his theatrical calendar of stages successes and then came radio in which medium he has been wowing 'em ever since.

"I would have been out here in Hollywood a long time before this," he admits, "but the studios had sticky fingers on their do-re-mi and the offers were nowhere near the amount I was dragging down in New York. It took 'em five years to get me here—and I like it so well I hope it will be twenty years before they shoo me away. Excuse me a . . . thought for a minute it was Martha Violent Raye. She's in my next picture, *Give Me a Sailor* along with Betty Grable, Clarence Kolb, J. C. Nugent, father of Elliot Nugent, the director, Nona Bryant and Jack Whiting—if you'll pardon me for the advertising plug. I—well, it looks like another gag!"

Well, it certainly did at that! Right beside our table stood Director Elliot Nugent, and on each side of him an assistant director. The trio carried lassoes which they suddenly dropped over the comedian's neck.

"Apparently you've forgotten it," Nugent complained, "but according to my production schedule you're in my picture; you're supposed to be on Stage 9; you're supposed to be singing a song; you're . . ."

"Yeah, I get it," Bob grinned. "Hope is at the end of his rope."

COME TO THE QUINTUPLETS' BIRTHDAY PARTY

THE EDITOR OF Hollywood Magazine flew to Callander, Ontario to get a first hand story on how the five famous little girls celebrated their fourth birthday, and see the start of their new feature film, *Five of a Kind.*

Is it true that Emilie steals scenes from her sisters?

Does Cecile refuse to talk to reporters?

What does Yvonne do when she forgets her lines?

Is Marie threatening to retire?

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Here is a fascinating inside report on how the Quintuplets behave before a camera. Read it in

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"The Kid's" Advice To Child Stars

[*Continued from page* 48]

pleasant for any young fellow. But he was not pathetic. He was something quite different—and better.

It was not long after Mother's Day, and Mrs. Bernstein's tearful announcement via the press that Jackie had failed to remember her on this special occasion. I asked him about that.

"Why didn't you send her a card?" I said.

His reason was simple. "I thought it would be just a gesture—under the circumstances."

He stopped a moment, considering. Then he said: "I've been asked many times what I thought about my mother. Do I feel personal enmity toward her? Do I believe that this suit to recover some of the money I made means a lasting break between us?

"Well, my answer is no. Of course I don't hate my mother. I never will. I don't even feel she is to blame for this present situation. I believe she has been influenced, unduly and unfairly . . ."

WE TALKED about a lot of things that day at the drugstore lunch counter. Particularly, Jack told me about his father.

"I remember the first day I heard about my going into pictures," he said.

"Dad came home and sat down in an easy chair and called me to him. 'Son,' he told me, 'you're going to work and I want to tell you about it.'

"So he did," Jack went on. "He asked me if I remembered the Mr. Chaplin we had met at the studio, where my father already was employed. I told him yes. Then he said that Mr. Chaplin was a great actor and that he wanted me to be in a picture with him.

" 'I am not going to fool you, son,' he said. 'It will be work. You'll have to go to the studio every day and stand in front of a camera and do things over and over again. You won't have much time for play . . .' "

Jack stopped a minute, remembering. "Dad always was that way," he confided, then. "He never kidded me that acting in pictures was a game or anything like that. He spoke up to me, man to man. He said again and again during those years I was in pictures: 'I know it is work, son. I know other boys don't lead this kind of a life at all. But remember, someday you will have a lot of money! Someday, when you grow up, you will have enough money so you can live happily and enjoy yourself doing just what you like. Do you see? Things are just kind of turned around. Some boys play when they are young and then, when they grow up, they have to work hard to support themselves. With you it is just the opposite.'

"Well," Jack said, "I saw—at least, I think I did—and I tried to do as I was told. It took us almost a year to make *The Kid* and then I went right into a new picture. From that time on I worked almost continuously for seven or eight years before I quit entirely and went to school. I was quite a success. I guess."

Yes, I guess he was . . .

"Would you advise parents to try and put their children in the movies?" I asked him.

He answered readily. "Yes, if the children seem to have a bent for it. But emphatically, *no*, if they don't!

"The thing is," he explained seriously, "some children have an aptitude for acting. I suppose I did. And when a child can get along in pictures as easily as I did, and therefore can make a lot of money, it seems to me a good thing for them to do this, because if they waited until they were grown they might never have the chance again.

"On the other hand, to force a youngster into a career seems to me to be a pretty sad thing."

IT WAS then that I asked him: "And you've never been sorry you were *The Kid?*"

"No," he said. "I don't think I have . . ."

He stopped again, then—

"How can I say, otherwise?" he demanded. "I don't think I would know about the actual cost of stardom to a child. After all, I don't know what I have missed, do I?"

No, he doesn't. He has never had a chance to find out.

He doesn't know anything about the blessings of a carefree childhood, because he didn't have that kind of a childhood.

And when he finally grew up; when, inevitably, "The Kid" lost his baby looks and youthful appeal and stepped down from the pinnacle of fame, he just had to go on from there. I think that must have been hard, for all he didn't say it was, for all he didn't even know it was. I think it must have been hard to turn from a celebrity into just a boy; to shoulder the commonplace after bearing glory. I think it must have been downright tough to be a has-been at thirteen.

Jackie Coogan wouldn't know about that, though. As he says—how could he? So today, in spite of what has happened, he says: "Sure, let your youngster be a child star if he can. It isn't a slap at kids being in the movies—this thing that has happened to me. The case of Jackie Coogan vs. Bernstein is unique from all I can hear about how carefully most parents of child stars are caring for their youngsters' money. Besides, what has happened to me should serve as protection for young money makers of the future."

And so it is not a bitter Jackie Coogan who is suing his mother and stepfather for the money he made long years ago. It is not a chap who, because he is having trouble now, would make this experience a fearful warning to others who aspire to be like him. It is, instead, a chap who still says: "Sure. It's okay, being a child star. I don't contradict what my father thought was best."

He has his reasons for feeling this way, too. He has thought them all out. He said to me, that day we ate lunch together: "I have found that being in pictures helped me to make friends even after 'career' was over. People remembered my name. They were nice to me when I met them—friendly and interested in me. I made friends, too, while working, whom I never should have met otherwise. Charlie Chaplin, for instance. He is a fine and an interesting person. It is a privilege to know him. Perhaps I didn't realize it at the time, but I learned a lot from him—patience, restraint, self-control.

"As for the money a child actor can earn, and what this can mean to him when he is grown—"

He grinned, ruefully. "Well, I haven't any now, I know, but if this case turns out the way I honestly believe it should, I shall have, someday. And then I can travel and learn things about the world and the people in it, like my father always meant I should. And I can enjoy the security he always meant me to have."

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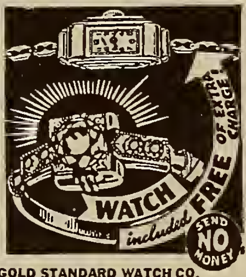
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No, he hasn't any money—now. Maybe he never will have. I knew that and so I went to Jack Coogan for a sob story. I thought he would rail and rant at the way fate was treating him. I thought he would be feeling might sorry for himself, and I wouldn't have blamed him for it, either. But he doesn't feel sorry for himself. He isn't mourning that "lost childhood" at all, even though, at present, he has nothing to show for it. Perhaps this is because, as he says, he doesn't even know what he has missed. Maybe he wouldn't regret it if he did. But, anyway, this is not a sob story . . .

I hope it is something better, though. I hope it is a story that, instead of making you cry, will make you cheer, as I felt like cheering when I said goodbye after our hamburgers and coffee. I hope it will make you want to say: "Here's to you Kid! You may be broke, but you grew up to be a swell guy!"

Merle Oberon Speaks Her Mind About Marriage

[*Continued from page* 59]

to help paint the swimming-pool. "Oh, yes," called Merle. "Tell them I'm going to give a party and we'll all have a hand in it. Tell 'em to bring a paint-brush!" Merle Oberon was back. . . .

SHE was gone twice as long as she expected in England. First there was the terrific auto accident which put her on the sick list for weeks. Incidentally she received word from the London courts the other day that they were awarding her $25,000 damages, not against the other party but against her own chauffeur! And just as everyone was tch-tching with sympathy and telling her she'd have to hire a millionaire driver the next time, *zingo*. A cable comes that she can collect the money from her chauffeur's insurance company!

It was during the last eighteen months, too, that Merle faced the first tragedy of her life, the death of her mother. She hadn't quite recovered from the accident when that happened. Black days. Days that are still etched like a shadow across Merle's young face. Quietly she made two pictures for Alexander Korda, *The Divorce of Lady X*—a sensational success in this country, and *Over the Moon*, not yet released. And—she bought a house. The first home of her own she has ever had. It's in lovely Regents Park, two doors from the Duchess of Windsor's former home.

Funny, too. Less than five years ago a girl with amazing gray-green eyes walked through that park hungry and broke. Wanting a job, wanting to act and not knowing quite how to go about it. Newly out of India where she had lived all her life with her mother in the houses of friends and relatives. To Estelle Thompson, Regents Park spelled heaven. To Merle Oberon it spells home.

"I expect to go back after Christmas," said Merle—or Estelle. "My two-way contract with Mr. Korda and Mr. Goldwyn says I'm to work eight months at a stretch for each of them. I'm a trans-Atlantic commuter! But my home"—eyes shining—"it's Georgian and typically London-ish. I mean it's five stories high and there are three rooms to each floor. It has a garden, too."

"Oh yes. I have one dream left. The biggest of them all I guess. It's a *happy marriage*!"

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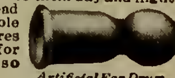
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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1939, C.P. INC.

Zanuck—Star Maker

[*Continued from page 65*]

Later he and his regiment were ordered to France. He served as divisional correspondent for the "Stars and Stripes," the A. E. F. newspaper, and developed a yen for writing, which got him nowhere with New York editors after the armistice.

"I wrote story after story and peddled them around," he remembers with a smile. "I got a few notes that my work showed promise but I couldn't live on those and so I headed for Los Angeles where my parents were living at the time. I was far from being discouraged. I still thought the world was my oyster. I began to pry it open as a longshoreman at San Pedro. It was the only work I could get."

But he kept on writing furiously. Sometimes he would walk 20 miles and more to try to sell his stories to the movie studios.

"Why don't you write a novel?" suggested Raymond Griffith, now an associate producer at 20th Century-Fox. "A novel would give you prestige."

By now Zanuck had turned press-agent for a hair tonic company and he got it to finance a book of short stories, provided one fable centered around the hair tonic. The volume was titled, *Habit, and Other Stories.*

Zanuck sold every story for pictures, including the one about the hair tonic! He made a star of himself which is the final test!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

and young actor Brent Sargent in the scene. So thrilled was Frances at being directed by Joan, that the test was one of the best M-G-M's ever seen.

Right Back Where He Used To Be

■ Charlie Farrell is right back where he used to be—a sort of prince consort to the queen of the Fox lot. Remember, in the old days, when Janet Gaynor ruled undisputed queen? Charlie used to play opposite her, and so, although he never rated the title of king of the lot in his own right, he still rated tops as queen Janet's partner.

And now he's back again, and this time he's playing opposite Shirley Temple in *Lucky Penny.* Which is right where he used to be.

A Celluloid Will

■ Not only an adroit lawyer, but an adroit publicist is Milton Golden, lawyer for many film stars, including Merna Kennedy. When Merna recently made her will, it was no dry-as-dust-matter-of-fact business. It was a regular movie—with lights, camera and sound apparatus—they made in Golden's office, wherein Merna read the will, then signed it.

The movie film will be filed in a vault, along with the will itself, so that when Merna passes on, the relatives will still see and hear her read the will to them, instead of some old fogy lawyer. Terms of Merna's will: one-tenth of what she owns to charity, split the rest fifty-fifty between her mother, Maude, and her brother, Melvin.

Stands In For Stand-In

■ Through forty successive motion pictures, Warner Baxter has had Frank McGrath as his stand-in. Frank looks so much like Warner that there is a story about Warner and Frank waking up one morning after, in the same hotel bungalow, whereupon Warner looked at Frank and demanded:

"Are you me, or am I you?"

But be that as it may, this professional association has developed into a personal relationship that, even in Hollywood, is noteworthy. In most cases, the acquaintance between star and stand-in ends at the studio gate. In Baxter's case, it extends into his personal and social life—and as a matter of fact, Frank has "stood in" for Baxter in more than one case NOT on a movie stage, and it's never been discovered.

However, the thing has led to something which is real news in Hollywood. Warner has established a trust-fund for Frank. The exact amount is being kept secret by everybody—but your faithful snooper-abouter is able to report that when payments commence, Frank won't ever have to do another stroke of work for the rest of his life.

"Hell," snorts Warner, when you try to tell him it's a swell gesture; "it's merely justice. Frank could have been a great actor himself if he hadn't chosen to devote his abilities to stooging for me—so it's only fair that I share something of what he's helped me earn, with him."

The Pay Off

■ RKO's two toppest gals have argued and settled. Arguer No. 1 was Katharine Hepburn. She didn't, she upped and said, like the roles they were giving her. And if it was okeh with them, they could keep the $200,000 she still had coming on her contract and let her go. They did.

Arguer No. 2 was Ginger Rogers. She didn't, she said, like the short time between pictures they were giving her. So they made her a promise: after each dancing picture, she's to get six weeks off; after each ordinary picture, four weeks.

So Ginger stays with RKO, and Katharine's a free lance, now.

A Penny For His Thoughts

■ So disappointed was Bob Taylor the night he couldn't get into the Filmarte theatre to see the annual Hollywood revival of Rudolph Valentino in *The Sheik* that he talked the house-manager into repeating the show the next night. And there he sat, with Barbara Stanwyck, and I wonder was he wondering which of these:

(a) What has Rudy got that made him the bobtaylor of his day? or

(b) What have I got that makes me the rudyvalentino of today?

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EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

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Cuts to any Size or Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

Muni Knows all the Right Answers

[*Continued from page 52*]

a rare honor to be accorded that first interview. He shuns interviewers, for he believes seriously that Paul Muni is poor copy. And because he does believe that, he usually is.

But to get back—he talked to me about that trip abroad. He told me that the dominant, inescapable impression he got was DEpression.

"At what?" I asked naively. He looked at me as though I were stupid, which I undoubtedly am.

"Why—at everything," he said, simply. "At everything I saw happening to people everywhere I went. We do not know how lucky we are to be here, in America, until we go away from America . . ."

He spoke of certain things and certain places and certain names, but I cannot tell you what he said about them. It is not politic for an actor to express himself about such things; that is for the politicians and the diplomats. But I can tell you this, as an insight into the man Muni—

When he spoke of names whose very mention leads most people today into an excess of vituperation and hatred, Muni's voice was, on the other hand, calm, controlled, careful. And there was no bitterness or hatred in what he said; there was, instead, only a sorrow and a compassion for those who are suffering. He did not damn the oppressors; he wept for the oppressed, and saw the oppressors not as beasts incarnate, but as only the medium through which a beastly force far greater than themselves was being manifested. It is rare to experience such insight, such careful thinking, in Hollywood . . .

MAYBE that is why Muni is still, and will always be, the Hermit of Hollywood. I dubbed him that in a story a few years ago, and it is still true. He will never be of the Hollywood that glitters and jitters and goes boom in the nightclubs. He hardly ever goes to parties, because he's as miserable as a cat in a bathtub at them. When he goes to a premiere, it's only because he recognizes attendance as part of his job—and when the show's over, you're almost sure to find that he has sneaked out of his seat, with Bella, before the lights are turned up, and he's taken to the parking lot where he can hide in his car and await those with whom he must talk before going home—his producer, his director, his fellow-players, his press-agent.

BEHIND Paul Muni, there lies now a life of travail and work. He's just passed forty—last September, I think. Of few persons can it be more truly said that "life begins at forty" than of Paul. With Zola, at forty, he achieved that niche in cinema's hall of fame from which he can't ever be yanked. Never before has he been quite secure there at the top; always he has had to struggle, since he began to be an actor at 11.

Now he has reached the place where HE can dictate, not his bosses. He can say now, as he did to me: "In the past, I have had to make compromises between that which I thought was good, and that which I was forced to do. Now I will never again have to compromise. Now I will never again do anything which I do not believe is good."

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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HOLLYWOOD'S NEW HEARTBREAKER!

In case you haven't heard, there's a brand new contender for the thrones of Gable, Power and Taylor—the handsome young English actor, Richard Greene. Right now he's leading man to dimpled Sonja Henie, with stardom soon to follow. There's a newsy interview with Hollywood's new heartbreaker, by that ace Hollywood writer, Sonia Lee, in the August issue of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE—don't miss it if you want to be "up" on your movie stars!

Also in this big all-star issue—stories on such big-time personalities as Luise Rainer, Cary Grant, Virginia Bruce, Charles Boyer, Joan Davis, Merle Oberon and Anita Louise!

SCREEN BOOK

10 CENTS

Little Mans, What Now?

[*Continued from page* 51]

are "very nice people," baseball is pretty keen, acting is swell, basketball has its points, tennis, yes, cricket, maybe, but *football* . . . !

SO FREDDIE has lived through a year that would have broken most boys. He has been sheared and shorn by at least ten lawsuits. He had seen his savings of some $28,000 taken over by the bank, divvied up between lawyers of both sides, reduced to about $190.00. He and Aunt Cissie have lived in the house they bought—without drapes in the living-room, with the merest necessities, furnishing it slowly, piece by piece when and as they could afford to. He has had to face his own mother and father in a court of law and being wise beyond three times his years he must have realized that was a bitter thing.

He knew that when Aunt Cissie asked the studio for more money for him because with all the drains upon his income his contract would have given him more loss than profit, he might never work in Hollywood again. He knew that on the M-G-M lot another boy was being "groomed" for his place, another boy who might act in pictures with his idol, Spencer Tracy. Yet, all that time Aunt Cissie told me when Freddie had gone back to the set, during all that period of pressing anxieties, Freddie made only three comments. Once when he was told that his mother and father were trying to take him away from Aunt Cis. He said then, "Oh, my *mother* wouldn't do that to me, would she?" And when silence gave assent he turned away and never mentioned it again. And when Aunt Cis explained to him that her stand for more money for him might mean that he would be out of pictures, perhaps forever, and what did he want to do about it, he said, "Whatever you do is all right with me, Cis. You've always done marvelously." And a third time when Aunt Cis spoke of their problems, looked worried, he said, "Now, Cis, don't think about it, *you won't sleep*. God won't let us be separated. I know that."

"I think he is too wise to worry over what can't be helped," Aunt Cis told me. "I have always marveled at his wisdom, never more than now. Recently he was asked whether he didn't really worry about all of the law-suits, the entanglements, his losses, and he said, 'No, I didn't. What good would worrying do? There it was. We did the best we could about it. That's all anyone can do. After you've done your best the next best thing is to stop thinking about it.' He won't worry now, knowing as he does that some 95% of his 1938 earnings must go to pay court costs, lawyers' fees and so on. He never asks me what I am doing with his money, listens with only half an ear when I explain to him that half of everything he makes, above our debts, goes into annuities for him."

Yes, Freddie is standing now on that teetery, traditional spot called "where the brook and river meet." Freddie wants to grow up. Maybe this past year has taught him that a fellow needs to be an adult in order to cope with adults who can do such strangely callous things. And Freddie is growing up very handsomely, too. With every evidence of being long of limb and broad of shoulder, with every evidence that that mop of dark, thick hair, those black-fringed gray eyes, that sensitive mouth will be just as appealing in the man as they are in the boy.

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes, little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet becomes red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the effected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply. H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign, and mail the coupon today.

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PRICE $1.00
Sold by
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New Orleans, La

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.,
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Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME ____________________

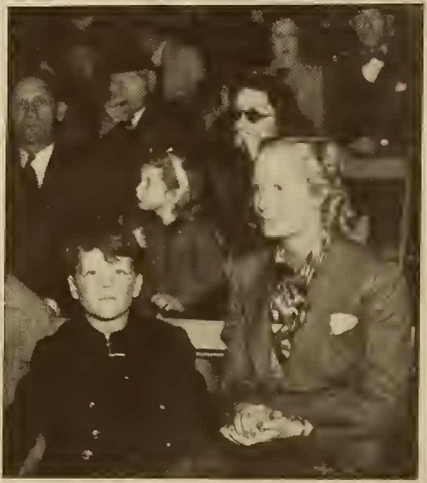
ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ________

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 54]

Even the Bing Crosbys, who rarely step out in public, showed up to hear the Harry Owen band at Beverly-Wilshire



The very young man who squired Miriam Hopkins at the Barnes circus opening in L. A. is her adopted son, Michael

LET Kay Francis have her Baron!—Delmar Daves doesn't care, any more. Delmar, who was as low as a star's opinion of a producer when Kay shuffled off to Barnekow, has found solace, and what lovely solace. Her name's Mary Lou Lender, and if you wanna know what kind of looker she is, you can o-o her in Harold Lloyd's *Professor Beware.* It was when Mary Lou took her test for that role that Kay's ex-boy-friend first saw her—and wham! Delmar doesn't deny he's thinking matrimonishly.

■

DIDJA know that despite all the nasty words, Martha Raye STILL wears Buddy Westmore's wedding ring? Uh-huh—but she wears adhesive tape over it so it isn't noticeable . . . Incidentally, all this dodge-each-other stuff went kaflooey the other night. They've been strutting out of Hollywood nite-spots in a huff, each of them, if it so happened that the other entered. All Hollywood's been wondering what'd happen if they ever came together unexpectedly and unavoidably—

Well, it happened the other night. They sure came together. They came together with a terrific bump, right in the middle of the Rollerdrome skating rink, where both were rollering. Down fell Martha. Buddy helped her up, they stood grinning foolishly at each other for a moment or two. Then Martha stuck out her hand and Buddy grasped it—and for the rest of the evening, they were smiling and winking and yoo-hooing at each other.

Popeye the Sailor, brought to "life" by Paramount, starts his tour of the world

Romance rumors are buzzing around the heads of Dr. Harry Wiggin and Martha R.

In a sporty coat that might be a twin of one worn by Doug Jr., Marlene dashed for Europe. Did Doug wire the roses?

STILL rebounding from Rudy Vallee, Gloria Youngblood is caroming between Bruce Gilbert and Mack Gray.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Hollywood may soon have to get ewster

Saying "Missus Stroud" instead of Gloria Brewster.

■

CUPID's *UN*-COUPLET: Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde: "Out of sight out of mind!"

"HOW DO YOU LIKE AMERICAN MEN?"

Danielle Darrieux, the petite star of Universal's "The Rage of Paris," was asked the familiar question by ship-news reporters the moment she landed in this country. At the time Mlle. Darrieux had no answer, but she quickly consulted FOR MEN magazine, the popular mirror of the tastes, customs, sense of humor, etc., of the American male. Frances Hayden, her stand-in, agrees that Danielle has something there.

The latest issue (August) of Mlle. Darrieux's favorite American magazine is chock full of two dozen hilarious color cartoons and more than twenty entertaining articles.

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for **MEN**

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Grace Moore
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. . . . *Chesterfield time is*
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A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Motion Picture

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

SEPTEMBER
NSC

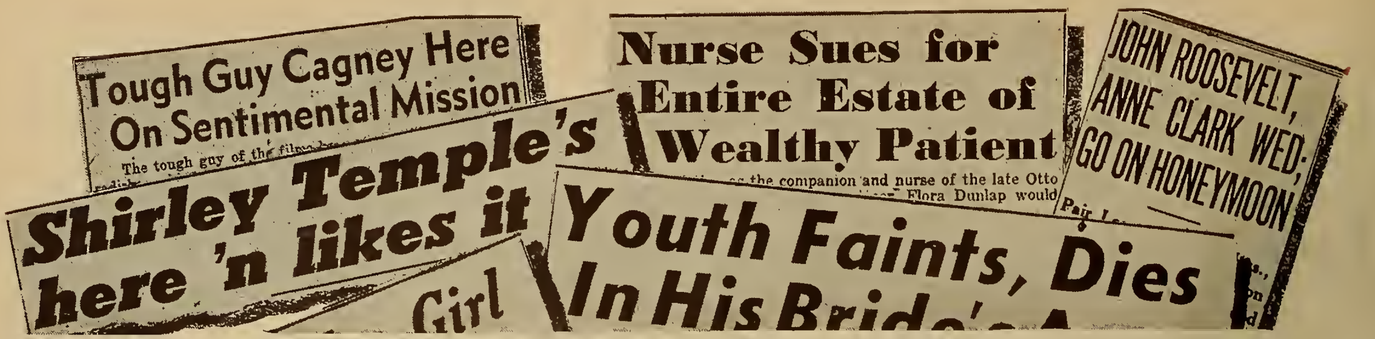
MOTION PICTURE 10¢

CLARK
GABLE

AN TAYLOR
TAKE IT?

IN FREE TRIP
O HOLLYWOOD
D VALUABLE PRIZES • See Pages 30-31

AUG -3 1938
PERIODICAL DIVISION


Tough Guy Cagney Here On Sentimental Mission

The tough guy of the film

Nurse Sues for Entire Estate of Wealthy Patient

the companion and nurse of the late Otto

Flora Dunlap would

JOHN ROOSEVELT, ANNE CLARK WED; GO ON HONEYMOON

Shirley Temple's here 'n likes it

Girl

Youth Faints, Dies In His Bri

Straight from the Headlines

To Save

HURRY-UP CALL

Dixie Dunbar Summoned Star in Film Series

the Kiddie Revue, is under Century-Fox

Weds Prince

THE whole drama of existence pulses through the newspaper headlines as they announce their daily message of achievement and disaster, love and hate, life and death.

Headlines never lack an audience. Millions of men and women read them eagerly day after day because the headlines deal with subjects which are everlastingly new and vital and important.

Everlastingly new, vital and important, also, are the subjects on which the Fawcett publications are based. Straight from the headlines come the themes and stories that distinguish the Fawcett magazines and give them the throb of life and vitality.

Fawcett writers and editors go to life itself...life as it is lived in America in the twentieth century...for the contents of their magazines. It is this editorial policy that accounts for the "headline appeal" of the Fawcett magazines. It accounts for the fact that millions of men and women in increasing numbers turn every month to Fawcett publications with the same eagerness and interest that characterizes their reading of the headlines.

Magazines can do many things. They can amuse, inform, instruct and preach. Fawcett publications have only one aim...to catch the drama and tempo of contemporary life with the same sweep and impact as the headlines.

FAWCETT WRITERS

The men and women who contribute to Fawcett publications form an amazingly diverse group, reflecting the immense scope of the magazines. Contributors are drawn from all walks of life, but principally from among those who are best equipped to write about some particular aspect of the contemporary scene. Because of Fawcett's insistence or "headline appeal" many contributors are headline personalities.

Among those who have written for Fawcett magazines:

Herbert Hoover
Rev. Joseph Fort Newton
Lowell Thomas
Walter B. Pitkin
Father Hill
Dr. Miller McClintock
of Harvard University
Brig. Gen. H. H. Arnold
William McFee
Dr. Valeria Hopkins Parker
Congressman Alfred W. Beiter
Rabbi Alexander T. Lyons
Admiral Percy W. Foote
Col. Dean Ivan Lamb
Rene Belbenoit
Heywood Broun
George Seldes
James Thurber
John O'Hara
Hon. Algernon I. Nova
Judge, Kings Co. Court
Alfred W. Batson
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New York City
Eugene Cunningham
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Rex Noville
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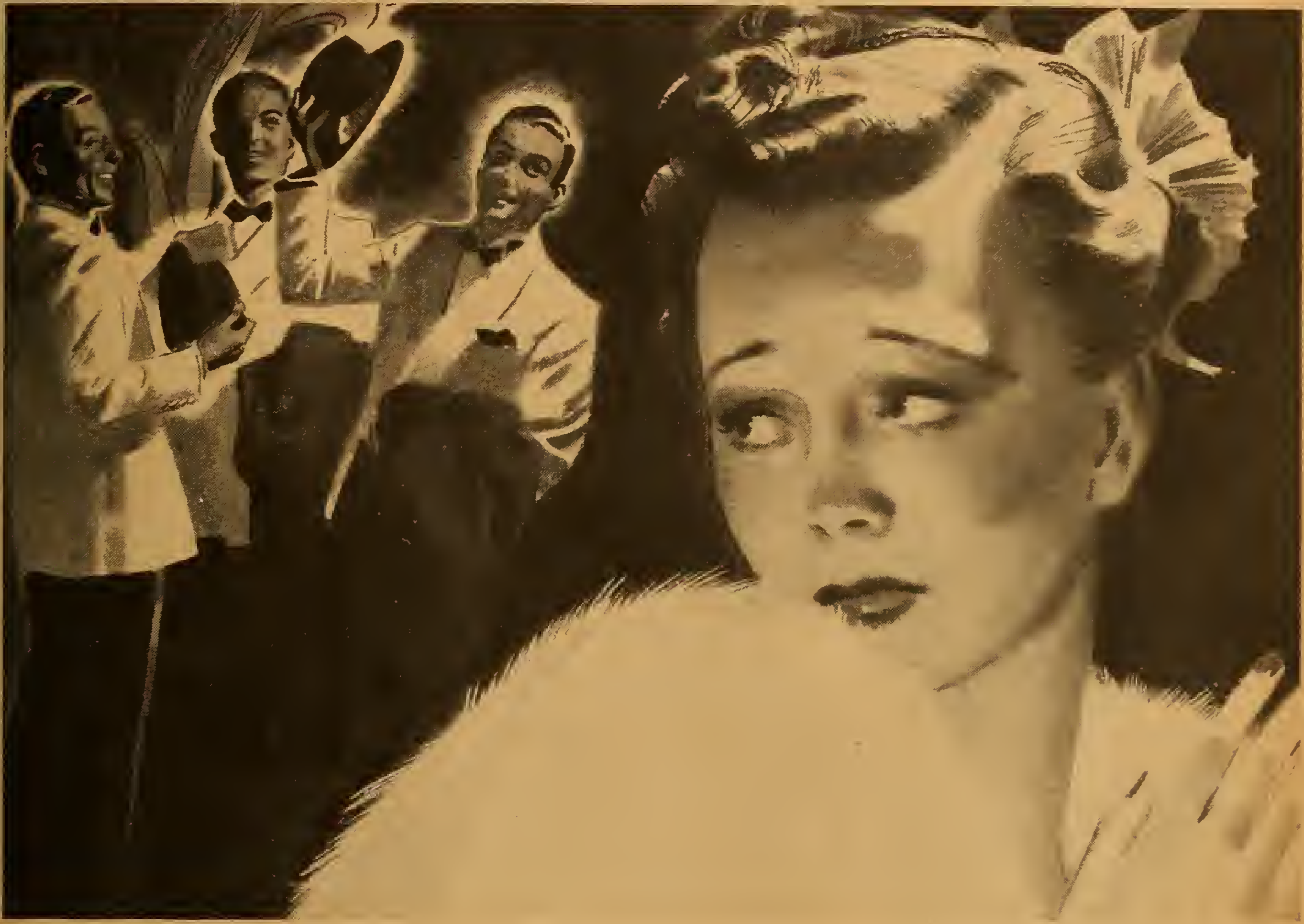
New Jersey

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS » INC

TRUE CONFESSIONS
HOLLYWOOD
MOTION PICTURE
ROMANTIC STORY
SCREEN BOOK
MOVIE STORY
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED

"PARDON US, SALLY!

WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"



You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

SHE'S DOOMED to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the *other* girl that they'll take out. Why *should* they want to be near a girl who isn't really *sweet?*

Of course, no girl would *knowingly* let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending —Mum makes odor *impossible*.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one —who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm — sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

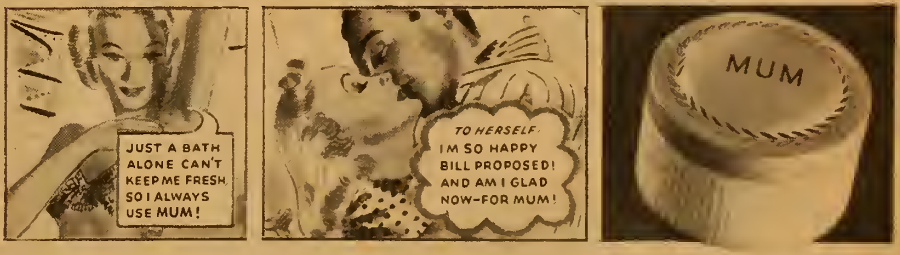
MUM IS QUICK! There's always time to apply Mum. Just half a minute is all you need to be free from underarm odor.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to every fabric — safe to apply even *after* you're dressed. Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it right after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum stops all odor—does not stop perspiration. Mum keeps you nice to be near all day or all evening long.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, safe, and sure!

MUM MAKES YOUR BATH LAST ALL EVENING LONG


JUST A BATH ALONE CAN'T KEEP ME FRESH. SO I ALWAYS USE MUM!
TO HERSELF: I'M SO HAPPY BILL PROPOSED! AND AM I GLAD NOW—FOR MUM!
MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

JUL 23 1938

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MOTION PICTURE

Incorporating

Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVI, No. 2 SEPTEMBER, 1938 Twenty-seventh Year

Features

Can Taylor Take It?......Don Clement 22
The Self-Discoveries of Claudette......Gladys Hall 23
Catching Up With Norma Shearer......Ida Zeitlin 24
The Lowdown on Fred and Ginger......Katharine Hartley 28
Beautiful Legs Contest...... 30
Hedy Goes to Your Head......Leon Surmelian 37
Girl Meets Man—Parson Waits......James Reid 40

Personalities

Mother Keeler's Chicken......Roger Carroll 27
Everybody's Pal (Pat O'Brien)......Harry Lang 36
Everything's Duck Soup for Joe (Joe Penner)......Al Knight 38
Acting Is My Job (Claude Rains)......E. J. Smithson 41
Great Dane (Jean Hersholt)......Dorothy Spensley 42

Pictorial Features

Deanna Durbin...... 19
Richard Greene...... 20
Fernand Gravet...... 26
Our Own News Camera...... 32
The Evolution of a Bathing Beauty...... 34
Ann Rutherford...... 39
Anita Louise...... 43

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler......Harry Lang 8
Picture Parade...... 16
The Talk of Hollywood...... 44

To the Ladies

Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips...... 13
Pretty Tricky!......Denise Caine 17
For Town and Country...... 48
Put Yourself "Out" on the Shelf......Mrs. Christine Frederick 51

AL ALLARD
Art Director

JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

"THE TEN MILLION DOLLAR BABY..."

That's what they're calling Tyrone Power—who, in the space of two years, has become the most valuable male property on his studio lot. And he is only 24 years old! In other words he will be starring in four super-productions that bring the tidy sum of $10,000,000. It's all told in the October issue of MOTION PICTURE. And be sure to advise your newsdealer to save you a copy. For you will be wanting to read about Ty—as well as about Warner Baxter, Deanna Durbin, Myrna Loy, Jimmy Ellison, Dorothy Lamour. And you will want to enter the BEAUTIFUL LEGS CONTEST, first prize of which is a free trip to Hollywood. There are thousands of dollars' worth of prizes. So plan to enter contest now—while you still have time.

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presents
CHARLES BOYER
in

"ALGIERS"

with SIGRID GURIE
HEDY LAMARR*

JOSEPH CALLEIA · ALAN HALE
GENE LOCKHART · NINA KOSHETZ

Directed by John Cromwell • Screen play by John Howard Lawson • Additional Dialogue by James M. Cain
Released thru United Artists

Tip from Ed Sullivan, famous Hollywood correspondent ...*"Most gorgeous item to come to the films in the past year is Hedy Lamarr ... Wait until you get a load of this lovely number in Wanger's 'Algiers' ... She'll create more talk than any performer in seasons ... TERRIFIC!"

HOW SMART! I SEE YOU TOOK MY ADVICE AND SENT FOR THE MAGAZINE OF FASHION
I DID! AND IT SAVED ME A LOT OF MONEY, TOO!
You, too, can SAVE HALF yet dress with FIFTH AVENUE SMARTNESS!

MUCH of your charm . . . your attractiveness . . . depends on your clothes! Men like to be seen with a smartly dressed woman. Now YOU can have the most fashionable Fifth Avenue modes, no matter how limited your budget! You *save half* the usual cost through our "Finish-at-Home" plan!

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■ To add the final degree of *chic,* we have also assembled the most stylish of the new wardrobe accessories for your selection, all *completely-made,* and priced for outstanding value!

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

During the recent Shriners' convention in L. A., Shriners Hobart Bosworth, Clark Gable, Woody Van Dyke, rode in parade, passed out greetings to cheering throngs

and that all these Hollywood romances are just so much balloon-stuffing—Nino Martini and Elissa Landi are still just like that—

■

CUPID'S UNCOUPLET:
Pat di Cicco and Florence Rice—
If it ever was, it's now on ice!

TWOSOMES-of-the-month: . . . Judith Malcolm at the Milton Berle-ing point . . . Ronald Regan and Susan Hayward discovered each other . . . oldtimers Glenda Farrell and Bruce Cabot in a new twosome . . . Glenda's ex-boy-friend, Don Terry, switched to Mary Carlisle . . . Jackie Cooper, proving he's no longer a child star, by being

[*Continued on page* 12]

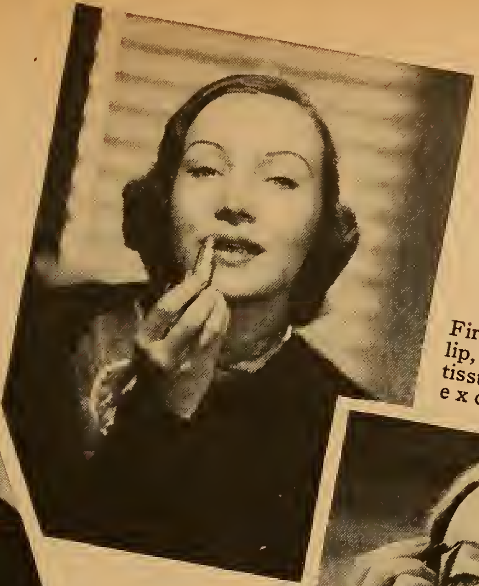
Basil Rathbone saw to it that the wedding of his son, Rodion, and Carolyn Fischer, Chicago deb, was most fashionable of season. Couple are flanked by Dad and Mrs R.

OUT IN

By

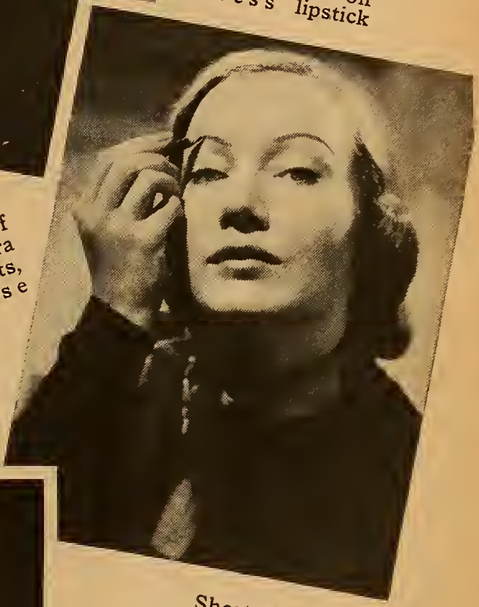
DENISE

CAINE



First the upper lip, then lower; tissues blot off excess lipstick

Two shades of rouge for extra special moments, one otherwise



Short and quick strokes darken blonde eyebrows naturally, easily

WE ASKED SIGRID GURIE, GOLDWYN'S GLAMOR GIRL, TO DIG INTO HER BAG OF MAKE-UP TRICKS FOR YOU. SHE BROUGHT THESE UP AND THEY'RE PRETTY TRICKY

or lotion up and out, till she has a smooth, mat finish. Next she pats on her powder, using a very full powder puff, so that her whole face is evenly covered. A fine powder [illegible] away the excess—and she is ready for her rouge.

JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR
I ALWAYS USE LUX TOILET SOAP. IT REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY

—and in your own home town

SCREEN STARS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT COMPLEXION CARE
AND BELIEVE ME THEY DO
IT'S MY NICE, SMOOTH SKIN THAT'S MADE A HIT WITH BILL. I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'LL NEVER RISK COSMETIC SKIN
LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10

HOW SMART! I SEE YOU TOOK MY ADVICE AND SENT FOR THE MAGAZINE OF FASHION
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MUCH of your charm . . . your attractiveness . . . depends on your clothes! Men like to be seen with a smartly dressed woman. Now YOU can have the most fashionable Fifth Avenue modes, no matter how limited your budget! You *save half* the usual cost through our "Finish-at-Home" plan!

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continu ed from page 10]

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■

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CUPID'S UNCOUPLET: Pat di Cicco and Florence Rice—
ss
If it ever was, it's now on ice!

erman
vood—
him!—
e collar!
Girls
Anthony
ing hours, too . . . Clarence (half of the twins) Stroud and Bette Harrison, who stands in for Deanna Durbin . . . Wendy Barrie and the Earl of Warwick . . . Eddie Anderson, who used to be thataway about Shirley Ross, now transfers it all to Lee Osborn, who croons a mean song . . . Robert Wilcox, forgetting Joy Hodges at a nitery with Helen Mack . . . Joan Blondell's kid sister, Gloria, stepping out with Dave Shelly . . . Van Smith, who used to be No. 1 with Nancy Carroll, cutting in on Charlie Grayson, who wants to be No. 1 with her now . . . Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde (what, again?!) . . . and Gilbert Roland with Connie Bennett, which is perennial.

■

AMONG the Hollywoodians who are summer-theatre-ing in the East, playing what city slickers call the cow-shed circuit are Douglass Montgomery, Sylvia Sidney, Jean Muir, Jane Wyatt, Elissa Landi, Onslow Stevens, Fred Stone, Tilly Losch, Aline MacMahon, Rosemary Ames, Elizabeth Russell.

Ginger Rogers is tennis champ of film colony. She won tournament at L. A. Club

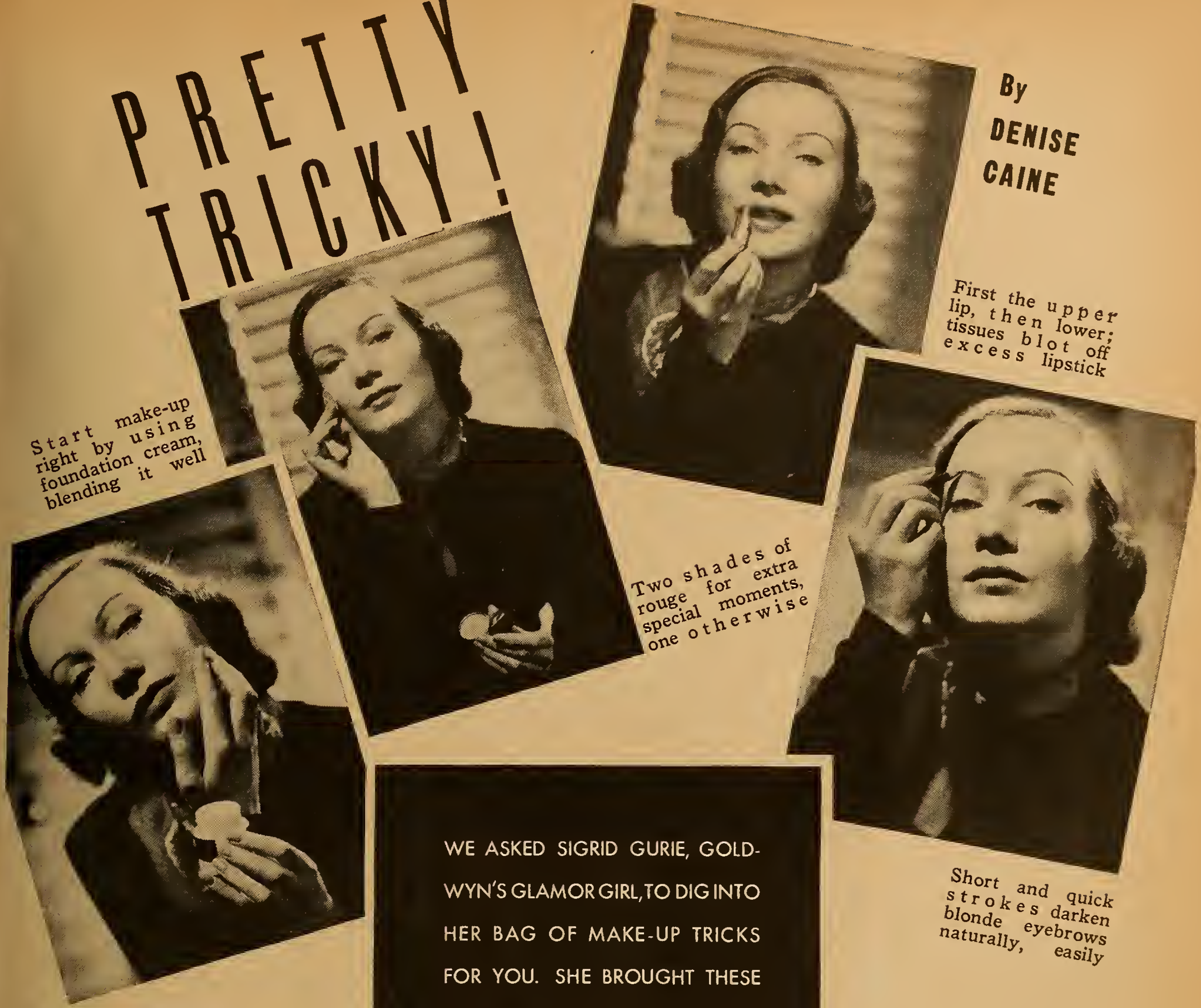
DON'T be surprised if the Hollywood lid blows off—and how!—any moment, now, in that threesome that involves three

[*Continued on page* 18]

PRETTY TRICKY!

By

DENISE CAINE



Start make-up right by using foundation cream, blending it well

Two shades of rouge for extra special moments, one otherwise

First the upper lip, then lower; tissues blot off excess lipstick

Short and quick strokes darken blonde eyebrows naturally, easily

WE ASKED SIGRID GURIE, GOLDWYN'S GLAMOR GIRL, TO DIG INTO HER BAG OF MAKE-UP TRICKS FOR YOU. SHE BROUGHT THESE UP AND THEY'RE PRETTY TRICKY

SHE made her screen debut as a Chinese Princess in the *Adventures of Marco Polo.* And next she'll be seen as a gypsy in *Algiers.* She herself is a blonde, of Norwegian parentage, with blue eyes and [illegible] skin. You saw her with the slanting eyes and glossy, black wig of the daughter of *Kubla Khan.* Notice, when next you see her, the curly, dark bangs and heavy eyebrows. Can you recognize the winsome Sigrid Gurie? If you don't think it takes some tricky make-up to achieve these changes of face, just try it sometime!

Of course a good make-up man has a large bag of tricks and he passes lots of them on to the glamor girls. . . . Sigrid Gurie told me about some of hers the day I talked with her in her suite high above the roar of New York. She had been sitting under hot photographic lights all morning, posing for this picture and that—but her nose didn't shine, her lipstick was satiny, her eye make-up was as perfect as if she had just put it on. Behind that flawless make-up, I think, lie tricks that you and I could put to good use.

Sigrid laughed when I asked her to tell me all, and blamed her success on good, reliable cosmetics, skillfully applied. Her make-up stays with her, through heat and cold, sun and rain, because she uses a powder foundation first and foremost, after she has thoroughly cleansed and toned her skin. But even in applying this simple base, there are tricks and tricks. Sigrid dabs a bit on her nose, more on the cheeks, forehead and chin. Then she takes both hands and spreads the foundation cream or lotion up and out, till she has a smooth, mat finish. Next she pats on her powder, using a very full powder puff, so that her whole face is evenly covered. A fine powder brush whisks away the excess—and she is ready for her rouge.

For everyday wear, Sigrid chooses a yellow-red shade of rouge to harmonize with yellow, green and bronze, or a true red to go with her favorite black, blue, smoke-blue, white and pink. But for that *occasion,* she uses two shades of rouge. A pinkish-rose shade near her nose blends into a yellow-red over the temples, near the ears, to harmonize with her golden brown hair. Even Sigrid, who knows her make-up, finds this a difficult make-up trick to do well, tries it only when she has time on her hands.

ARE you casting about for a powder foundation to keep your make-up intact and to protect your skin from sun and wind? If you want it to give you that translucent look you've seen on movie stars at previews, I can recommend one that becomes invisible almost as soon as it is applied to the skin. A well-known Hollywood make-up artist spent six years developing and testing this cream on movie stars—so you know it has to be good! Smooth a bit of the pale pink fluff on your face, blend it in—then apply your powder. The finish is waterproof—in case you're interested in keeping your make-up intact through an end-of-summer swimming party, or a walk in the rain. One dollar is the price of the white jar with the black-and-gold label.

[*Continued on page* 59]

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 12]

Perched on springboard of her swimming pool, Virginia Bruce will not dive off the deep end. That particular business was attended to when she married J. Walter Ruben

of the bigshot stars . . . If it does (and mind you, I say *IF!*), it'll mean two divorce suits and one suit of alienation of affection. And the details will be front-page stuff on anybody's newspaper . . . BUT—at the same time, don't be surprised if the whole thing doesn't break wide open. Because it would be an awful pain-in-the-bankroll not only to the stars involved, but to their studios. And in affairs of the heart and of the court, studios have plenty power . . . And now you go ahead and guess the names, yourself.

◆

IT'S-ALL-OVER note:—NOT at the station to welcome Merle Oberon back to Hollywood after her so-long absence in England was David Niven. Davie, on the day and hour of her return, was nearly 200 miles from Hollywood—'way down in Palm Springs . . . My, how things have changed since Davie remarked, on the day Merle departed, last year:

"Now I feel like a basket without a handle!"

◆

THIS Month's Gifting Dept:—To Clark Gable from Walter Pidgeon. One suit of red flannels. Occasion: Seventh anniversary of Gable's marriage to Ria Gable (separated). Place of presentation: Metro's swank cafe. Result: Blushes.

To Judy Garland ('teen age) from Clark Gable. Two love birds complete with metal cage, stand, broad pink ribbon and bow. Occasion: Her birthday. Result: Delight.

To Myrna Loy Hornblow and husband from William Horatio Powell. Numerous Old-Fashioned glasses. Occasion: Their marriage last year. Sequel: When, Bill, following his long illness, dined with the Hornblows six of the glasses were lined up on the table before him. Contents: Milk.

◆

HOW'D you like to get the inside on all this Janet Gaynor-Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie-Richard Greene-Richard Carlson stuff? All right, then; draw up a chair and listen:—Still close (but very!) palsy-walsies are Janet and Ty. But that wedding-bell business, that was on the verge of busting loose only a few weeks ago, is all off, now. Janet has changed her mind about that, and she's quite content now NOT to become Mrs. Ty Power. Seems she thinks Ty has to grow up a bit more—right now, he's still too interested in (a) his career and (b) other girls. When Janet wants a husband, she wants to be No. 1 Idea in his life, and not just a side issue.

However, you can discount 100 percent, as pure press agent hooey, the Janet-Carlson romance. Romance publicity, these days, is big stock-in-trade to the studios. And Selznick's bright young publicist couldn't see wasting Selznick-Star Gaynor on 20th-Fox Star Ty. "You'd better step out now and then with our Mister Carlson," Janet was told; "he needs a build-up."

So, publicity-wise and dutiful, Janet did her stepping out with Mr. Carlson, and the press boys saw that there were photographers on hand and that columnists were notified. But all through it, Janet's heart didn't skip a beat, and it was just part of the day's work to her and Carlson . . . As for Ty—well, Ty's just as happy about not being slated for the middle-aisle procession as he can be. There are *so many* lovely girls on that 20th-Fox lot . . .! And Ty is so young and rarin' . . . And anyway, he can always call up Sonja Henie. Sonja is still unattached to any full time romance. She's interested more in her career than in men. Or A man.

◆

OL' DOC STORK'S Date Book:—August for Dorothy Wilson, the RKO starlet who jumped from the stenog's desk to screen fame, and who's now Mrs. Lew Foster . . . Early next year for the Charlie Correll blessed event—(he's Amos's Andy).

◆

MARK a circle around September 28, on your wall calendar. That's the day Martha Raye gets her final divorce from Buddy Westmore . . . That may also be the day on which she marries Dave Rose.

◆

RUSSELL GLEASON, who belongs to the Associated Ex-Fiancees of Mary Brian, is resigning bachelorhood. By the time you read this, Russ'll be married to Cynthia Hobart . . . Mary Brian, however, goes merrily on her record-breaking way.

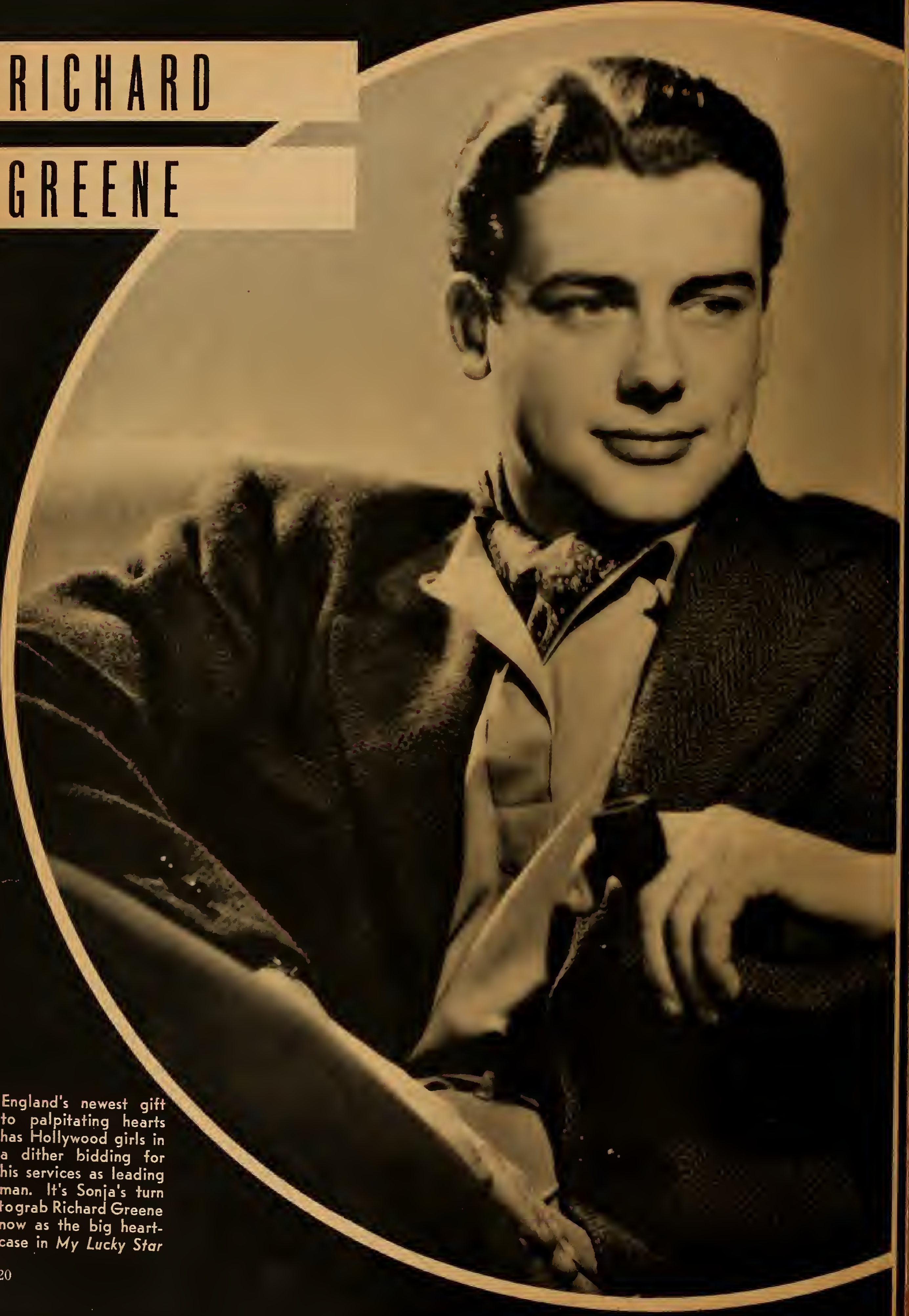
[*Continued on page* 68]

Bill Powell, Pat O'Brien, Warner Baxter discuss betting odds of the hosses at opening of race track at Hollywood Park

We nominate Deanna Durbin as the most popular debutante of 1938 for, being *That Certain Age*, Deanna has planned a coming-out party at your theatre soon. You are all invited. Be sure and come for a good time will be had by all. P. S. Jackie Cooper will be there, too

DEANNA DURBIN

RICHARD GREENE



England's newest gift to palpitating hearts has Hollywood girls in a dither bidding for his services as leading man. It's Sonja's turn to grab Richard Greene now as the big heart-case in *My Lucky Star*

Claudette Colbert had to take a trip to Europe to appreciate Hollywood—She and hubby, Dr. Joel Pressman, returned in time to attend opening of *Alexander's Ragtime Band*—to see Helen Hayes

THE SELF-DISCOVERIES OF CLAUDETTE

By GLADYS HALL

WHEN CLAUDETTE WENT TO EUROPE SHE MADE DISCOVERIES ABOUT HERSELF—AND TELLS ABOUT THEM

SHORTLY after Claudette and her husband returned from their four months trip abroad, Claudette's first (and so eagerly anticipated) real vacation in eight years, she had me over to the house for tea. I greeted her with the brilliantly original inquiry: "has travel broadened?"

Claudette in heaven-blue linen slacks, white mules, her hair parted in the middle and banged, eyes like luminous dark stars, waved her ski-slim hips and said "not *noticeably*, would you say?"

I would not say.

Claudette led the way from the living-room into the spacious play-room, all equipped with games, tables, projection machine and screen, scarlet and white divans, quilted walls. We sank into the sinkiest of the divans, Claudette tucked her feet up under her, Colbert fashion, tucked Hansi, her imported dachshund under one arm and said: "Matter of fact, I lost five pounds in St. Anton, somewhere among the snow-covered peaks. But if travel hasn't 'broadened,' it has certainly given me a perspective on myself and what I am and what I want to do, now and in the future. Before we went away I was in a kind of I-Want-To-Get-Away-From-It-All state of mind, so well known to all of us. For no matter what your job is you do reach that state of mind every now and again. Scripts and make-up boxes and costume fittings and cameras and rushes can become just as monotonous as typewriters and manicuring implements can become to other working girls. Or so I thought. How I was wrong!

"So I wanted to get away. I even had my moments [*Continued on page* 63]

A CAR drew up in front of the square, sunlit building that houses the stars' dressing-rooms on the Metro lot. Out of it stepped a slender figure, brown head bare, white polo coat flying open over a blue wool dress.

"Forgive me, I'm a little late," called Norma Shearer. "I was detained by three kittens and my child."

Laughter in her eyes, she told the story. "I had my garden beautifully planted this spring—just a tiny garden—it's hard to keep things growing down at the beach. But we did manage to coax up a row of flowers, and cherished them like so many babies one's brought through the measles and whooping cough and mumps. Then along came the kittens, six of them, and decided to make the patio their playground. Boom! went the garden."

Three-year-old Katharine had taken the brood to her heart. On being convinced, however, that Grandpa Harry Warner would be desolate without some of her kittens on his ranch, she amiably parted with three. Two more, whom she'd named Peewee and Most Beautiful, were destined for the Japanese gardener. Giving away five seemed to Katharine a little excessive, but so long as she could hang on to her beloved Whitey, she remained philosophical.

"I went out to do a little mourning over the garden," said her mother, "and there were those three ridiculous balls of fluff scrambling up and down the olive trees with their silly tails pointed up and their little faces peering through the branches, and the baby squealing her head off as she toddled after them, and—well, I decided we'd better not give them away—not for a while, at least," she apologized.

On the table in her dressing-room stands a large, silver framed photograph of her husband. You who have been her friends through her years on the screen, who grieved with her when grief came, who thought of her constantly, as your letters indicate, during the long months of retirement—all of you have one question on your lips. What about Norma—how is she now?

It's a question that cast and crew of *Marie Antoinette* were asking themselves nervously as they reported for their first day on the picture. For them she soon answered it. There was nothing in her manner to hint that this day was different from any other. She entered without ceremony. She stopped for a word here and a smile there, and neither the smile nor the words were forced.

[*Continued on page* [illegible]]

WHAT ABOUT NORMA? THAT IS THE ONE QUESTION THAT HAS BEEN UPPERMOST IN YOUR MIND SINCE HER RETIREMENT. NOW BACK ON THE SCREEN IN "MARIE ANTOINETTE" SHE GIVES YOU THE ANSWER

By
IDA
ZEITLIN

CATCHING UP WITH

NORMA SHEARER

FERNAND GRAVET

Those imperishable melodies by Johann Strauss will transport you anew in *The Great Waltz*, based upon the composer's life and music. Mons. Gravet conducts —and Luise Rainer is his inspiration

MOTHER KEELER'S CHICKEN

By ROGER CARROLL

FAMED FOR DANCING, RUBY KEELER COMES BACK TO THE SCREEN AS DRAMATIC ACTRESS IN *MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS*

There's a big change in Ruby since returning to films after a year's absence. She wants success in acting—NOT dancing

THE last time I saw Ruby Keeler on a movie set, she was wearing a skimpy blouse, skimpier shorts, extra-high hose, and dancing shoes. She was tapping out a number for a Warner Brothers musical, *Ready, Willing and Able,* of which she was the dancing star.

Today, for the first time in a year-and-a-half, I saw Ruby on a movie set again. She was wearing a high-necked, tight-waisted, long-skirted gown in the style of 1898, which completely hid her shapely legs and nimble feet. She was doing an emotional scene for an RKO drama, *Mother Carey's Chickens.* And —doing it very convincingly.

Ruby stepped out of pictures, late in 1936, a dancer. Now, stepping back in, she is a dramatic actress. . . It would appear that a year and a half of absence have done things to Ruby, changed her completely. But have they? I went around to find out.

The studio didn't think, at first, that I could talk with Ruby today. She was doing "her most difficult scenes." This morning, all morning, she had played a crying sequence. This afternoon, she was playing its emotional aftermath.

But the studio asked Ruby if she would, by any chance, be able to see an interviewer. She was not only able, but willing and ready. "We can talk between 'takes,'" she said. "If he doesn't mind the interruptions, I won't."

That didn't sound as if Ruby had changed *too* much. Maybe she had gone dramatic; but she certainly hadn't gone temperamental. She still sounded easy-going, good-natured, approachable.

I was shown to Stage 6, ushered into *Mother Carey's* small, old-fashioned living room. *Mother Carey*—Fay Bainter—was propped up in a chair, partially covered with a blanket, a temporary invalid. On their knees beside her chair were her two daughters, both vowing passionately that, for all their misfortunes, they were sticking together as a family. The younger sister had auburn hair. [*Continued on page* 80]

THE LOWDOWN ON

FROM THE DAY FRED AND GINGER INTRODUCED THE CARIOCA IN "FLYING DOWN TO RIO" THEY HAVE BEEN TOPS AS CO-STARS. NOW TOGETHER AGAIN IN "CAREFREE" YOU LEARN WHY THEY SEPARATED

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

TAKE Ike from Mike and what do you have? Nuthin'! Separate Olive Oil and Popeye and what do you have? Nuthin'! All of which is just a rather foolish way to lead up to a rather serious point, not involving any of the above-mentioned teams, but another, even better known, team which the world has grown to know and love—those two box-office sensations, Astaire and Rogers.

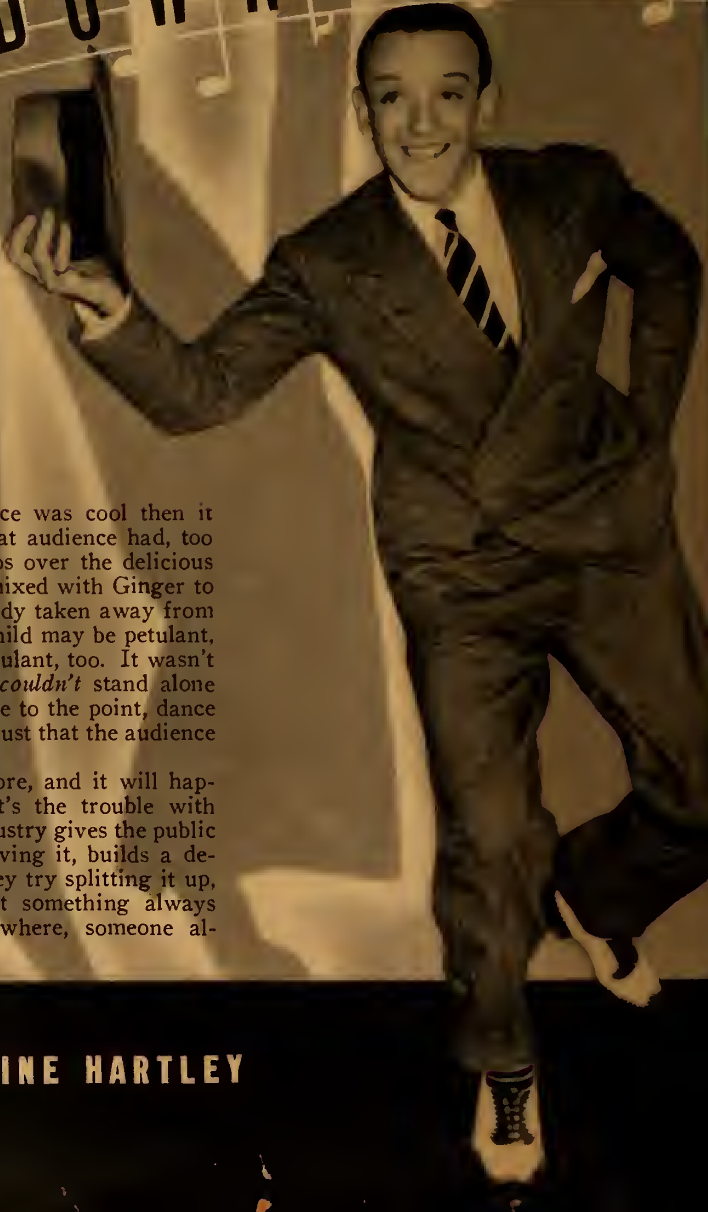
For three years in a row they made two pictures a year and we loved them, and then something happened. Ginger went gallivanting off on a dramatic non-dancing spree and gave us *Stage Door, Having Wonderful Time,* and *Vivacious Lady*. Fred went off golfing to Florida and North Carolina and then came back to give us *Damsel In Distress, sans* Ginger. As a result, not only was one damsel in distress, but just about three million of them; three million fans who liked Ginger with Fred just like they like cream with their coffee, and butter with their bread. "What happened?" they wanted to know, and they have a right to an answer.

Fred, himself, first got an inkling of their questioning at the night of the *Damsel In Distress* preview. When Fred read the review mentioning lack of Ginger in "Damsel" he sent her a one-word telegram—all he said was "Ouch!"

It not only tells the story of Fred's own good sportsmanship, there is in it, too, the old, old story of the teaming system, and its viciousness, in Hollywood. In the public's cool reception of the picture, there was no reflection on Burns and Allen, or on Joan Fontaine, or on Fred, or on anyone who took part in it. If the audience was cool then it was only because that audience had, too long, smacked its lips over the delicious confection of Fred mixed with Ginger to relish having its candy taken away from it. As any spoiled child may be petulant, the audience was petulant, too. It wasn't so much that Fred *couldn't* stand alone without her, or, more to the point, dance without her: it was just that the audience didn't *want* him to.

It's happened before, and it will happen again, and that's the trouble with the system. The industry gives the public a team, keeps on giving it, builds a demand for it, then they try splitting it up, with the result that something always goes haywire somewhere, someone always suffers somehow. It was the case with Gaynor and Farrell, with Garbo and Gilbert, and more recently with MacDonald and Eddy. Together these two were sensational. Then Jeanette made *Firefly* and Nelson made *Rosalie* and the public was disappointed. So back together again they went, and as quickly as possible in *The Girl of the Golden West.* Now there is this parallel at RKO, too: after a year of separation Fred and Ginger are together again, hitting a new high in *Carefree.*

But that still doesn't answer the question of "What happened?" "Why were they separated in the first place?" It all seems very obvious and natural to us here in Hollywood, but perhaps



it does take explaining elsewhere, and to do that we'll have to begin back at the beginning.

FOUR years ago a certain picture was made which gave birth to this team. The picture was *Flying Down to Rio,* and if your eye flew far enough down the cast of characters, past Gene Raymond, Dolores del Rio, and Raul Roulien, there in fourth and fifth place billing respectively, you would have seen two names, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. In that picture Fred was dancing partner to two women, really: he did a rhumba-tango mixture with Dolores del Rio, and he also did a little dance ditty with Ginger, only nobody expected very much of the latter. Fred was unknown in pictures and so, practically, was Ginger. She got the part only because someone around the lot happened to remember that she had been in musical comedies once and that meant she could dance, didn't it? And also she was blonde and would be a good contrast to del Rio. So, because somebody happened to remember, the unexpected happened. The little dance ditty turned out to be the Carioca, the greatest dance sensation of the year, and the two who danced it became stars.

After that, in their very next picture, it was co-star billing and cooing: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in—and over a period of three years there have been six titles to follow it: *The Gay Divorcee, Roberta, Top Hat, Follow the Fleet, Swing Time,* and *Shall We Dance?* During those three years there were also a lot of ugly rumors that cropped up, as they will around any two stars who work together consistently. The rumors have to be along one of two lines: either the stars are in love and shouldn't be, or there is no love lost between them and there should be.

[*Continued on page* 67]

FRED AND GINGER

BEAUTIFUL

IN HOLLYWOOD—THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL LEGS—THERE IS A STAR OR PLAYER WHO HAS THE BEST-LOOKING LEGS OF ALL. WHO IS SHE? HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO PICK THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LEGS IN HOLLYWOOD. IF YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE YOU WILL WIN A FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD AND A WEEK IN THE CINEMA CITY AS THE PERSONAL GUEST OF MARTHA RAYE. THERE WILL BE HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS OF ADDITIONAL PRIZES GIVEN AWAY TO THE LUCKY WINNERS. YOU ALL HAVE EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES. SO GET BUSY. ENTER THIS CONTEST NOW. LET'S GO!

WHO has the most beautiful legs in Hollywood?—A personal question but an intriguing one.

You are going to help us solve that problem and at the same time have a lot of fun and we hope, win one of the many valuable prizes offered for participating in this contest. Perhaps you will win first prize—a free trip to Hollywood and a week in the cinema city as the personal guest of the beautiful Martha Raye.

Probably no one city in the world has as many beautiful legs as has Hollywood. Sometimes stars are unexpectedly found to have beautiful limbs. Of course, the limbs have been there all the time, but press agents or the public at large just did not notice them.

For instance, Martha Raye. Only recently, Paramount shifted their camera from one extreme to the other of this vivacious star and discovered that her legs were superior to many highly publicized limbs in both the film colony and on the stage. Indeed, this very fact is the central theme of Martha Raye's next starring picture *Give Me a Sailor*, with Bob Hope. In this picture, which you will see shortly on the screen at your favorite movie house, Martha, quite unexpectedly, wins a beautiful leg contest when she thought she was entering a cooking competition.

How this situation arises is something you will appreciate in the picture and at this point we are going to break down and confess that Martha's experience in her coming picture *Give Me a Sailor* was the inspiration for MOTION PIC-

The beautiful legs displayed on these pages were chosen by MOTION PICTURE. Which pair do you vote for as the best-looking? All six pairs belong to Hollywood players. Vote now!

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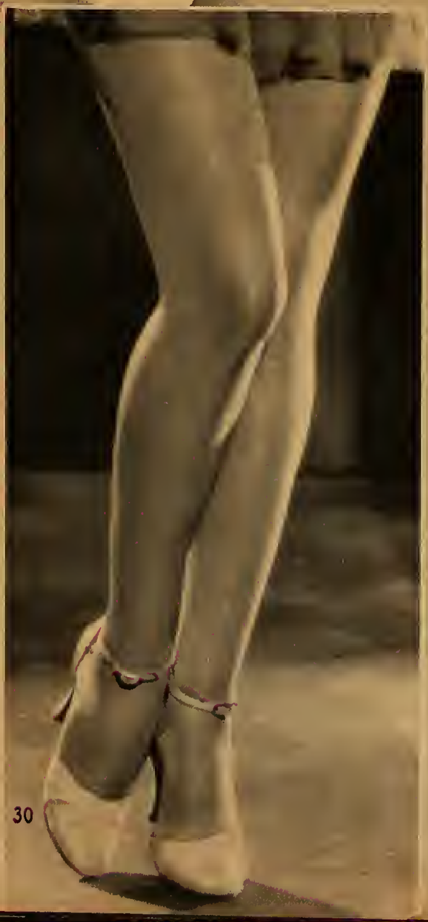

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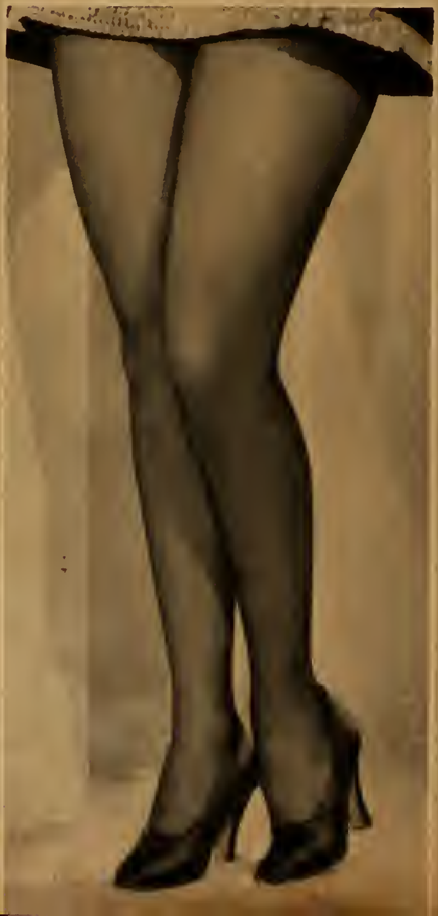

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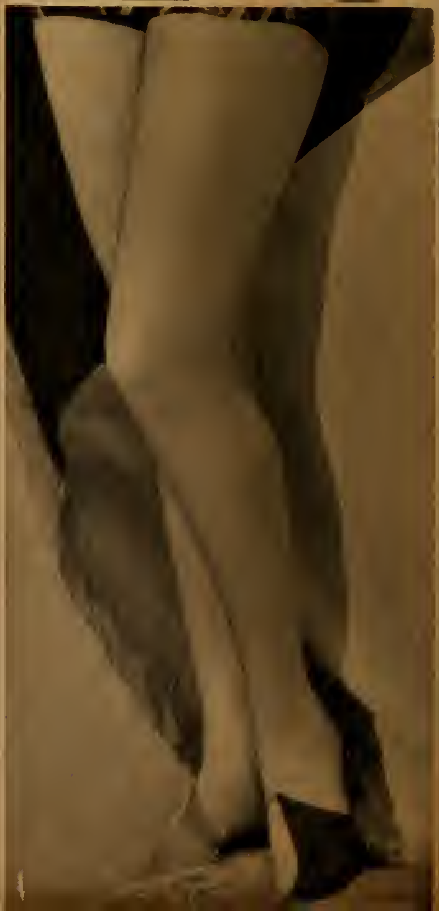

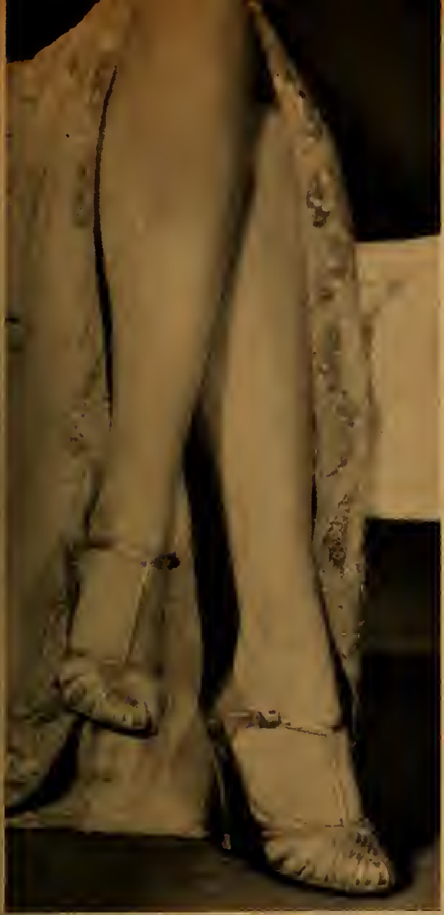

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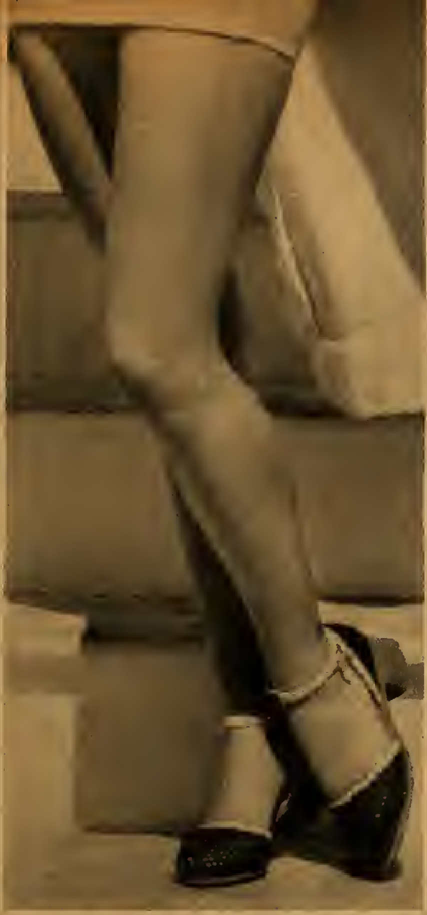

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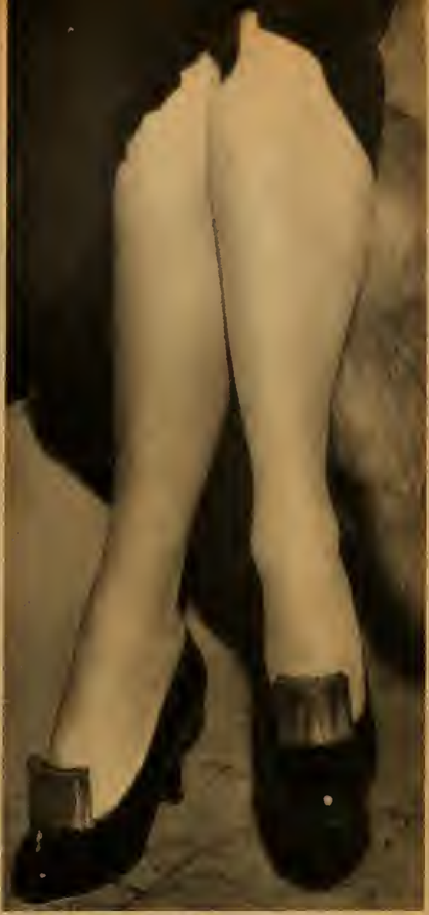


6.

TURE's "Beautiful Legs Contest." It happened like this: We on the Editorial Staff were discussing the fact that although Martha Raye has been in pictures for several years and possessed those beautiful legs all this time, not a word about them slipped into the fan magazines or newspapers, and indeed the fans themselves seemed totally unaware of Martha's prize beauty asset.

It is the purpose of this contest to discover just who has the most beautiful legs in Hollywood and you are going to decide the winner. It might be Martha Raye. It might be Claudette Colbert. It might be Ginger Rogers, or one of many others.

Just because we mentioned the above names does not mean that we think any one of those stars has the most beautiful legs. You, the reader, are going to make that choice and Hollywood is waiting for the name of the winner.

HOW do I win a prize for myself and at the same time help select the most beautiful legs in Hollywood? That is the question you want answered! Well, here's what you do to win.

Look carefully at the following slogan—"GIVE ME A SAILOR" IS PARAMOUNT'S ROLLICKING, MIRTHFUL COMEDY STARRING MARTHA RAYE AND BOB HOPE.

How many names of your favorite stars or players who have good-looking legs can you find hidden in that slogan spelling out the names of your favorites by using any one letter for that name, only as many times as it appears in the above slogan?

For instance, take a "B" from the word "Bob, an "E" from the word "Give" one "T" from the word "Paramount" and another from the word "Martha" plus the letter "Y" from the word "Raye," and you have the word "Betty." Hidden in this same slogan are the letters to make the word "Grable." Thus you have your first hidden name "Betty Grable."

Can you find 10 such hidden names, each one belonging to an individual whose legs are considered beautiful or good-looking? If so, you may enter this contest. Get out your pencil now and join in the fun. It is more entertaining than any cross-word puzzle, because you have an excellent chance to win one of the many valuable prizes.

When you have found 10 names, fill them in on the coupon provided for that purpose on page 72.

That was fun, wasn't it? Now select the name of the one player contained in your list of hidden names whom you believe to have better-looking legs than any other individual contained in your list of 10 names. At the bottom of the coupon write in no more than 15 words, why you believe the individual you selected has more beautiful legs than any other individual as contained in your list. For instance, you might say, "Ginger Rogers is my choice. Her legs are artistically practical and beautiful." It is as simple as that!

Simply find the 10 hidden names of movie stars or players who have beautiful legs. Select the one player whose legs you prefer above the other 9 on your list, and tell why you prefer them, in 15 words or less.

Now for the balloting which has no bearing on whether you win a prize or not except that *each coupon must contain a vote for the best looking pair of legs as pictured on these pages.*

Undoubtedly you have noticed those attractive pictures as published on these pages. You will notice that each pair has a number—1 to 6. We want you to vote honestly for the pair of legs you believe the best-looking. Although you do not know the names of the owners of these legs you may be able to figure them out because the names of these individuals are also hidden in the slogan referred to above.

IT IS not necessary, however, that you identify the persons whose legs are pictured on these pages. You merely vote by number and it is an entertaining coincidence that the names of the owners of the six pairs of legs pictured on this page may be found in the slogan.

In making the selection of the six pairs of legs shown here, a competent jury, consisting of the editorial staff of this magazine and two unbiased judges of feminine beauty, selected first, the 50 most beautiful pairs of legs in Hollywood. The 50 were narrowed down by the judges after balloting, to the 6 pairs pictured here. It is the opinion of the judges that these are the six most beautiful pairs of [*Continued on page 72*]

OUR OWN N

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE

Above and around, clockwise, are Freddie Bartholomew who, boylike, pokes into the mechanism of the camera on the *Lord Jeff* set to learn what makes it tick . . . Then comes Sonja Henie, Richard Greene and Harry Losee—with Sonja happy over the pups given her by Harry in honor of her birthday . . . Bill Powell, who has just recovered from a serious illness, has his ex-wife, Carole Lombard laughing over some nifties pulled on the Lux radio hour . . . Simone Simon about to put on the feed-bag at the Clover Club . . . An inflated cushion keeps Don Ameche afloat . . . Priscilla Lane and Irish setter in deep revery

WS CAMERA

HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Below and around, clockwise, are Katie Hepburn, who waives formalities to hold up her tired "dogs," talks things over with Director George Cukor . . . And like us kiddies, Wayne Morris takes to water wings to master the Hollywood crawl . . . Danielle Darrieux inspects her make-up, the better to dazzle you with. She believes in doing her own make-up... Bob Taylor with sports jacket and crew neck sweater lights up and is more nonchalant... Dick Powell and his Irish setters always take their morning constitutional at the beach . . . Even a star can wrinkle up her nose. Virginia Bruce does JUST THAT in focusing her camera

THE EVOLUTION OF A BATHING BEAUTY

On these two pages we give you a story in pictures of The Evolution of a Bathing Beauty or the Metamorphosis of a Star, featuring Carole Lombard. These pictures trace Carole's career from her Mack Sennett days to her latest role in *Fools For Scandal.* During her transition, Carole (also known as Jane Peters and Carol Lombard) appeared in *Arizona Kid, Bolero, Twentieth Century, My Man Godfrey, True Confessions* and *Nothing Sacred,* among others. Once married to William Powell, Carole may wed again shortly. The man? Top-ranking Clark Gable

EVERYBODY'S PAL

No actor in Hollywood rates more friends that Pat. Outside of his family, sports, having fun with pals, he enjoys doing a good acting job

By HARRY LANG

PAT O'BRIEN IS EVERYBODY'S BEST PAL. ALL HE ASKS IS TO HAVE YOU LIKE HIM. AND TO LET HIM LIKE YOU. BUT DON'T TREAT HIM LIKE A MOVIE STAR OR BIG SHOT!

IT'S a Friday—and here's Pat O'Brien, sitting across the table from me, and he orders a STEAK . . . ! But this is the cafe on the Warner lot, and the waitress knows her Pat. So she's got her answer pat, too. She says: "Yessir, Mister O'Brien; your Friday steak, sir," and she brings him a shrimp salad, and I try to get on with the interview.

You'll notice I say that "I TRY to get on with" it. That's all I can do. I've got about as much chance of interviewing Pat O'Brien, there in that star-jammed studio eatery, as Karloff has of playing *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Too many things get in the way, like Bickford and Claire Trevor and everybody else in the place. To hell with interviewing Pat, anyway. Pat's one of those guys you can't Q-and-A. None of that stuffy stuff for him. He'll shy away and want to know if you'd rather have Scotch or bourbon, or if you don't think Henry Armstrong's a better fighter than Bat Nelson ever was. And who's gonna win the next Derby? And have you got your money on the Yanks and don't you wish you had a piece of the Senators, instead?

Or maybe—like the day I was sap enough to try to interview him on his own home grounds—he's got a roll under his arm, and when he spreads it out, it turns out to be a whole set of photographer's proofs of his wife and two babies—Eloise and Mavourneen and Sean, you know. When Pat goes to work talking about his family he just drops everything. If ever I saw a man screwy about his kids, it's Pat O'Brien about those two. Honest-to-Gawd, I think he'd rather play with them than see an Irishman win the world's championship from either Max Schmeling or Joe Louis.

So anyway, there's Pat with the shrimp salad in front of him, and me trying to start an interview, and he unrolls this bunch of pictures of the kids. And in four seconds flat, just about everybody in the cafe is climbing over the back of my neck to get a look at them because (a) they're grand kid pictures and (b) if there's anybody in Hollywood that's better loved than Pat O'Brien it's Pat's youngsters.

Claire Trevor is gushing about how "PERfectly aDORable they SIMply ARE!" and Bickford is admitting he couldn't do a better job himself, which is something for Charlie, and the head waitress elbows in and pushes stars around to look at the babies' faces and five or eight press-agents clamor for the pictures and Pat just sits there like a Hibernian cheshire cat and grins all over, inside as well as out, you'd swear.

"Yeah, they're swell kids," he gloats. "Look at that Sean," he says. He pronounces it "shawn" which makes a sap out of me. I'm a good Dutchman, 'way back in the family somewhere, and what I don't know

[*Continued on page 56*]

HEDY GOES TO YOUR HEAD

By LEON SURMELIAN

NEWEST CONTINENTAL CHARMER TO DAZZLE HOLLYWOOD AND YOU IS VIENNA'S HEDY LAMARR. AND HERE'S HER FIRST INTERVIEW

SHE lay back on the couch, a willowy, dark beauty, wearing a purple dressing-gown that brought out the lovely perfections of her languid figure. Charles Boyer placed his lips against her throbbing throat. Half-a-dozen men scurried about, adjusting the lights and shades. The camera was leveled on them, manipulated by a still-man with the gaze and deadly earnestness of a cannoneer.

"Put your arms around Mr. Boyer," this earnest gentleman said. "And look a little mysterious. You know, your eyes. I want a glamor shot."

And as she assumed the required pose and expression, the photographer shouted joyously, "That's it! That's Hedy Lamarr. Hold it!"

The big camera clicked, repeatedly, capturing another supreme moment in the cinematic love of two aureoled hot shots. Then everybody relaxed, Mr. Boyer said something to Miss Lamarr, and she laughed. She sat up on the couch, throwing back a streaming shock of dark brown hair, and lighted a cigarette.

The set represented a decrepit Algerian interior, the walls decorated with tiled arabesques. The colorful photodrama, *Algiers,* was finished, and the publicity chief of the studio was having some enticing stills taken for publicity purposes. Eyes of all males—and females, too!—from Algiers to Alaska, will pop out when they see them.

This Hedy Lamarr, in our opinion, epitomizes the glory that was Vienna when tall, stiff-necked officers waltzed around imperial salons with the spirited beauties of bygone courts to the strains of lilting music. If this sounds a bit far-fetched and sentimental, we can't help it. She has impressed us like that. She is our idea of a Viennese beauty. We deeply regret we missed *Ecstasy,* whose youthful heroine she was, and we haven't seen her yet on the screen. But if she can fill the eye in the fillums as she does in real life, then Hollywood has unquestionably imported the hottest dazzler since Marlene Dietrich sizzled the North African sands in *Morocco.*

We were told to go easy with her, that she is shy. But talking with her for two hours in her dressing-room, we found her perfectly at ease. She has been in Hollywood some seven or eight months and is already well-

[*Continued on page 52*]

EVERYTHING'S DUCK SOUP FOR JOE

By AL KNIGHT

JOE PENNER CAN LAUGH NOW OVER THE SAPPY DAYS WHEN HE WAS A QUACK COMIC. THE GOOSE (OR DUCK) HANGS HIGH

IT'S all duck soup for the Black Sheep these days. Things are all wool and a yard wide, and living's soft as eider-down. There was a time when they called him Hungry Joe, the Hungarian Goulash. But now he's known as Pretty Penny Penner and Old High Brackets. For what with the money from the movies and a roll from radio, Joe Penner has more potatoes than Idaho. Of course there are expenses to play ducks and drakes with the gross, and the net is nicked nicely by the tax Turpin—meaning Dick, the cross-road bandit, and not Ben, the cross-eyed pundit. But there's plenty left for a bird—preferably a duck. All of which makes it different from the time when Joe was a quack comic. Them were the sappy days!

Mr. Penner, the well-dressed man, sometimes meditates upon them.

"It's a miracle," he murmured, "that I ain't a dead duck. I hate to think of those good, old days, for I took more punishment than any jolt-jolly pug. I had a good job in the Ford factory. But along comes some bird and makes a rule that only one person in a family can work for Hennery. Well that made it a question of me or Pa, so I made the sacrifice and quit working. But I kind o' got in the way hanging around the house, so I made up my mind to yield to a suppressed desire. I'd wanted to be an actor ever since I'd won an amateur night prize as Charlie Chaplin.

"I started with side shows and carnivals, and worked my way up, you might say, to a small time burlesque troupe. I knew a lot of comedians had made the grade from b-u-r-l-e-y-q-u-e to Broadway, and I figured this was the big opportunity to display my art. I had a specialty bit which was all my own. I'd written it and rehearsed it. And I considered it sure-fire for laughs. The business called for the cooperation of the straight man in the company, and I suggested that we run through it together.

"'T ain't necessary,' he told me, 'I know that routine by heart—I've played it with a thousand comics. Don't you worry, young feller, I'll make a success of you!' He was a lot bigger'n me, so that was that. When the time came for my specialty I went on the stage with a prayer in my heart

[*Continued on page 76*]

Gone are the days when life wasn't so ducky for Joe. Now he can step out in class as he is doing here with Mrs. P.

ANN RUTHERFORD

There's one thing about Ann in a daring swimsuit —she surely takes your mind off this recession. Streamline Ann faces the sun-tan issue squarely—and has Hollywood's floating population sea-green with envy

By
JAMES
REID

GIRL MEETS MAN--PARSON WAITS

MARIE WILSON GETS HER FIRST BIG BREAK WITH CAGNEY IN *BOY MEETS GIRL.* HOW SHE BROKE INTO FILMS READS LIKE ROMANCE ITSELF. MARIE TELLS IT HERE

Marie wasn't getting very far in pictures till she met Director Nick Grinde, above. He took such an interest in her that their friendship ripened into love. Now that girl has met man they'll be meeting the parson

As *SUSIE* in *Boy Meets Girl,* Marie Wilson is kissed for the first time on any screen. In other ways, also, Marie gets her first big screen break in this hilarious Hollywood satire. Now, if moviegoers only like *Susie* as she likes *Susie*—well, maybe Marie can have a private-life break. Maybe, after a while, she can marry the man she loves.

Ever since Hollywood has been conscious of Marie, she has been going with Director Nick Grinde. For the past year, they have been engaged. Yet Marie says that their wedding will be "far in the future." Hollywood wonders why.

It's quite a story. When you know the story, you will also know everything important about the blonde, but far-from-dizzy Wilson girl, who is—decidedly—something different in stars-to-be.

She told the whole story for the first time the other noon, over a luncheon table in the blue-and-tan Warner Brothers' restaurant quaintly called The Green Room. I had asked her about newspaper reports that she and Nick had quarreled and that the romance was "all over."

Marie turned those big brown eyes full upon me and smiled her most cheerful smile. (Normally, her smile has a hint of wistfulness in it.)

"I don't know where that story started," she [*Continued on page* 66]

ACTING IS MY JOB

One of Hollywood's most versatile character actors, Rains gives a fine performance as *Prince John* in *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (left). Below—in his next—*Sister Act*

By E. J. SMITHSON

ALL CLAUDE RAINS WANTS TO DO IS ACT. BY STICKING TO HIS JOB, NOT BUTTING INTO OTHER FIELDS, HE HAS BECOME A FINISHED ACTOR. HE STILL FEELS HE HAS MUCH TO LEARN

ACCORDING to Claude Rains, one of Hollywood's better actors, his first "appearance" on the screen was about as paradoxical as one could possibly imagine. Brought out to Movietown from the New York Theatre Guild to play the starring role in Universal's *The Invisible Man*, his face was never seen throughout the course of the picture!

"In my thirty and more years on the stage," Claude admitted the other day on the *Sister Act* set at Warner's studios, "I have fallen heir to many unusual experiences, both here and in England, but none of them, so far as I can recall, even come close to matching my weird screen debut. And of all the variety of roles I've played in front of the footlights, none has made such a lasting impression as the 'invisible' one I played in front of the cameras. To be heard but not seen throughout a complete filming should be an oddity in Hollywood news, and no doubt it is, but if I had my choice between the two I'd much rather be seen than heard. Anyway, it was quite an experience although one I wouldn't care to repeat.

"You can imagine the 'fan' mail I received from my New York stage friends a week after the picture was released. 'Hollywood is certainly keeping you under cover,' one telegram read. 'If they're afraid to let you be seen,' read another, 'come home where folks don't care how you look on the stage.' 'What did we tell you,' warned another. 'A New York actor hasn't got a chance in Hollywood. If all they want to do is to photograph your voice you'd better pack up and forget the films,' and so on and so on."

But, fortunately, for movie fans who enjoy good performances, the "Invisible Man" refused [*Continued on page* 61]

GREAT DANE

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

HERE IS THE QUINS' MOVIE DOCTOR—JEAN HERSHOLT—IN A REMINISCENT MOOD. HE LOOKS BACK OVER TWENTY-FIVE HOLLYWOOD YEARS, FINDS THEM GOOD

HE HAS had the Hollywood heights—stardom, money, fame, family, happy marriage. Yet it took five rollicking little girls and the stout wisdom of a Canadian country doctor to bring Jean Hersholt the purest, Grade-A spiritual gratification that his years of film trouping (thirty-two in all, and twenty-five of them in Hollywood) have awarded him.

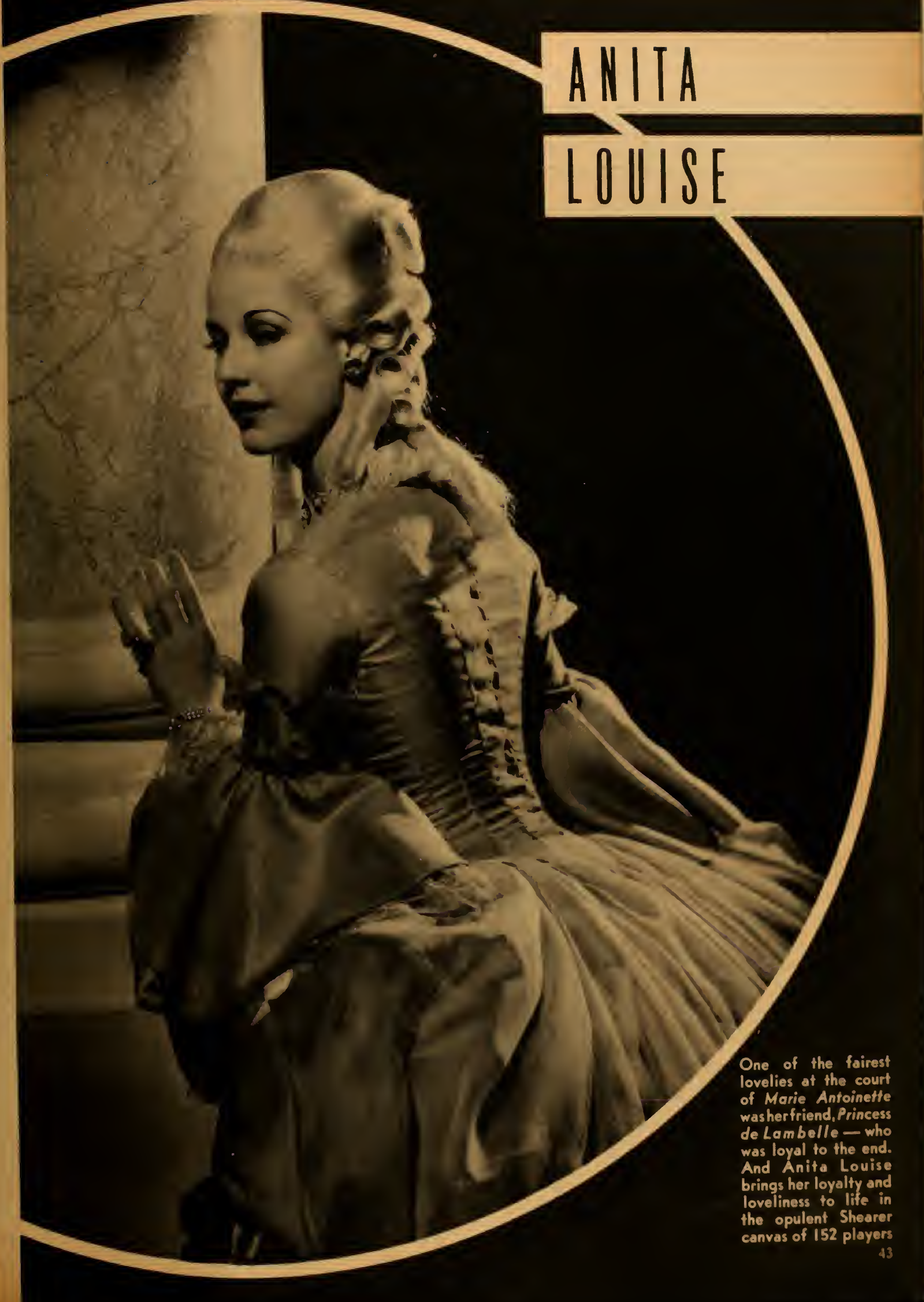
"There's something inspirational about being the cinema carbon copy of the Quins' doctor," says Jean, his full, round lips caressing the stem of his eternal pipe. "I have played parts, hundreds of them, but in enacting a living man of the spiritual and mental proportions of that doctor, I became on the screen not so much an actor as a real, living personality. It did more for me than any role I have ever played."

A smile, tender, amused, broadened the already broad mouth of Hersholt. "To many people I *am* the country doctor, the same man who brought the Quins into life. People write me and ask my advice, thinking I am a doctor; ask me about medical matters, and to set them right on other problems.

"As a matter of fact, the radio program over CBS that I now broadcast—*Dr. Christian,* it is called—is the direct outgrowth of the first film appearance that I made three years ago with the Quins. The film was named, as you probably recall, *The Country Doctor.* The radio program is patterned after a country doctor; one whose knowledge of people and fundamentals makes him extremely wise. And the program has done more to increase my fan mail than all the 441 films I have made in Hollywood.

"As you know, [*Continued on page* 73]

ANITA LOUISE



One of the fairest lovelies at the court of *Marie Antoinette* was her friend, *Princess de Lambelle* — who was loyal to the end. And Anita Louise brings her loyalty and loveliness to life in the opulent Shearer canvas of 152 players

From Pullman berth in *Alexander's Ragtime Band* to stardom's berth is Alice Faye's reward for fine acting

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

THE TALK OF

Deflation

■ Not only Jack Oakie, but Spencer Tracy, too, has lost plenty poundage. Jack dropped 45 pounds—with massages, diet, hospital, etc. But Spencer Tracy—all he did was go on a Honolulu vacation—and when he got back, he was 20 pounds lighter! . . . What's more, he got such a dose of Honolulu suntan that now, for the first time in movies, he has to wear makeup.

Pipples Tired of Pipples

■ Sam Goldwyn, who can say more in a less orthodox way than any other four people put together, remarks: "The popularity of the Seven Dwarfs and Charlie McCarthy proves that people are getting tired of people!"

7 Comes $1,500,000

■ All set until 1945 is Joan Crawford. M-G-M just gave her a new contract for seven years (she can take two years off for stage appearances if she wants to) during which she's to make a total of fifteen movies—for which she'll get a cool $1,500,000!

Mowed Them Down

■ Even Charlie McCarthy had to fill out one of those studio questionnaires, in which the press-agents ask all sorts of personal questions . . . On the line after "Have you any brothers or sisters?" Charlie's returned questionnaire read: "Yes. I have three brothers and two sisters. They are holding up the Santa Monica pier."

Rib

■ SNICKER-of-the-month is being told BY Joan Fontaine ABOUT Joan Fontaine and her fiance (or is he?), Conrad Nagel . . . Seems Conrad wanted to visit Joan on the RKO set where she's working. Joan asked her director if it'd be okeh for him to visit there.

"Sure," cracked the director, "wheel him right in!"

Joan thinks it's teddibly funny . . . But your faithful reporter hasn't learned, yet, whether or not Conrad thinks so, too.

Boy Grows Older—Voice Stays Young

■ Not to be caught by any change-of-voice that may affect Bobby (tear-jerker) Breen's vocal chords is his movie boss, Sol Lesser . . . Already, Lesser has Breen's next two years' films all written. What's more, he has had Bobby Breen sing all the musical numbers for all those two years' films, and record them. The records are being kept in special vaults. So now Bobby can go get himself a basso-profundo voice overnight, for all that the canny Lesser gives a toot!

New Curve To Pitch

■ When you next hear John Payne's voice in Warners' *Garden of the Moon*, where he's subbing for Dick Powell, you'll be surprised at its new pitch . . . Answer: three months of intensive voice-training under the most expensive voice-coach in Hollywood. It's boosted John's too-deep voice into a somewhat higher speaking-singing voice.

Judge Hardy takes ride in Mickey (*Andy*) Rooney's new car. In gang: Lana, Ann, Judy, Cecilia and Lew

Randy Scott, a Southerner from Virginia, suh, wears a Confederate uniform, gives rebel yell in *The Texans*

GOLDWYNNER-of-the-Month

■ He was at a concert. In the middle of the program, he turned to a friend: "This music," he said, "really isn't as bad as it sounds."

LIVELIEST GOINGS ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Couplings

■ That farewell party to the Darryl Zanucks was sort of an "old home week" to some Hollywood twosomes. I mean that Ty Power and Sonja Henie were dancing together and looking as if they were really enjoying it. And so were Loretta Young and George Brent.

—but it was "just for the dance";
And nothing intanse!

Good Politics

■ Giggle-of-the-month is the smartness of the little extra girl at 20th-Fox, who, when handed a questionnaire to fill out, came to the question: what living man do you most admire?

She wrote: Darryl Zanuck.

In With Mummy

■ While Jackie Coogan was away on his personal-appearance tour, Wifie Betty Grable moved in with mother . . . Hers, not his!

Carefree Hours On End

■ No longer news is the story of how long, how assiduously, how meticulously Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire study and practice and rehearse their movie routines. But what they did for *Carefree* IS news!—they broke even their own hourly record by practicing for a total of slightly more than 500 hours before a single scene was shot! That smashes their previous record of some 300 hours' rehearsals for *Follow the Fleet.*

Lionel Barrymore makes you think of Father's Day. He plays *Grandpop* in *You Can't Take It With You*

HOLLYWOOD

Muzzy May Robson, grand old lady, now in her 55th season, meets Rusty. Both work in *Sister Act*

Alice Dahl, later Terry Walker, then Erin Drew, now as Ellen Drew, Paramount's pet starlet, makes good

Nite Club Gag

■ When Jackie Coogan appears, Hollywood nite-spot orchestra leaders dedicate their next number: "Mama, Can You Spare a Dime?" . . . !!!

Nix From Dix

■ Talk of Hollywood is RKO's plan to send Richard Dix skyrocketing back to the heights of stardom again with "another *Cimarron* role." This time, it's the title role in *Sam Houston,* the epic of the great Texan's life, which RKO's going to spend a million to make.

Dix has never been one of Hollywood's social lights. On his hideaway ranch, where he has no telephone, Dix has been living quietly, enjoying life with his wife and three-year-old twins. Only the other day, Dix nearly broke his promise to his wife that he'd never put the kids in movies. RKO wanted to use them in *Ground Crew.* Papa Dix nearly weakened—then remembered his promise.

"Okeh," he told the studio; "you can have them—for $25,000 . . . ! !"

"My Gawd, Dix—they're only twins, NOT quintuplets," the studio protested. But Dix stood pat—and thereby kept his promise to the missus.

And Freddie Too

■ Maybe it was from M-G-M's trouble with Freddie Bartholomew that Sol Lesser got the hunch about recording Bobby Breen's future film-songs (as I told you, up above). During *Lord Jeff,* Freddie grew exactly two inches taller!—and his voice is far more adult and deep than was little Freddie's voice in *David Copperfield.*

It changed so quickly that 20th-Fox sound-men had a tough time matching his last takes for *Kidnapped* with the takes in the early part of the film.

THE TALK OF

(1) Margaret Sullavan (top) sings for you in *Shopworn Angel*, and Sigrid Gurie (2) plays dark native beauty in *Algiers*

Spellbound

■ Another snicker-of-the-month was the plight of the $100,000-a-year studio boss who called up Mickey Rooney's house on business—and got a servant's voice that said:

"It doesn't matter WHO you are, sir—but Marster Rooney is busy and cawn't be bothered!"

"BUSY?" exploded the bigshot, "— at WHAT?"

"'E's tyking a spellink exam, sir."

No Throwaways

■ Another of those silly questionnaire-answers:

Barbara Stanwyck comes to the query: What do you do with your old clothes?

Writes Barbara:

"Wear 'em."

No Twining It

■ Tired of being just one of a pair are each of the Brewster Twins. So they've told the world that from now on, despite the accident of their birth, they're going to be individuals. Already, they're showing Hollywood that twins don't have to twin it.

Instead of following the time-honored twin-cousin, Gloria and Barbara have stopped their former habit of always wearing the same outfits. Now they are carefully wearing different outfits. They are even dressing their hair differently—and trying such tricks as one wearing low-heeled shoes while the other wears high, and so on.

"And anyway," explains Gloria, "we DON'T look alike. Barbara's nose tips up more'n mine!"

(3) If you'd keep comfy around the house you'd dress in wool slacks and sandals like Joan Fontaine—now in *Ground Crew*

Lorre-storre Of The Month

■ The other day, Writer J. P. Marquand, who created the *Mister Moto* series in which Peter Lorre is starring was introduced to Lorre. "May I have," asked Marquand, "your autograph?" Lorre, twinkling motoishly, scribbled across a photo of himself in the Japanese makeup: "To J. P. Marquand with thanks for inventing me."

Warner's Jan Holm invites the sun to give her a mahogany finish. Better take it easy

Growing Up

■ AWKWARD-SILENCE-of-the-Month came at the close of this bit of conversation between Janie Withers and a little girl to whom she'd been introduced:

Little Stranger: "How old are you?"

Jane: "Just twelve."

Little Girl: "My, but you're BIG for your AGE, aren't you, Miss Withers?"

Some Gabbed, Crawford Gave

■ To Joan, one of the happiest things about her huge income is the good it enables her to do for others. In more than ten years of Hollywood reporting, I've learned of no star more charitable and willing to help needy ones—unless it be Marion Davies. Latest Joan gesture (and she'll be mad at me for telling):

Joan was at a meeting of the Motion Picture Relief Fund when the current shortage of cash and the extreme need for more help to movieland's sufferers was discussed. Everybody there had something to SAY about it. But when the meeting was over, and nearly everyone had departed, Joan walked unostentatiously to the secretary's desk, laid down a slip of paper and went out. The slip of paper was her check for $5,000 . . . !

HOLLYWOOD

And Lola Lane, taking a sun bath, can hardly keep her eyes open

Jean Parker of *Romance of the Limberlost* takes Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" ideas as patterns for her novel swim-suit

Carole Landis, in a heart balm case, is balm for sore eyes in her swim-suit

Ethelreda Leopold, *Golddigger* de luxe, wins trip as most beautiful on Warner lot

Crash Out

■ Jimmy Ellison is the lad who's going to do the unusual. He's going to crash OUT of movies . . . !

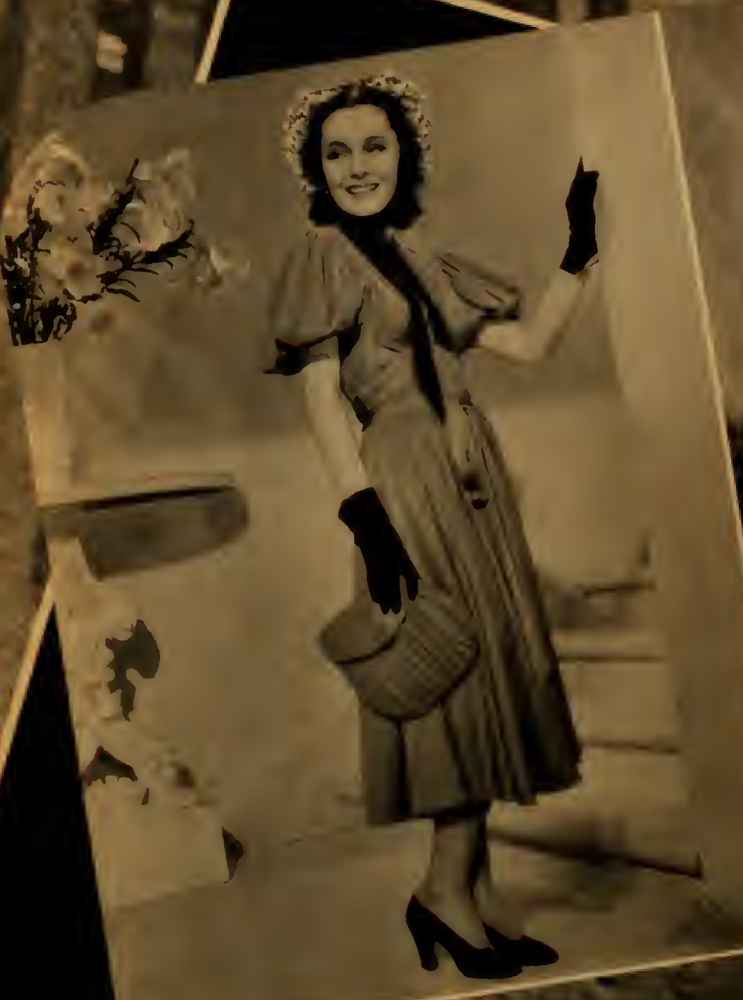
He just told us that it's no press-agent gag—and that at the end of next year, he's going to carry out his schoolday ambition to be a lawyer. He always wanted to—but when his mother became seriously ill, he had to make money quickly—and luckily, he crashed movies.

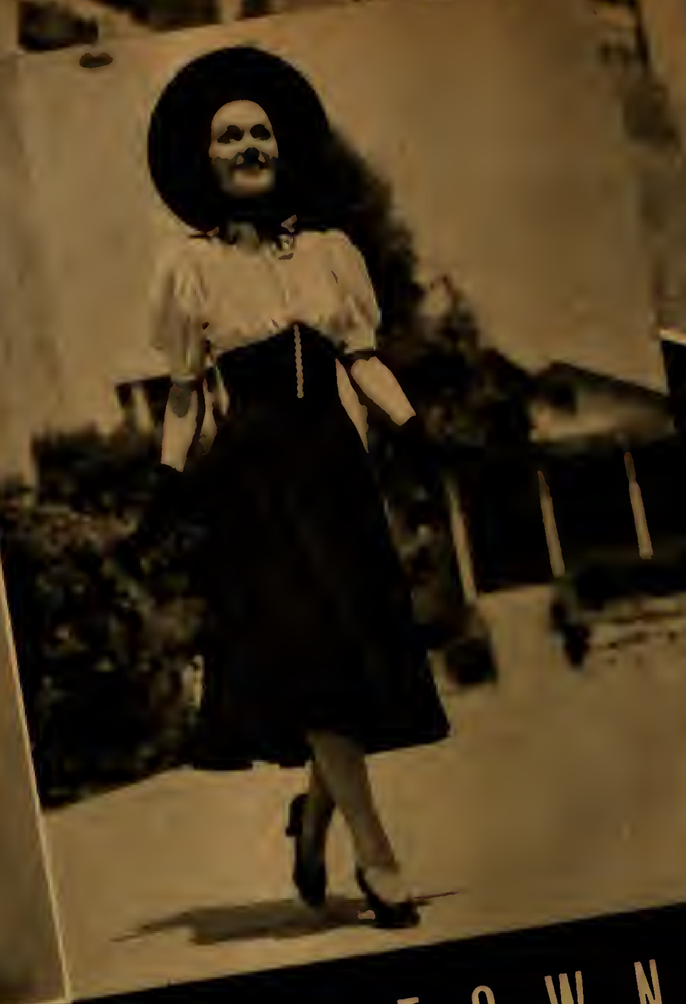
"Now I've made enough money to do what I want to do—and that is, still, to be a lawyer," he tells me.

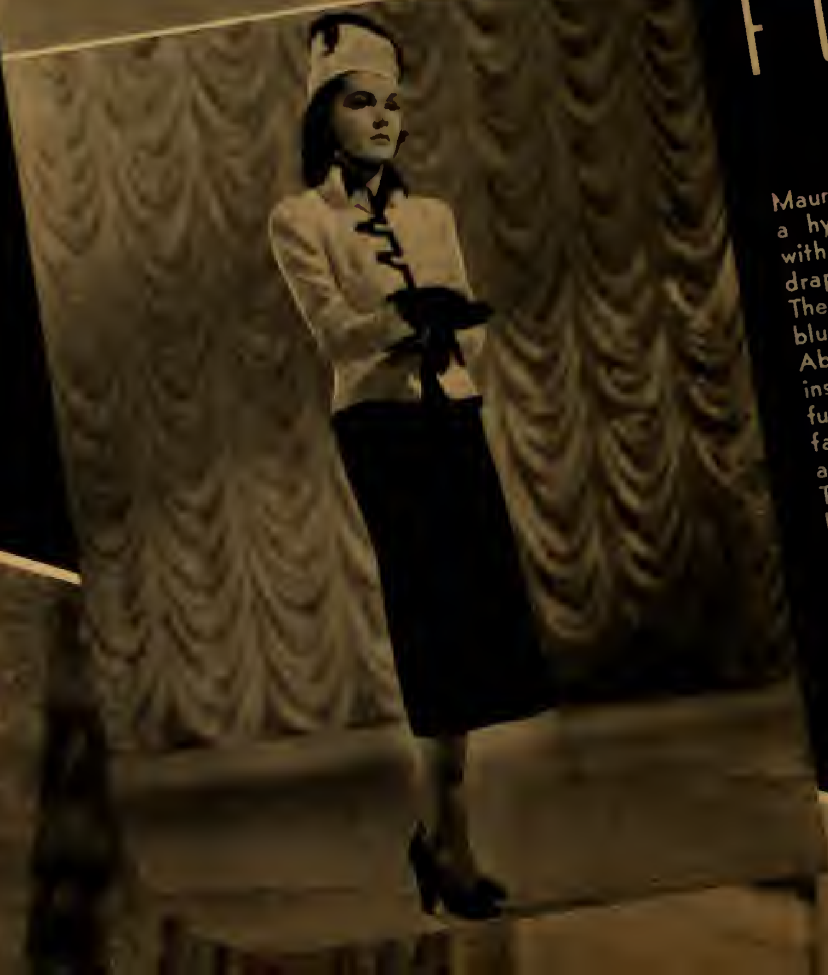
Jimmy's wifie, Gertrude Durkin, says it's okeh by her.

Gag

■ For three days, Fernand Gravet was busy moving furniture and trunksfull of [*Continued on page* 62]

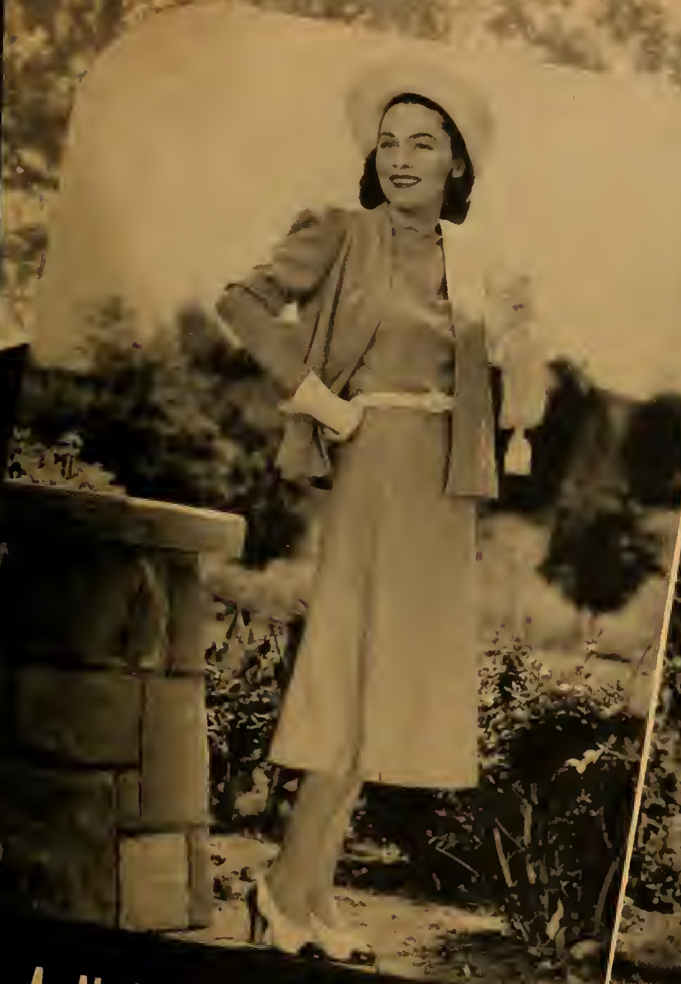


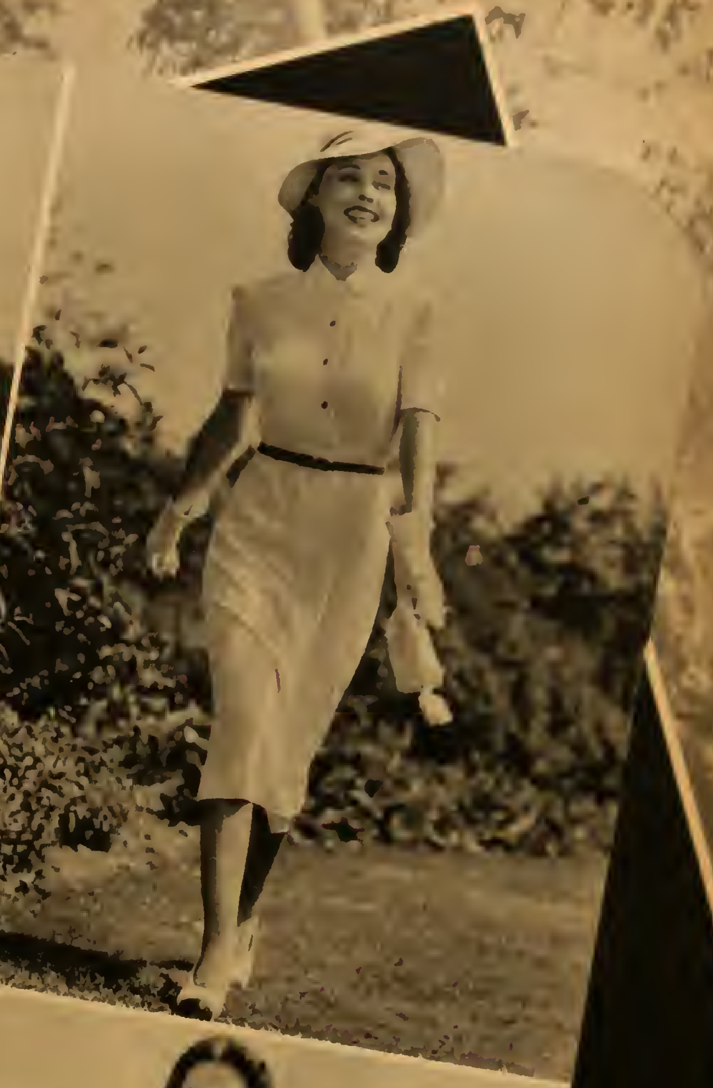




FOR TOWN

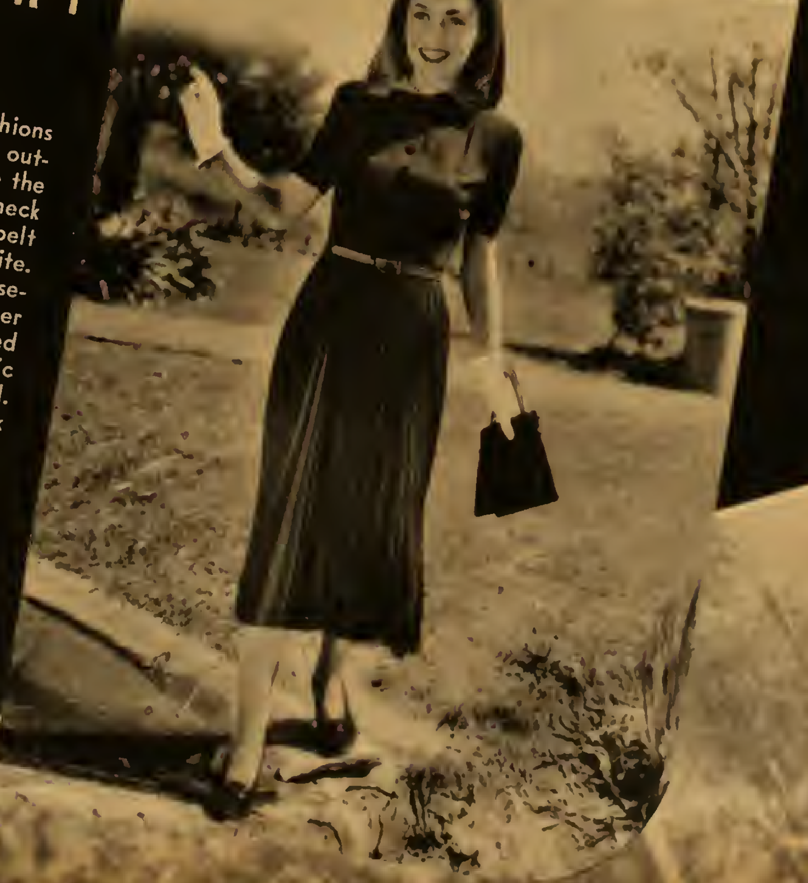
Maureen O'Sullivan, upper left, in a hyacinth blue silk jersey frock with a directoire feeling in the draped bodice and puffed sleeves. The bonnet and bag are in matching blue—the gloves and shoes black. Above, Maureen wears a street frock inspired by the peasant dirndl. The full blouse of white silk crepe is fastened with small pearl buttons and so is the wide black felt belt. The circular skirt is black crepe Left, Maureen again shows a liking for black and white in a two-piece costume with a strong Cossack influence. The jacket is white flannel, the skirt of heavy black silk crepe

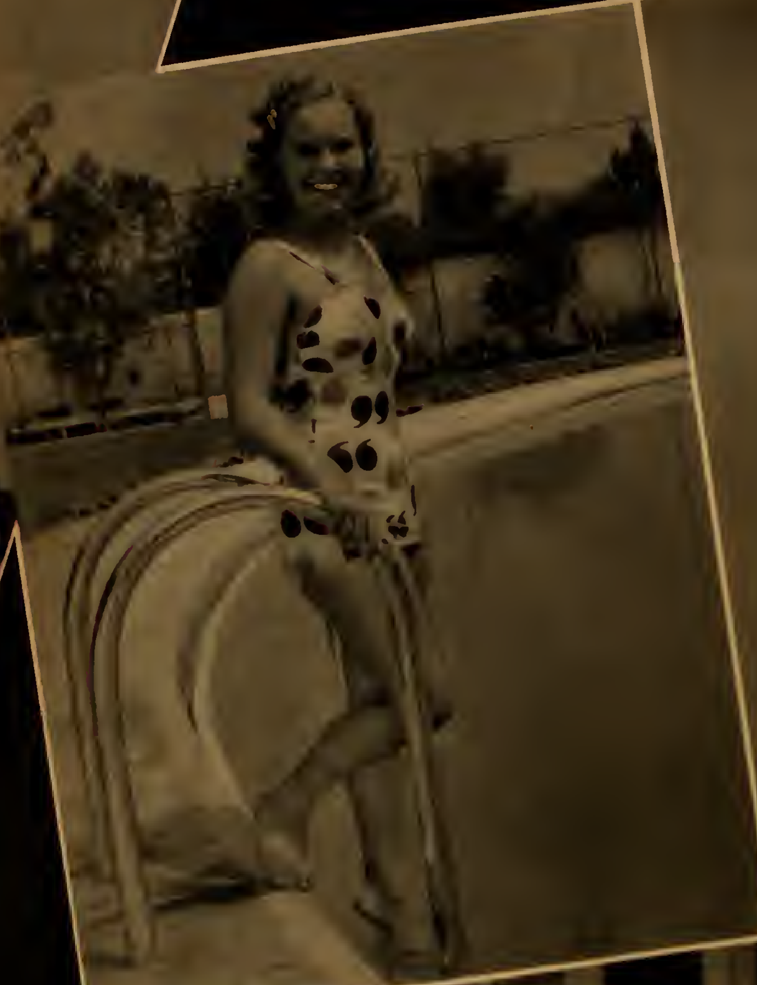


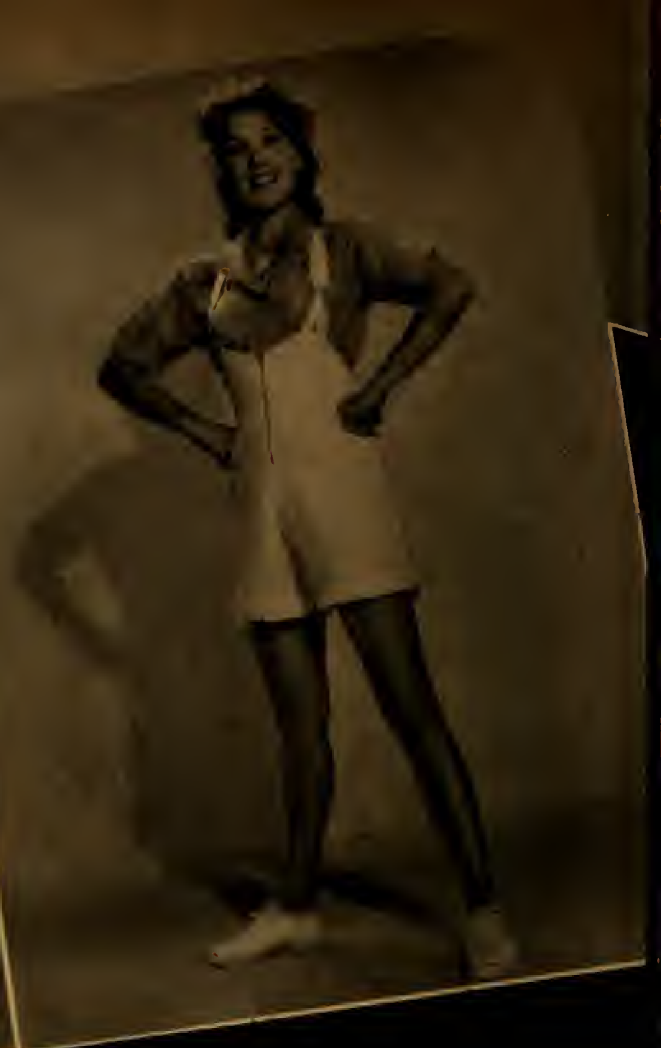


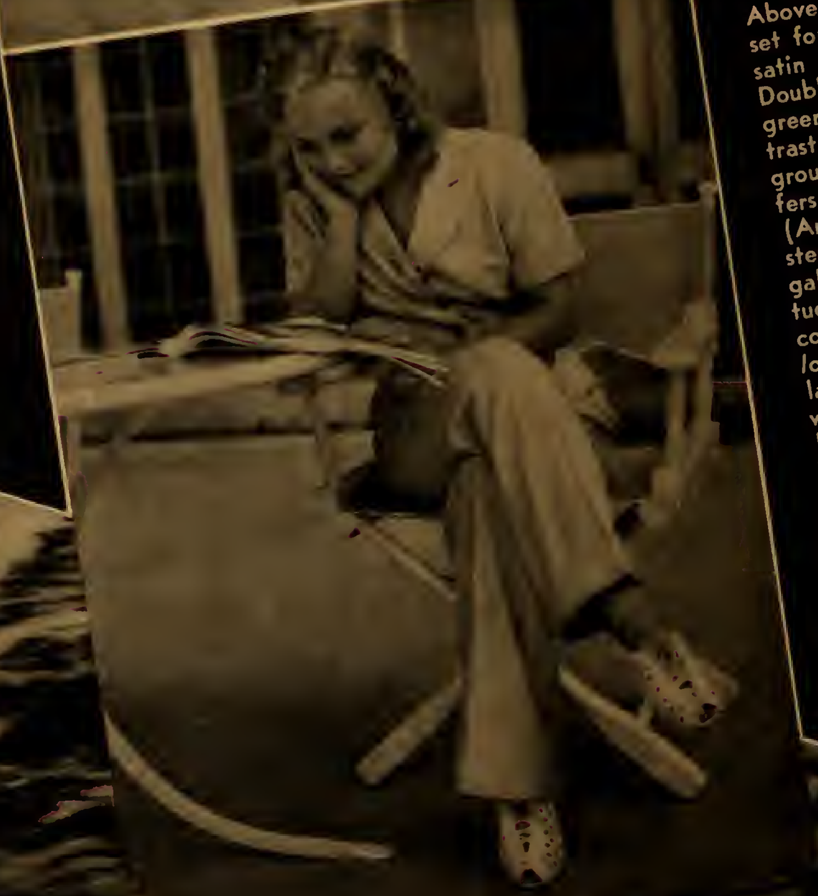
AND COUNTRY

Cornflower blue flannel fashions Maureen O'Sullivan's two-piece outfit, above. White zippers close the jacket pockets and form side neck fastenings on the dress. The belt and other accessories are white. For spectator sports, Maureen selects a white wool crepe shirtmaker dress, upper right. The finely tucked bodice is fastened with synthetic ruby buttons. The belt is also red. Maureen's navy blue crepe frock with the shepherd's-check cowl, right, plays a double role. When not in use as headgear the cowl is dropped and forms a collar in back. *The Crowd Roars* is Maureen's new film









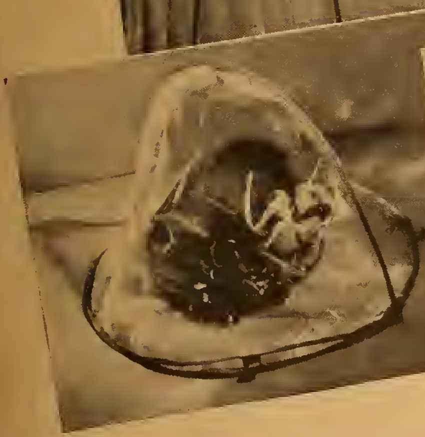
Above left, Sonja Henie is all set for a swim in her pool in a satin lastex swim suit-able. Double quotes in two shades of green make an interesting contrast against the white background. Jean Parker, above, prefers the new shortalls for play. (And why not, with such gorgeous stems?) They're made of white gabardine and zip up in front. The tucked-in blouse is of sheer plaid cotton. *Romance of the Limberlost* is Jean's latest picture. "Relax in slacks" is the Hollywood slogan and Sonja Henie, left, follows suit in a very lightweight white flannel. *My Lucky Star* is Sonja's new film. Richard Greene co-stars

PUT YOURSELF "OUT" ON THE SHELF

By
Mrs. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE PUT ON THE SHELF BY YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY PUT YOURSELF "OUT" ON YOUR SHELVES AND CLOSETS

Above, pleated shelving for the corner cabinet. Far over, a transparent cover keeps your best bonnet clean but visible. Left, a sliding drawer. Below, an inexpensive compact chest. Bottom, a Roll-Door roomy cabinet.



SOME witty woman once remarked that if she were ever able to build a house of her own, she would first put all the closets she wanted in the plan, and then build the rest of the house around the closets!

Every woman appreciates the need for convenient, spacious closets so that her clothing—hats, shoes and accessories as well as frocks and coats—and her linens and blankets, china and kitchen supplies, may be kept in order. And no woman realizes this need for space more keenly than she who has little of it—the young mother in the bungalow, the recent bride in the small suburban cottage, and doubtless most of all, she who combines the dual role of business girl and part-time housekeeper.

Indeed, it seems that all of us, often forced to adjust ourselves to cramped quarters and compressed living, must make a real study of space! Or, to put it another way, we really must try and *organize* space, just as we organize our time and our money. It may take effort to do this, but once achieved, we are bound to feel the happy results of more room for ourselves and our belongings.

The fall is just the right time to put this idea into practise, for it is then that we lay away our summer clothing and get ready for the heavier and warmer garments of winter. And, just because *your* closets are not as big as those of a movie star, or because *you* aren't a chorus girl with all the attendant benefits of a wardrobe mistress to care for your costume changes, there is no need for your closets to bulge and practically dump their contents into the room every time you open the closet door!

What makes any closet convenient? A well arranged closet must keep the contents in an orderly manner in which the single [*Continued on page* 70]

Hedy Goes To Your Head

[*Continued from page* 37]

established socially, but nobody connected with the press in Hollywood knows anything about her. We understand she has not been allowed to give interviews. *Algiers* is her first American picture, dramatizing the love of a fugitive from justice for a honey from Paris. It is based on a French detective novel whipped into an American screen play by Dramatist John Howard Lawson, and produced by Walter Wanger, who borrowed Hedy from M-G-M for the role of the Parisian "honey."

"I AM very glad I got this part," she said, speaking English with only a slight trace of foreign accent. "For a start, it's the best part I could have. I don't want to come out in a *tremendous* role. I want the public to discover me. . . ." She smiled, a career-wise smile, and lighted a cigarette. A bill-board picture of Hedy Lamarr smoking should boost the cigarette business in this country, particularly among Junior Leaguers. There is an elegant air about the way she smokes, something princess-like, a high-born lady in an exclusive spot on the Riviera, courted by gentlemen whose likenesses you have seen in those smart advertisements of British firms which bear the label, "By Appointment," etc. You get the idea.

"We European actresses have to fight harder in Hollywood," she continued. "Take me, for instance. I have much more to learn. It isn't only the difficulty of language. Everything is new and different here. I feel so like a stranger. And if I fail here—but no, I must not fail! You know," she admitted earnestly, "I am so terribly sensitive. A remark about me in a syndicated column made me ill, physically ill. Oh, I couldn't get over it for months!"

When you come to think of it, these new importations from Europe have a tough time adjusting themselves to the conditions of their new environment. There are many problems they have to contend with, not the least of which is that quite natural human failing, envy. America is an enchanting Promised Land to these ambitious players from abroad, but that Promised Land has its terrors. Even for our native American players Hollywood is a town of fears. They dread the possibility of somebody else stepping into their shoes, that their option will not be taken up, that they will lose their savings, be left out of this or that influential circle, and so on and so forth.

Orchidaceous movie stars with imperious manners are the most timid souls in the world, once you come to know them. Too often, that hoity-toity stuff is nothing but a defense mechanism. As for these new foreign players, it would be no exaggeration to say that they are scared to death of Hollywood. Many of them burnt their bridges behind them on coming here. There is no honorable retreat. Failure in Hollywood means finis to their careers. So let us be a little more sympathetic and understanding with these recent arrivals from distant lands who are so eager to make good and be accepted by the American public.

Hedy knows that they have made her a glamor girl. But here is what she said: "I want to earn my salary. I take my work very seriously. It means everything to me. When I went to Mr. Mayer's office he told me, 'Oh, I know you, you want to act.' Yes, that's the only reason why I am here. But I won't hurry. I'll take my time. I want the public to discover me and make me a star; not some producer. My mother is in Vienna. She is very young and very beautiful. She would like to come to Hollywood—and who wouldn't in Europe? But I don't dare bring her over until I am sure the American public wants *me*."

Her great ambition is to play *Joan of Arc* on the screen. She has played it on the stage. She wants meaty, difficult assignments, and not vapid roles that merely require one to be beautiful. She doesn't want to be typed not even as a glamor girl. As an actress, she wants to go through the whole range of emotions, from an innocent little girl to a hard-boiled, sophisticated woman.

If you want to be on good terms with Hedy—incidentally, everybody in the studio calls her Hedy, and not Miss Lamarr—don't ever mention *Ecstasy* in her presence. Highbrow critics said some nice things about that picture, it was "Art." But Hedy assured us that it was "ridiculous." She said: "There was nothing to it. It had very little dialogue. I played it with my eyes, mostly. It was made seven years ago, when I was sixteen. I was so anxious to get a break, as you say in Hollywood, that I didn't look at what I signed. Oh, I have had so much trouble with my parents and husband about that picture! Everybody knows I *loathe* it." She pronounced that word beautifully.

She and her husband, a wealthy munitions-maker, reached the parting of the ways some time ago. That marriage apparently was a mistake. "He doesn't want me to be an actress," she said. "He hates Hollywood and the movies. But I live for acting. He always treated me like a doll. I had to spend all my time giving and going to parties, wearing smart clothes, taking pleasure trips to Switzerland, to North Africa, the Riviera. That couldn't go on forever. He has a powerful character, but I have a strong will, too."

What impressed her most about Hollywood when she first came out here was the beauty of our women. "I wrote to my mother I have never seen so many beautiful women in my life!" she said. "And they are so healthy, too."

Her ideal man? "I am a strange person. I am crazy about music. I like musicians. But no!" she suddenly checked herself. "Don't write that! They will compare me to Garbo. What I mean I like men who are kind, sweet, are—are—" she struggled for the right word.

"Artistic?"

"Yes, artistic! That's what I meant to say."

Hedy likes to dance, and has a passion for syncopated rhythm. "We haven't any rhythm in Vienna," she explained. "I like hot jazz, like Benny Goodman's. I like classical music, too. I *adore* Toscanini."

IN CLOTHES, she goes for black-and-white combinations, in simple classic lines. Nothing fluffy, she explained. She put on a military jacket, white, with black lines here and there, to show us what she meant, and it was very becoming to her indeed, strikingly ultra-smart and individual. Her dark hair has a reddish touch, and she has grayish-green eyes and a pale skin. "When I was a child my mother used to call me 'Snow-White,'" she said. We wanted to know her weight and height. "I don't know how much I weigh in pounds. The weights and measures are so different in America. I weigh 54 kilograms. And I think I am 5 feet, 6 inches tall."

She is on diet. "Doctors told me I am a bit anaemic, my red blood cor-puse-les—(did I pronounce it right? It's the hardest word to pronounce in the English language)—have decreased thirty per cent. You know, in Europe I never bothered about starches and acids. But in Hollywood everybody talks about them. Don't eat this, it's acid. Don't eat that, it has starch in it. Even vegetables have starch in them. I am crazy about American ice cream, especially ice cream soda." She smacked her lips. "I would order an ice cream soda everytime I go to a drug store, but I am ashamed. I am afraid glamor girls shouldn't eat ice cream soda too much. . . ." And again she smiled. "I love cheese cake," she added. "I love to go to the ice-box and eat and eat. But I am on diet; can't. One day I said to my companion, 'Please lock that ice-box and keep the key.' She did. But one night, after I came home from a party, I was so hungry, I woke her up, took the key, opened the ice-box and went to town, as you say!"

SHE doesn't drink. "Not a drop. I go to cocktail parties, and drink milk or tomato juice." She lives in a seven-room bungalow in Beverly Hills with a lady whom she calls "companion," but who also acts as secretary, maid and confidante. She wakes up very early in the morning, even when she wears an eye-shade. She likes to putter around in her little garden, and is crazy about her "little gold fishes." She is an accomplished painter, used to paint ads for children's homes in Vienna, and although she has studied the piano for eight years, doesn't think she can play it well. Her mother plays the piano much better, she said. Her father, who died three years ago, was a great believer in the value of sports and foreign languages. She has won prizes as a skier, and on that castled ranch in Hungary (their former home) she thrilled the spectators with her feats of bareback riding. She speaks fluent French; was brought up by a French nurse.

Her "companion" is of German descent, but they always speak English with each other. "If she uses a German word, she has to pay a fine," she said, dropping a coin in an imaginary box.

Cameramen always ask her to smile, but she can't. She mimicked a silly smile. "I am sad," she admitted. "My father's death did something to me. I myself was like dead for a year. People in America are always cheerful. It is very nice, but in Europe, we are sad. I can't be light-hearted and gay all at once."

We are apt to forget how fortunate we really are in America. But these glamor girls from overseas come to us with the sorrows of the Old World and remind us of our blessings. "In Europe, between changing dresses for dinners and parties," Hedy said, "I heard nothing but war talk. But here life is so quiet, in America people can smile and joke and enjoy themselves. I hope the American public will let me stay in Hollywood, so that I, too, can always be cheerful, joke, and develop an American sense of humor."

And Hedy is so hopeful of staying in Hollywood that she has applied for her American citizenship papers.

Now—Apply Vitamin A the "Skin-Vitamin" Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on *my* skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

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MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT**: "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

Catching Up With Norma Shearer

[*Continued from page* 24]

She brought with her an atmosphere of cheerful serenity that dispelled all strain, and went to work as matter-of-factly as if there had been no interval of pain to be bridged.

Now she answers the question in words. "When my husband died, I wanted to die, too. Before that, death had seemed something remote, almost impossible to conceive in relation to yourself. Then it took on the face of a friend, something that would bring the absence of feeling and an end to pain.

"When I fell ill with pneumonia, I was glad. I don't want to sound maudlin, but it was as if a power beyond myself had come to take the decision out of my hands, and I hoped the decision would be against life. It wasn't—yet I continued to feel that the decision had been made for me, and that I had no right to struggle against it. There were the children. After the first shock and numbness, I began to feel the loss almost as keenly for them as for myself. They would grow up without knowing their father. More than ever, then, they had the right to whatever their mother could give them.

"I DON'T expect ever to marry again. I have no desire to peer into the future, nor to live more than one day at a time. But as I feel now, I shall not marry again. I don't believe I could ever love again as I loved my husband. While he lived, I didn't know what it was to try to be happy. I was happy without trying. I don't suppose it's given to any human being to have more than his limited share of perfect happiness. I've had my share. I'm grateful for it. For the rest—I love *Marie Antoinette*," she broke out impulsively, "because she tucked her sorrows under her wing."

The essence of gallantry lies in the absence of self-pity. To feel sorry for Shearer is an affront to her own spirit. She's not sorry for herself. Her life has been and still is richer than that of most women. Not because she's known wealth and acclaim and a brilliant career, but because she gave and was given whole-souled devotion, which can never be wholly lost to her because she's transmuted it into new sweetness and strength. How is she now? She's all right, and always will be.

It's characteristic that her own account of that first day on the set should run to comedy.

"I was a little frightened, starting a picture I'd looked forward to for so long. Also, it was my first with Mr. Van Dyke, and I was a little frightened of him, too—though I got over that nicely," she murmured.

"I knew that one of the things he demanded was strict punctuality. Well, as luck would have it, I was wearing my heaviest gown in the first scene we shot, and a towering head-dress. I was in such a hurry not to be late that I didn't fasten the wig down properly. I even forgot to put my beauty spots on, which broke my heart, for I'd wanted to look so wicked.

"The skirts were too heavy to catch, and you couldn't grab through to the hoops and petticoats beneath. Later, we discovered that fastening loops of ribbon to the hoops and passing them through the skirt so you could hold them simplified the whole business. But that day I was loopless.

"The action called for *Marie Antoinette* to run down a flight of steps. Each time I ran, an earring would fall off or my wig would slip or I'd stumble over my dress. The first time, I laughed—the second time, I muttered—the third time, I closed my eyes and waited for Mr. Van Dyke to thunder: 'Woman, do you intend to fall apart through this whole picture?' But all he said was: 'O. K., honey, try it again'."

For months she has lived with *Marie Antoinette*, read everything she could lay hands on, sought to penetrate the queen to the complex woman underneath, watched her rushes with a critical eye. And unless you'd listened with boring monotony to the contrary, you wouldn't understand how refreshing it was to have her laugh in your face: "I'm not one of those who can't bear to look at myself."

THE result, according to Van Dyke's dry comment, is "one hell of a performance, and you can quote hell." There is a scene in which she struggles with the guards who have come to take her son away. "I want a real fight," said Van Dyke. She took him at his word, and one of the guards emerged with a black eye. The director ordered a check for thirty-five dollars made out to Miss Shearer. "That's what we'd have had to pay a stunt man for that shiner."

She's noticed one change in herself on this picture. "Visitors used to make me a little self-conscious, and for the most part I worked behind flats. Well, I don't know whether it was because *Marie* herself was a show-off—it was part of the routine of her life to play to the gallery, to dress up and strut through the Hall of Mirrors and have people gaze at her. Whatever the reason, I began to find myself for the first time rather enjoying an audience, getting rather a kick out of being watched. The costumes were so beautiful—people would admire them—" Her eyes started dancing: "I began to think it was me they were admiring—and I began to like it," she concluded, laughing outright now at her own effrontery.

The picture is finished, "though I won't feel like something-accomplished-something-done-I've-earned-a-night's-repose until after the preview. I'm still clutching at *Marie Antoinette's* skirts. As a matter of fact, I feel I'm being untrue to her, romping as I am straight into *Idiot's Delight.*"

This, too, is a new experience for Shearer. She has never been feverish about following one picture with another. She's taken time out to wait till the right picture was ready, time out to have her babies, time out for a long trip with her husband when his health required it. She's weighed other values against her career and, finding them more important, has let the career take its chance with a short-memoried public.

"I always felt I was being specially favored," she said, "with so much time between pictures. I used to marvel at players who were rushed from one to another—half sorry for them, half in awe of them—and wonder if I could stand the pace. Now I'm going to see. It'll be nice to work with Clark again. I haven't worked with him since *Strange Interlude*. And it'll be nice to have one flat blonde wig instead of a dozen skyscrapers. I'm a fake Russian, you know, in *Idiot's Delight*—and a fake blonde with a fake accent. I went to see Lynn Fontaine in the part night after night, trying to catch her accent and keep it in my mind. It might have worked all right, if I'd been able to keep it there. But it crept into my voice. I'd find myself ordering breakfast in strange tones. So I had to give it up when we started *Antoinette*. I'd have nightmares of a spectral Russian accent floating through the halls of Versailles—"

SHE doesn't volunteer information about her children. When asked, she talks of them—not reluctantly—but with restraint and always with humor. As with kittens, it's their charming absurdities and not their virtues that her stories stress.

When she's not working, she likes to get up early and walk alone by the shore. "It's my only chance at privacy," she laughs. "Breakfast under an umbrella beside the pool is usually all mixed up with kittens and children and nurses and rabbits and dogs."

Katharine is madly in love with Irving. During his absence at the military school he attends, she makes shift nicely without him. But each return is accorded the fanfare due a prodigal son. His own devotion, equally deep, is more restrained, as becomes his sex. He's ready to play with her, but she must be ready to take it—to be tumbled in the sand, ducked in the water, hauled along by the legs—generally "toughened up," in her brother's phrase. Katharine thinks it's wonderful. When his male friends are around, he's likely to be more aloof, and he grimaces fearfully when she asks him to kiss her. "He'd rather do that when nobody's looking," says their mother.

Katharine knows no fear, physical or otherwise. The world and all its creatures are her friends. One day her mother was telling her the story of a bear who had stolen a baby. "And the mummy and daddy ran through the woods and looked into all the caves and under all the trees and then they began to cry."

"What for did they cry?" Katharine demanded. "What for were they frightened? The bear wouldn't hurt the baby."

"I took her to see *Snow White*," Miss Shearer related, "and thought I'd better remove her during the scarey parts. She was so mad, she howled bitterly till she got back."

She has dubbed her mother *Snow White*, and has adopted the whole family of dwarfs and birds and little animals.

THESE are the things that make Miss Shearer's day when she isn't working—these and other simple activities—a tennis lesson, a massage, a nap after lunch, a swim, a friend in to tea, a fairy-tale for Katharine before bedtime. Irving considers himself rather adult for fairy-tales. But the sound of his mother's voice draws him in for a general survey of the scene, and somehow he always remains to listen. Then it's generally early to bed with a book.

"I think going out should be an event. I like to lead a humdrum existence during the week and look forward to Saturday night. It's nice to do nothing in the evening—when you know you can do something."

Her natural gaiety ripples through her talk. She finds an outlet for her normal impulses, which leave no room for the morbid, in the satisfactions of work and the warmth of friendships. Her heart of hearts is at the beach house, with its memories of the past and its promise for the future, with the little boy who answers to his father's name and the little girl who looks blithely out at the world through her father's soft, dark eyes.

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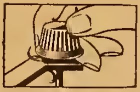

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Everybody's Pal

[*Continued from page 36*]

about pronouncing the Gaelic Sean is plenty. I'd been calling him "scene" all this time. Anyway, Pat's telling about "shawn"—

"He isn't two years old, yet, and he can throw a ball like a man. I mean like a man, overhead—like this . . ." And he makes a grab for the sugar bowl but the waitress gets there first and takes it away.

"I taught him to throw straight, not side-wheeler like a girl," he says. "I taught him with his rattle. Every time he threw it sideways at me, I picked it up and threw it right back at him until he could bop it off my head overhand . . ."

I SIMPLY have to get a question in somewhere and somehow, on account of this is supposed to be an interview and not a My-Kiddie-Says party. So I ask Pat what little scene—'scuse it, shawn—is gonna be when he grows up. Claire Trevor looks at me like she wishes I was in Timbuctoo and what am I butting in for, and Pat, being polite, says: "You know Harry Lang, don't you, Claire? He's interviewing me."

"Oh, yes," drawls Claire. "I've met him. GORgeous, simply aDORable. . . ."

I blush and stammer and try to deny it, and she says she doesn't mean me, she means Pat's boy. So I'm a sap again, and anyway, Pat's answering my question about what the boy ought to be when he grows up.

"It'd make me happier than anything in the world if he'd be a doctor. I think that's the most wonderful profession in the world—helping other people."

"Suppose he wants to be a ham actor, like you," wisecracks a gentle soul on the fringe of the crowd, but Pat doesn't bat an eyelash.

"If he wants to be an actor," says Pat, taking it straight, "that'll be all right, too. But he won't be a ham. He'll be a good actor. Because whatever he does decide to be—and it's up to him—he'll be GOOD; I know that."

Nobody wisecracks about that, because the way Pat is saying it, you can see he isn't going to take any clowning about the kid. So about here (I remember this is still supposed to be an interview) I bust out again with a question about the *Garden of the Moon,* which is the picture Pat's making now, and there make the usual equine rumble-seat out of myself, because you can't stop Pat when he's wound up about the kids. He neatly dodges my lead, and socks right back with a line about Mavourneen.

"She's the best four-year-old swimmer in Hollywood right now. Look, she can dive in and swim right across the pool and back again . . ."

"What's SHE going to be, Pat?" I put in weakly, still clinging to my quaint notion that an interviewer ought to ask a question now and then.

"Music," says Pat; "I want her to go for music. No—I don't mean that; I mean that it'd make me happy if she would. What I want doesn't matter, but I repeat that if she does decide to be a great musician, I'd be very, very happy. But if she wants anything else—yes, even acting—I'll still be happy, because she'll be doing what she wants to do, and . . ."

"Look, Pat," says I, making my last jab as I pick up the pictures and roll 'em up and shoo Bickford and Claire away, "look—about this interv—"

"Lemme tell you," Pat goes on, "about what Mavourneen said yesterday when I—"

So I give up, and while he's still entertaining the audience, I content myself with getting the answers to a lot of questions ABOUT Pat instead of FROM the guy. And a pal of his tells me about what a grand guy he is and why everybody loves him . . . He tells me a little thing that happened out at Pat's home in the Valley just the other day. Seems Pat was away at the studio and there's only Mrs. Pat and the kids at home. And all of a sudden she hears what sounds like a riot outside, and there is what looks like the whole Jones Family and all their friends, climbing all over the place with kodaks and whatnots.

"Where's Pat?" they yell. Eloise counts them and nearly faints and says that Pat is out of town maybe and won't be home for weeks and weeks. They look awful disappointed, and Eloise is a bit chagrined because she doesn't like to hurt folks, but she knows Pat will maybe come home tired. And just then, dam' if Pat doesn't come home . . .! Well, he busts out of the car and right up to that gang of tourists and glad-hands them and says where do they hail from. They say Milwaukee—and wham! Because Milwaukee is where Pat comes from.

"Say, do you know what's-his-name that keeps a store down at the corner of—"

"Yeah, yeah—and Ol' Lady whoozis that used to throw water at us kids out of her wind—"

And I'll be triple-daggled if in five minutes, Pat isn't inviting that whole jaloppyful of Milwaukee tourists into his house for lunch, and Eloise has to make it and serve it on account of it's the servants' day off.

"Aw gee, honey," says Pat, "they're from my home town. They're swell folks."

WELL, maybe that's going to make it tough for Eloise from now on, because everybody that wants to see Pat will be saying "I'm from Milwaukee" and the house'll just be overrun with 'em, but Pat's like that. He's everybody's best pal—and everybody is his, too. There's another thing that happened just the other day. Seems Pat learned that a trio of broke and hungry actors that once maybe, six or ten years ago, had trouped with him, were in Hollywood. So Pat puts them up at one of his clubs and lets them have a pocketful of cash, because with Pat, being a friend mean's being a friend and not just paper-talk.

And the three down-and-outers take Pat's cash and get so stinko that that night they bust hell out of the furniture and things in the club, and next day the manager calls Pat up and says what about it?

"How much damage did they do?" asks Pat.

"Plenty," says the manager. Pat asks him to figure it up and Pat sends him a check for $200-and-something to square it—and the payoff is that he never even mentions it to the three guys-with-a-hangover-by-now, and when they leave Hollywood on Pat's money later, they don't even know he's proved his friendship the way he has . . .!

Pat's building a new house, down at Del Mar. That's a hundred miles or so down the coast from Hollywood, and although Pat won't admit it, I have a hunch that he's doing it in self-defense—or anyway, for the wife and kiddies. I mean: do you realize that there are 800 different sets of initials and names carved or written on the walls and bar and ceiling and even the floor of Pat's private home barroom ! ! !? Now it takes an awful lot of parties to register 800 times. And maybe Eloise and Sean and Mavourneen ought to have a little more privacy than an economic royalist's income-tax return, so I think that's the reason for Pat's new house, a hundred miles from Hollywood.

I'M BACK in the cafe now, and Pat's still at the table and I ask him about the house, and he takes a knife and a fork and a spoon. He lays the knife down in the middle of the table.

"This," he says, "is the house."

So I say uh-huh, and he lays the spoon down parallel to the knife.

"That's the ocean," he says, "right there alongside the house. Get it?"

I uh-huh again, and then Pat lays the fork down on the other side of the knife.

"What's that?" I stooge.

"That," he says, "is the new Del Mar race track."

Then he grins like a cockeyed Irishman again, and gloats. "See?—I can sit on my roof with a pair of binoculars, and I can see the races. I'm not cheating them out of the price of a ticket, because I own a piece of the track and they'd have to let me in free anyway. So anyway, I can sit on my own house and see the races. And then, if I get tired of that, I can just lay my glasses down, walk out of my back door and grab a fish-pole and go fishing . . ."

"Wife and kids gonna live there, too?" I ask.

"Sure, I figure they might like to get away from Hollyw—"

"Sounds like a swell place, Pat," says one of the crowd.

"Sure will be," he says. "Say—you guys ought to organize a big party and come down and spend a week-end—or maybe a week or two—"

So Eloise and the kids will get a little privacy, huh? But you can't keep Pat away from friends, and they know it. Eloise knows it, and loves every one of Pat's friends, too. Even Frank McHugh. Frank is the guy that introduced Eloise and Pat years ago. But Eloise loves him in spite of it.

LOOK at Pat, now—he's got that touch of whitish grey at the temples that makes Irishmen like him so darned good-looking. He's no youngster any more. He and Eloise have been married for quite a while now, and the edges haven't even begun to wear.

So what?—so I dunno if this is the kind of story you'd like on Pat O'Brien. I know darn well it isn't an interview, but maybe when I get him alone sometime in the middle of the Sahara, with nobody else around and no pictures of his kids, I can, maybe, get some interview stuff. It'll probably consist of stuff about his wife and kids, though. Or whether there'll ever again be a great Irish heavyweight. Because Pat O'Brien won't put on any act; he'll always be just himself—just Pat O'Brien, and the three things in life that rate with him are (1) his wife and kids and home, (2) sports, and having fun with his pals, and (3) turning in a good job of acting when he's asked to . . . Outside of that, all he asks is to have you like him and to let him like you. Most of all, he hates you to treat him like a movie star, or a bigshot of any sort.

"Hell," he says, "I'm just a lucky mugg, that's all."

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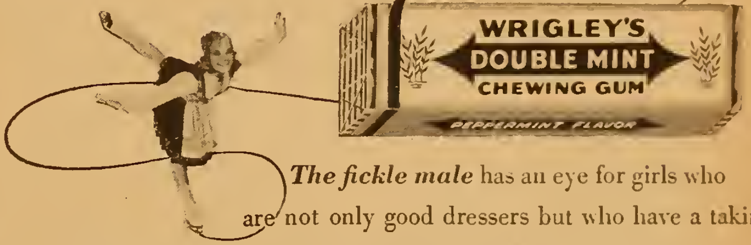

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Ask Your Druggist About NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK, September 1 to 10

Can Taylor Take It?

[*Continued from page 22*]

treatment for a man of Bob Taylor's sort. He may be able to take it, and he may not. Unfortunately he isn't, like Clark Gable and so many other stars of his time, a product of adversity and adventurous life. His metal hasn't been tempered, like theirs, by many a blistering in Fortune's furnace, and many a dip into the chill waters of human unkindness.

If he were of their kind he could not only take punishment more easily, but probably wouldn't have any to take. His screen personality would have a different stamp, so men would recognize in it the fellow-spirit they like. They and the more critical type of women would be less on the alert to jeer when the screen's oft-humorless heroics put him in a ridiculous role or scene. He might even be "mobbed by women" during his travels without serious criticism. The same type of publicity stunt that boomeranged on Bob didn't hurt Gable a bit. But he isn't their sort, and what to do about it is the question.

AS WE began by saying, to know him is to let him get under your skin, to begin protecting him. And protection is the last thing Bob should have. He has had altogether too much of it throughout his life, partly because, incredible as it may seem, his personality is so engaging in real-life.

Does that last statement seem exaggerated? Listen! Among my acquaintances are members of the group Central Casting calls "the wrecking crew." Ex-prize fighters mostly, they work in brawl scenes, in fight pictures; appear as gangsters' gorillas or college football players. Not so bad as they pretend to be, nevertheless these boys play rough.

One day they were talking about the screen's he-men heroes. Gable, they conceded, was all right. McLaglen, Pendleton and George O'Brien were regular musclemen, Victor Jory a fightin' wildcat. Some of the other boys had plenty of spirit, but lacked sap and savvy—

"Taylor?" they echoed my query. "That pretty boy? Huh!" Comments that followed weren't complimentary. But at the time, not one of them had met Bob.

Some months later I ran into a group of the same wreckers. They'd been working in a picture with Taylor, thanks to the "he-man" campaign. And how their attitude had changed!

"Sa-ay, he's a swell guy!" one bruiser reported. "Nothin' wrong with Bob, I can tell you. In them brawl scenes with us, he took a lot, and came right up for more."

Everybody who knows Bob Taylor realizes that he is one of the most sensitive fellows facing the Hollywood cameras today. Who would care to come up to him and say, "Listen, Bob—your idea that men dislike you because of your stardom and appeal to women is all wrong. They don't dislike Clark Gable or Errol Flynn, do they? Well, the man who wouldn't envy one of those fellows more than he envies you is crazy. They get all the feminine adoration you do, they enjoy the admiration of men, and they have a lot more fun out of life."

Nobody tells Bob Taylor that. He's too well liked. He's protected from that sort of truth, which is painful but in the long run, healthy. You have to put on your candid eyeglasses and examine Bob's life story in order to understand the forces that have moulded him. The record oozes with significant facts and incidents, but those who know him well enough to compile his intimate biography fail to point them out, either through oversight or mistaken friendship.

Bob had a remarkable pair of parents. The late Dr. Spangler Brugh was a man of such brilliance and determination that when he was almost thirty, a grain dealer in the tiny town of Filley, Nebraska, he took up the study of medicine and became a doctor—because other doctors had been unable to restore health to his ailing, young wife. Probably his ability to lend his own strength and courage to those weaker than himself was a factor in Ruth Brugh's recovery.

His wife got strong and well; was full of spirit and generous courage. When at last their only child came along, these parents lavished on him their combined strength, love, protection and guidance. This speeded his development along artistic lines; it also made him sensitive.

Highly intelligent but not good psychologists in the modern sense, Bob's parents viewed surprising trends of his development as the work of heredity rather than environment. Mrs. Brugh is quoted as saying to Bob: "You were a high-strung youngster. You were the most sensitive boy I ever knew. If anyone spoke harshly to you in those days, you would not sleep or eat until you made up. But you came naturally by that, son. Your father and I were never the people for cross words, either."

IN ONE of the various biographies labeled "official" we learn that Bob wanted to play the saxophone, but turned to 'cello because his parents liked it better. Later, when his father bought him an automobile on the condition that he must never go faster than thirty-five miles an hour in it, Bob held that automobile to thirty-five miles an hour.

It is likewise recorded that many other things were bought for him from the modest family income. Since Bill Hart and Tom Mix were his screen idols, he was given a pony named Gypsy, and various firearms. He learned to use the guns, to ride the pony. But when he attempted to ride Gypsy to his grandfather's place one day, and the horse took a notion not to go beyond a certain spot enroute, Bob went to a house nearby and telephoned to his mother. He wanted to find out what to do about the situation.

Now being what we used to call a "mama's boy" is ordinarily of no great consequence in a man's later life. Let him get into school and then college, and he has all that kicked out of him. If any is left, an unsympathetic outer world speedily removes it.

In fact, many a mother's boy grows into a particularly harsh and hard-boiled man, because he has had to pay so dearly for the protection and pampering lavished on him by his parents. That is why Bob Taylor's case is remarkable. He never had to pay—for the reason we have already attempted to make clear. Instead of getting kicked around as soon as he got out into the world, he was so well liked by those who met him that *everybody* tried to spoil him!

I have seen a photo which shows Bob with a group of fellow students at his Nebraska high school. In that picture he looks like he often does today—as though the Hollywood make-up men and costumers had just got through with him. His suit is good and neatly pressed, his collar and tie immaculate. The handkerchief in his breast pocket, his hair-line and brows are all just so. He stands out from the other boys in that high school gang like an albino in Harlem. Yet at that school he was well-liked and popular.

His whole life follows a pattern and a path that suggests shelter, like a man who hurries from one roof to another under a parasol. As a youngster, he began taking 'cello lessons from Prof. Hubert H. Gray, who was like another father to him. Years later, when he chose a college, it was Doane, because Prof. Gray taught music there. When Prof Gray accepted an offer from Pomona College, he tried to get Bob to fill his place at Doane, as a student instructor. Instead Bob—and his parents—decided he should go to Pomona and finish there.

Despite Prof. Gray's presence, Bob felt lost at Pomona for a time. Another professor, Dr. Robert Ross, became his friend, and being a psychologist, knew how to treat the boy. The records maintain that Ross didn't smile when Bob, in speaking of his loneliness and bewilderment, remarked, "I hadn't thought of that, sir. (quitting.) But I wouldn't do it if I had. You can't run out on a situation because it's bad. You have to see it through. Don't you agree, sir?"

There you have Bob, in a nutshell. Plenty of courage. Naturally, he wouldn't run.

True, the boys called him, derisively, "The Sheik," and teased him. Bob flushed but wouldn't fight, we understand. To abstain from fighting was like traveling no faster than thirty-five miles an hour in his car.

Then, according to fellow-student Sammy Lyons and others at Pomona, Bob suddenly became popular. It was a landslide in his favor. A college which started out to hand him a little healthy adversity fell down on its job. He had got under its skin, won a whole new army of protectors!

AND when he was claimed by films, did struggle and heartbreak preface his success? Hardly! His $35-a-week apprentice period had been mentioned as though it were hardship and insult. But not many people are handed free training for a high-salaried profession and $35 per week in addition. Bob's personality was at work. Ida Koverman, Louis B. Mayer's secretary, gave him his new name. Press agents shouted his praises before he had shown anything on the screen. And according to Bob himself, his hit in *Society Doctor* was due in part at least to the sympathetic help and advice of Chester Morris.

It is only recently that Hollywood heartbreak has caught up with Bob, and made him one of the unhappiest men in a basically sad and disillusioned town.

It seems as though there are only two possible solutions to his problem. One is somehow to project the magnetic, universally appealing side of Bob on the screen, so that men of the American film audience will like and understand him, as do the men of every sort who meet him in real life. The other is to change Bob into one of those hard-bitten "so-what" guys, who can not only take it, but don't realize that anything is happening.

The first appears to me the better solution, and one that a single film of the right sort can provide. A film that presents him neither as a boy beautiful nor a hairy bruiser, but rather as a friendly, fallible, likeable young man who gets under your skin—present him, in other words, as Bob Taylor.

Pretty Tricky!

[*Continued from page* 17]

I'll be very glad to send you the name.

Does your powder cake on your nose almost as soon as you pat it on? Or worse still, does it fly away altogether? Then you'll be interested, I think, in a gossamer-fine powder that is the product of a justly famous salon. I like the way it clings for hours on end, without caking on the skin or clogging in the pores. There are seven luscious shades, all delicately scented, all fashion-right for Fall. There's a large round box priced at a dollar. I couldn't tell which shade I liked best, so I visited the five-and-ten, and bought three shades to experiment with. I'd love to send you the name.

I'm not going to suggest that you try blending two shades of rouge on your cheeks every morning before dashing to the office—though the effect is swell if you do it right—but I would love to have you try a new rouge and lipstick that has recently appeared. They're both a warm, coppery shade of rose—and they match beautifully. Grand for brunettes, and for all gals with sun-kissed skins. The rouge is fine-grained, blends evenly over the skin to give it that certain glow, and the lipstick contains just enough emollient cream to keep your lips soft and moist—and still stay with them. Both come in 35 and 75 cent sizes—and there's a small size of the lipstick at 10 cents. Name, please?

To bring out the brilliance of her almond shaped, sapphire eyes, Sigrid uses not one but two shades of eyeshadow. First she smoothes a bronze shadow lightly over all of her eyelid. Next, with a tiny camel's hair "paint brush," she draws a faint line of blue shadow along the rim of her upper eyelids, blends the edges into the bronze.

For real life, the heavy eyebrows of a gypsy don't go with the blonde, Nordic beauty that is Sigrid's. And neither do the up-swooping Oriental brows of a Chinese princess. Sigrid keeps hers in tune with her face by pulling out the stray hairs and fining down the brows by plucking slightly from underneath. Then she darkens those light colored brows, elongates them a bit with short, quick strokes of a brown eye pencil.

SIGRID'S eyelashes are long and curly—but blonde. Another girl might rejoice in their length and swoop—and let them go at that. And "go" they would—their lightness would carry them right out of the picture. Not so this glamor gal. She touches up those golden lashes with a bit of brown mascara, emphasizes their length and sweep. Concentrating most of the mascara on the lashes at the outside corners of her eyes, she makes those sparkling eyes seem wider set than they really are.

Lots of us have lashes that are long—but straight. That kind, I've found, get in the way when I'm wearing a tricky veil, or going intellectual with "specs." The answer to that bothersome problem is to curl the lashes. There's a scissor-handled gadget priced at $1 that does the trick most effectively. You simply clamp the rubber-edged curler over your lashes as close to the eyelid as possible, press down on the handles, and count 40, more if your lashes are stubborn. The effect will last longer, I've discovered, if you curl your lashes while they are still moist from your mascara.

The same company offers for your approval (which I'm sure you'll give) lots of other items that make for eye beauty. There's mascara—in three forms. First a perfumed

Gossip at the beach!

JUDY: "He nagged and acted so terribly mean, it sure looked like a bust-up for a while. I really felt sorry for Jane."

ALICE: "Aw, be fair! Tom raised cain—but so would you if you always had to go around in tattle-tale gray. Jane was to blame for using lazy soap. It left dirt behind! Tom's shirts and her whole wash showed it."

SALLY: "Well, I'm glad the fuss has all blown over! If we'd only told Jane sooner how Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* hustle out every last speck of dirt—the whole mess wouldn't have happened."

MARY: "Better late than never! Since she listened to us and switched to Fels-Naptha Soap, everything's peaches again and they're off for a second honeymoon!"

COPR 1938 FELS &

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

liquid that is particularly permanent—will even last through a siege with the surf. Comes in black, brown, blue and green, and costs $1. There's a cake mascara in the same colors, at the same price, and a handy purse size stick mascara. When you use this, just wet the mascara itself, apply it directly to the lashes, and then separate them with the tiny brush at the other end of the stick.

The assortment of eyeshadow colors this manufacturer has is something to write me about! Blues—all the way from aqua through royal blue, light and grey blues, to violet. Spring and olive greens. Mahogany (grand for brown-eyed redheads) and for the ultra-ultra, silver and gold. I stocked up on several (the price is only 75 cents) and use a different one with each costume.

For everyday, Sigrid wears her hair in a soft, casual style. But for a real big evening, she brushes her hair up on top of her head, arranges the ends in a mass of curls. . . . I discovered a slick new amber-colored curling lotion to help make those curls. It is very light in consistency, more beneficial to the hair than water. And of course it keeps the curls in place much longer! I like the wide-topped, comb-dip bottle with its yellow and black label, the small price (10 cents) and the way the liquid keeps my curls bright and burnished, without drying my hair. Do write me for the name.

I COULDN'T help noticing how lovely Sigrid's hands were. They're long and slender, with beautifully cared-for mandarin nails. She explained that those lengthy nails are another trick—they make even the stubbiest fingers (which hers are definitely not) seem slim. Hollywood gals, and a lot of others, too, are coating the whole nail, from cuticle to tip, with polish. A dark polish, in a shade to harmonize or contrast with the costume, makes hands seem whiter, more fragile, gives the nails a jewel-like appearance. If *your* hands are tanned, perhaps you'll want to try the brand new *white* (!) nail lacquer that accents the slightest tan. It goes well with chalky pastels, contrasts smartly with black. A grand protection for the nails, too. Costs 50 cents—intrigued?

On my desk right now are two new items, ready for an instant re-do of nails. The first is an attractive box of cleansing tissues, put out by a very well known manufacturer. The box is an extra large one, because these tissues are oversized—large enough to act as a bib to keep dresses free of spilled powder and rouge, or to protect the lap while you fix your nails. The 288 tissues, in four shades—peach, green, orchid and white—peep out at the world through two windows in the front of the green and white box. The cost is surprisingly small.

The other is a cylindrical container for cotton. A plastic top lifts off to reveal a clean and sanitary fluff of cotton. Pull out as much as you want—a tiny piece for applying lotion, or a huge hunk for a powder puff—and replace the top. Your cotton will be fresh the next time you need it. The containers come in several pastel colors, and cost a quarter. There's also a ten-cent size.

A make-up analysis is yours if you will send a photograph or snapshot to Denise Caine. She will also be glad to send you the names of the products mentioned in this article, or help you with your own special beauty problems. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. U. S. postage, please!

I'm full of new product news today. This paragraph is to tell you about four new talcum powders. Each one comes in a seven ounce column-like can, strikingly decorated in keeping with the scent of talc it contains. A package in lilac decor breathes forth the scent of lilac buds. Gardenias adorn another, a third goes Oriental in design and scent and the fourth has the knowing appearance and whiff of a sophisticated lady. The price, believe it or not, is only ten cents each. How the manufacturer is able to give such grand quality, so much quantity, for so small a sum is still his secret. Be sure to write me for his name, and the names of these creations.

Of course you don't think that a dash of scented talcum powder after your bath is enough to keep you sweet and fresh for 12 hours. You and I know better than to take such chances. That would be really stupid when there are so many grand perspiration correctives on the market. Right now I'm thinking of an anti-perspirant—it checks perspiration locally, reroutes it to other less thickly clustered glands, keeps you free of underarm odor. There are two types of the liquid—a clear one that goes to work instantly, saves you embarrassment for about a day, a ruby colored one that takes a few minutes longer to work, but gives you ultra protection. Both come in bubble glass "flasks," at 10, 25 and 50 cents. Name?

Dear Lonely Hearts,
BUT JANIE! THE TOWN'S FULL OF NICE YOUNG PEOPLE! YOU SHOULDN'T BE LONELY!
OH, DAD, I JUST DON'T SEEM TO KEEP FRIENDS!
LOOK HERE, YOUNGSTER! DO YOU THINK THE TROUBLE COULD BE—WELL, BAD BREATH? ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH ASKING YOUR DENTIST ABOUT, ISN'T IT?
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR BEAUX, JANIE!
NO WONDER MY FRIENDS COMPLAIN THAT THIS LINE IS ALWAYS BUSY!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

Acting Is My Job

[*Continued from page* 41]

to pay much attention to the advice and counsel of his well-wishing Theatre Guild friends. His second picture, *Crime Without Passion,* had everyone going into wild 'raves' about his brilliant work and the role certainly did establish him as one of the really talented actors in the movie colony. Whatever doubt about this remained was removed forever by his impressive performance in such pictures as *The Last Outpost, Anthony Adverse, Mistress of Fashion, White Banners, The Adventures of Robin Hood*—just to list a few.

A studious, modest and patient man, Actor Rains is emphatically different from most men in his profession. For one thing he has no urge to display latent directorial talents. For another, he has no desire to write. For another, he has no wish to have a voice in the selection of his screen material.

"Having been associated with the theatre since I was ten years old," he says, "I've reached the conclusion that I've got just one job to do—and that's acting. To do that well I've got to devote to it all my energy and what little talent I have. For me to direct a picture would be impossible. I have neither the brains nor the inclination to branch out into this highly specialized field. That's a task that belongs to men who have grown up in the motion picture industry. The same holds true so far as writing scripts is concerned.

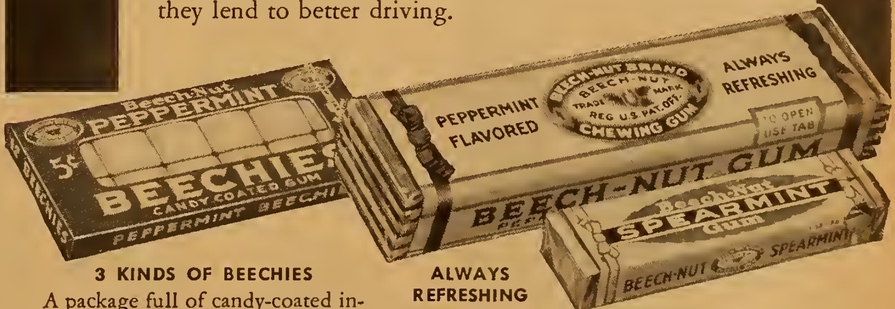
"ALL I want to do—all I love to do—is act, and after more than thirty years of it it may surprise you to know that I still have lots to learn. That's what makes it interesting, I suppose.

"In the matter of selecting suitable stories, it's been my invariable rule to adopt a strict hands-off policy and I'm sure that I have benefited immensely by doing so. It's long been my observation that ninety-nine out of a hundred actors or actresses are mighty poor judges of what does or does not constitute a good story. I could, if I wished, give you a number of instances where film careers have been completely thrown away or set back many years because of an actor's or actress's poor story judgment. Every time an actor or actress gets a script to read it's accepted or rejected on the basis of whether or not the parts they are to play give them plenty of room and time before the camera. They forget the story as a whole and right there is where they make their mistake.

"I'm always interested in a good part, too, but as far as I am concerned the story can take care of itself. In other words I'd much rather leave story selections to the story department. This sounds a bit selfish and perhaps it is, but it has saved me many a headache as well as the studio for which I work. It's old-fashioned to say it, but it still holds true, particularly in the making of motion pictures—everyone to his own bent. Since mine happens to be acting I try hard to do a good job and nothing more."

AN OUTSTANDING example of what Actor Rains means by doing a good acting job is best illustrated by what he accomplished in building up his part of *Prince John* in *Robin Hood.* Given the script to read some time before the actual shooting he discovered that his role called for a blustery, meat-eating, beer-drinking character that was far from being historically correct. If played according to the script

[*Continued on page* 75]



Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?

Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Beechies always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor . . . and the aid they lend to better driving.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES
A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

BEECH-NUT GUM
is always refreshing

P. S. *Have you tried* RUMMIES, *the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?*

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

clothes and personal possessions into the new dressing-room M-G-M had given him.

"Thank heaven," he breathed when the job was done, "that is over." Then he went to lunch.

When he got back, unlocked his dressing-room, he nearly fainted—the furniture was smashed; drawers stood open, and torn clothes littered the floor. The place was an unholy mess—looked as if a cyclone had hit it.

Not until he was nearly beside himself with rage did he discern the whole set-up was a "plant"—that the broken furniture was old prop stuff from the prop department; that the torn clothes were NOT his own, but throwaway waste from the wardrobe room of the studio. And pinned in a closet was this note:

WELCOME!—from Groucho, Chico and Harpo!

Flynnformation

■ Latest Errol-Flynnformation is that Warners' glamor-boy is going to give Sun Valley a run for its money. He's considering opening a rival winter-sports colony in Colorado, somewhere, and has already taken an option on the services of Jacques Chamoz, famed French ski-expert, to teach the Hollywoodenizens how to ski at the Flynn resort.

Chamoz is already in Hollywood—presumably talking business with Errol. But between business, the Frenchman doesn't miss a chance to nite-spot it with Hollywood's cuties.

Rompers

■ Assured of fun aplenty are the kids who go to Janie Wither's house to play. Assured of peace of mind are their mommas—for Momma Withers, herself, knows the trouble and the cost of play-ruined garments. So, therefore, Momma Withers has supplied a whole chestful of overalls of various sizes, which can be slipped on by Janie's kid guests so they don't ruin their clothes while they romp with tomboy Jane.

Not always, however, is Jane's play horseplay. Sometimes, of course, Jane's guests want to play "thee-ayter." No wonder!—because in Jane's complete playground is an entire theatrical unit—with stage, dressing-rooms, assorted costumes and rudimentary scenery. Jane, herself, directs her little pals in the plays they put on.

Memo To W. W.

■ You asked, the other day, if anybody's ever thought of calling Vine street "VAIN street" . . .? My, my, Walter, where have you been? Why they also, now and then, spell it "Hollywood Bullevard."

Maureen's Terms

■ No longer filled with illusions about Hollywood is Maureen O'Sullivan. Having gone through the mill and learned most of what makes Hollywood tick, Maureen isn't any too anxious to have her own kid sister take the leap. . . .

And so it was that Maureen and the kid sister, whose name is Sheila, had one of those several-hundred-dollar transatlantic telephone talks, when Maureen got Sheila's letter saying she'd like to get into the movies. Maureen was too smart to say an outright NO. But she did make a deal with Sheila:

The kid sister is to stay her term out at a snooty school near London; then study another year in France; then she is to take a season with the Abbey Players in Dublin. . . . And then, if she still wants to come to Hollywood, she can do it—with Maureen's blessing.

What A Crime!

■ *Crime Doesn't Pay* is the caption of the series of shorts which Leslie Fenton is directing for M-G-M.

So what?—well, so when they came out of the preview of one of the *Crime Doesn't Pay* series the other night, Leslie and wifie Ann Dvorak found their car, parked nearby, had been stripped—and when they got home, their house had been burglarized.

YOU'RE KIDDING! A GIRL OF MY AGE COULDN'T GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
... BUT HOW WRONG SHE WAS
NO WONDER JIM KEEPS BREAKING DATES! YOU'VE LET YOUR COMPLEXION GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING. I'M SURE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE?
BUT I DON'T SEE HOW PALMOLIVE COULD MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE!
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
It wasn't long until...
OH, JIM—I'D LOVE TO GO! I'LL BE READY AT EIGHT!
THANKS, PALMOLIVE, FOR HELPING ME GET RID OF THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
I'M TAKING NO MORE CHANCES! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

Nationally Advertised Brands Are Your Assurance of Value and Protection

The Self-Discoveries of Claudette

[*Continued from page 23*]

of thinking that I might never want to come back, *might never work again.* I thought that I might discover in myself a yearning for pleasant, perpetual dalliance, for the life of a lady of leisure. I got over that in exactly two months.

"For the first two months," laughed Claudette—and when she laughs her whole face laughs, eyes, mouth, crinkled nose—"for the first two months, skiing in St. Anton in Austria, I was so busy falling on my face that I didn't have any reactions except black and blue ones. But once I was able to keep my head up and my feet down and had a chance to look around me I found that I was already looking back—toward Hollywood. I realized that I wanted to work. I realized that, much sooner than I could have thought possible, I would want to get back to work. I realized that if *I* have anything to say about it I will never stop working until I collapse of old age on some sound stage.

"I discovered that if I didn't work *I'd have nothing to do.* I don't know how to do anything else," Claudette said, still laughingly, "I'm not domestic. I don't sew, knit or purl. I can't make hooked rugs. I can't cook. My husband's profession keeps him even busier than mine keeps me. I can't keep on skiing constantly. If I could, that might be different. For I *am* mad about skiing. To me it is the most thrilling sport in the world. Nothing else makes you feel so more-than-mortal. Of course I got the bug when we were at Sun Valley, Idaho, making *I Met Him in Paris.*

"WELL, anyway, we started off in the most vacationly mood possible. We sailed on the *Conte de Savoia,* you know from New York. And had a wonderful trip. There were friends of ours aboard. We met other charming people. We played all the deck games, danced all the dances, promenaded all the decks, did everything . . ."

"Didn't you," I asked, "wear dark glasses? Sign the register, 'Mister and Missus John Smith?' Try for some sort of mistaken identity?"

"We did NOT," said Claudette.

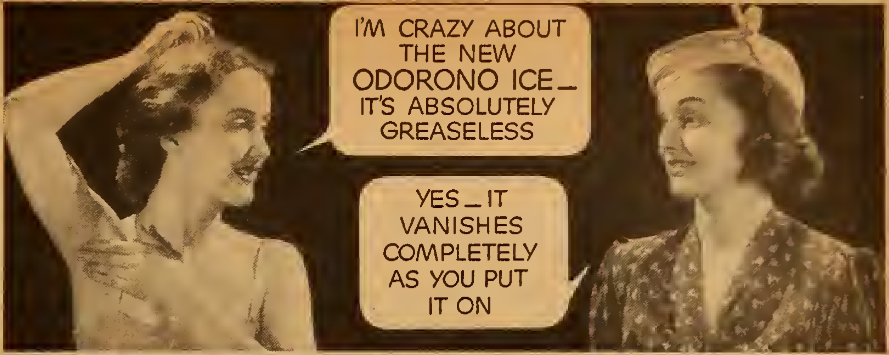
"Then," I said, compassionately, "everyone must have *recognized* you!"

"Of course they did, most of them," smiled Claudette, "but why the you-poor-thing-you tone of voice? You sound as though I might be a ghost fearful of materializing. . . ."

"Well," I said defensively, "aren't most stars given to dark glasses and long gray beards when they go among the heathen?"

"Not I," grinned Claudette, gaily, "but you know I am not among those who object to public recognition. I *like* it. I like people to be interested in me and to show it. I know, of course, that I am just one of a group; that there are many of us in Hollywood who rate the same attention from the public, who are accorded similar ovations every time they appear in public. In other words, whereas there is only one Helen Hayes, an individual with no counterpart, there are several of us. A thousand people might cheer me and five minutes later the same thousand would cheer some other star just as enthusiastically. Even so, it's flattering to the ego which lives in all of us.

"In fact," said Claudette, "I might say that my second self-discovery, perhaps I should call it a re-discovery, was the fact


I'M CRAZY ABOUT THE NEW ODORONO ICE— IT'S ABSOLUTELY GREASELESS
YES—IT VANISHES COMPLETELY AS YOU PUT IT ON

NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT is greaseless, actually cooling and checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

YOU don't know the meaning of "perfection" till you try Odorono ICE—the new non-greasy, non-sticky ICE deodorant that disappears as you pat it on, leaves your skin feeling cool and refreshed, and checks perspiration instantly!

The new Odorono ICE keeps your underarm completely dry for as much as three whole days. Yet it takes only a few seconds to apply. Light and delicate in texture, Odorono ICE is greaseless and non-sticky. And there is nothing but its own fresh odor of pure alcohol which evaporates immediately.

Here is a satisfactory answer to the appeals of fastidious women for an effective, greaseless underarm deodorant. A really pleasant, quick way to put an end to offensive odors and embarrassing and costly perspiration stains.

Why risk offending the very people you want most to impress? Start today to enjoy the sure protection of Odorono ICE! Use Odorono ICE according to the directions on the label of the jar. Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

ODO-RO-NO
Ice
CHECKS PERSPIRATION
STOPS BODY ODOR

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

*ODO-RO-NO ICE
COOLING — NON-GREASY

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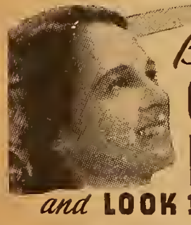

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that I live among the most colorful and exciting people. I thought when I left that I was tired of talking 'shop.' I got over that when I found that people all over the world, all kinds of people, would rather talk Hollywood shop than anything else there is to talk about.

"Truth is, I'd really lost sight of how glamorous Hollywood is. I found the glamor again in the eyes of people who asked me breathless questions about Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, all of us . . . mostly they wanted to know what the stars are really like, do they really look as they do on the screen, that sort of thing.

"I realized, too, that they really love us, that they want to believe that the illusions we create on the screen are fact in our private lives, they want to believe what they read about us. It was really a *lovely* thing to have discovered. It made me feel, keenly, that I, that all of us here have a trust to be discharged—honorably. There may be a small smattering of super-sophisticated people who like a touch of scandal served with their stars. But the great majority of the people want to keep their dreams of us shining, I know.

"Loads of people," said Claudette, her eyes laughing again, "asked me whether I knew Garbo. I'm afraid they were slightly disappointed in me when I said that I didn't. They couldn't understand *that.* I hastily explained that very few people know Garbo, even in Hollywood, hoping to retain my prestige in this way . . . they still thought it pretty funny. . . .

"ANYWAY, I discovered the sense of glamor all over again. I'd find myself assuring people that Norma Shearer really *is* as beautiful as she looks on the screen, that Irene Dunne really *is* as gracious and charming off the screen as on, that the Gary Coopers *are* delightfully devoted, that Clark Gable isn't a *bit* different in substance from the way he seems to be in shadow . . . and as I talked I got a snapshot of myself actually living among these fabulous people, knowing them, having them for my friends . . . and I'd find myself thinking, 'Why, I not only know them, *I'm one of them!* It is exciting! It is glamorous! It is more fun than any other place in the world, this Hollywood!'

"We didn't," explained Claudette, "have very much opportunity for meeting the public except when we landed at Genoa. They were marvelous to us there, crowds to meet us, autograph books, all of it. . . ."

"Are the fans there like they are here?" I asked. "Do they behave in the same way?"

"Only more demonstrative," smiled Claudette, "they cheer more, make their welcomes more noisy. . . ."

"We went directly from Genoa to St. Anton in Austria, you know, to the Hannes Schneider School of skiing there. Hannes Schneider is a very famous character. He and his school have made the town. I believe that he was the first to make skiing a sport, an art, an ecstasy. Before he began his classes the people used skis just for utilitarian purposes like going to market, you know. . . ." (I learned, by the way, that Hannes Schneider conferred a real honor on Claudette and her husband when he gave them private lessons, something he had never done before except for the Duke of Kent. He always teaches groups, classes.)

"I had the idea," Claudette was saying, "that we would stay in St. Anton for a couple of weeks, become fairly expert skiers and then go on to Davos and St. Moritz, there to dazzle the spectators with demonstrations of skiing that would make the envious hail us as champions in the making. We stayed there for two months—and we're still not runners-uppers for any championships.

"At first, it was exhausting. I would look at those white pinnacles and wonder why I'd ever thought I wanted to get to the top of them. Once or twice, in the beginning, I'd drop by the wayside and tell my husband and the others to go on without me. They'd wait, looking pretty disgusted and then I'd get my second wind and be off. Pretty soon I found that I felt marvelous. I remember the first time I got to a little Inn perched on the highest peak and there ate a lunch that was like a shot . . . sausage soup, sausage sandwiches, heavy food that would have sent me running for the soda bicarb at home. And I still felt marvelous.

"IT WAS then," grinned Claudette, "that I made my third self-discovery: *I'm afraid I am the athletic type.* I'd always thought of myself as rather a delicate flower, certainly not a hardy perennial. I did rather fancy myself as on the lace and tissue-paper side. I did feel that to have the smelling salts handy was only common sense. I did feel that I might flop if I did—or ate—anything very *strenuous.* I kind of went for the humming birds wings kind of diet, you know, glasses of milk between meals and all that. I have got all over that prettily fragile notion of myself. I can stand anything. Steel are the springs of Colbert, or something like that.

"I am now enjoying," laughed Claudette at herself, "*very* good health. I've always been awfully keen about sports, probably because my brother was so good at them and I always wanted to do everything he could do. But I never thought that I looked the athletic type until I went to St. Anton. I've always had the notion that a person's type pretty much tells the story of what they are. Well, I've been deceiving myself about myself all these years!

"So for two months we lived on skis, the world forgetting and, so far as we knew or cared, by the world forgot. Certainly there were no autograph-seekers at St. Anton. We were all much too much concerned about getting to the top of those mountains and down again to care what each others' names were or what we did when we were not on skis. Later we did go to Davos and St. Moritz and there it was different. In those places people were more interested in personalities. But at St. Anton there was a lovely, austere interest in *skis.* It is good for anyone from Hollywood to enter into such absorption in something else.

"We went to Innsbruck later on and were there when the German Army came in, watched the troop trains go by and felt exactly like faces and figures in a newsreel. Later we were in Paris when the Cabinet was overthrown and a new Cabinet came in. Again it was like being in a newsreel.

"I met the Press in Paris and discovered that, over there, they are more interested in how we make pictures, our technique, our problems and how we overcome them, than they are in our private lives. I saw several French pictures, too. Their pictures are, for the most part, more serious than ours. They deal largely with the problems, economic, political and otherwise, which are integral parts of their daily lives. They love our comedies. They seem to feel that our comedies express *us,* the American people, the spirit of America. But their own pictures are made from grimmer story material.

"I went to one of Schiaparelli's openings, one or two others, and discovered that, today, women dress pretty much the same the world over. Good taste has become common property. They go in more for accessories over there than we do here. And they have beautiful, extraordinary—and very expensive—ones . . . birds perched on the shoulder, a man's head peering around the neck-line of a frock . . . startling and original ideas. . . . Not being given to jewels or accessories I didn't buy very many of them for myself.

"In Paris we visited all that is left of my family. You see, my father's sister married my mother's brother and so my family ends right there. That marriage gave me just one uncle and one aunt instead of the two of each I might have had otherwise. They have one child and that is my family, all of it.

"AND then we came home, feeling simply marvelous, gladder and I, at least, much wiser about myself.

"I know now," said Claudette emphatically, "why no screen actor or actress ever voluntarily retires from the screen. They can't. We can't. It does get into your blood, old bromide though that is, this life on the screen. It gets in and there is nothing potent enough to eradicate it or replace it. There's simply nothing else to *do* that begins to hold the same elements of excitement, of fierce competition. No other life that has the same tempo. Except skiing," laughed Claudette. . .

"So I came home eager to get to work. I was really disappointed when I found that I had about two months of idleness ahead of me before the script of *Midnight* would be ready to shoot. At first I had all of my friends to see, of course. That kept me occupied. Now, *I don't know what to do with myself*. Isn't that silly? But it's so. The Machine Age has certainly pushed woman right out of the home, into jobs or," laughed Claudette, "onto skis or the tennis courts.

"I wander about the house fixing flowers that don't need fixing. I know that I should be reading all of the books that, when I am working, I promise myself I will read the instant I have time off. I do quite a lot of reading, of course, but by no means as much as I should. I get restless. I want to get back on that sound stage again.

"I've thought of doing a stage play out here. Or perhaps in San Francisco. But I was advised against it. New York, they say, is the only place to do a play. One of these days I may attempt that, too.

"SO," SAID Claudette, reaching for a cigarette, stretching her slim, unwillingly lazy length on the couch, "my main discovery about myself is that I love my work, love Hollywood, love being an actress, love being a movie actress. If ever again I get that Tired Of It All feeling I'll know that it's only a temporary aberration, to be cured by a few months away or a few *days* of doing nothing.

"I want to go on and on and *on* making pictures. *Midnight*, by the way, will be a comedy. Not one of the squirrelly kind which, we are told, are now outmoded—but a comedy drama, *fun*. I really have fun when I'm making a comedy, too," said Claudette. "They must be a tonic for people for even when I'm working in one I feel brighter, peppier, *healthier* than I do when I'm using tears and heartaches for my medium. Just the same, I'd like to do a really powerful, dramatic part. One of the big, soul-wrenching kind. For despite the fact that comedy is, technically, harder to do, requires more real acting ability than drama, people don't know that and are always more impressed by scenes that break their hearts than by scenes that tickle their ribs.

"But comedy or drama or both," said Claudette as she—and the low-slung Hansi—walked to the door with me, "I know that this is my life, here in Hollywood, on the screen, in those cans of film. . . ."

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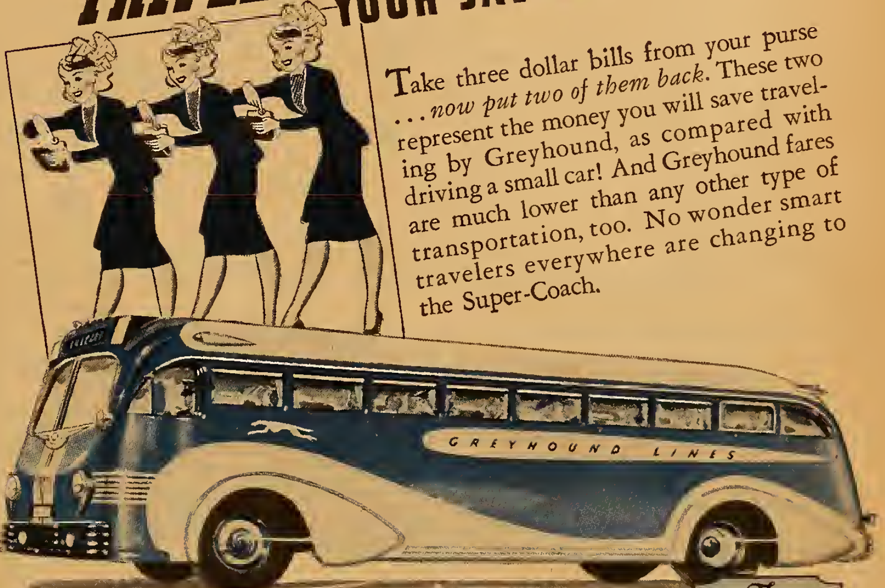

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Girl Meets Man—Parson Waits

[*Continued from page* 40]

said. "There isn't a word of truth in it. It's silly. In all the time we've known each other, Nicky and I have yet to have our first argument."

In that case, I suggested, perhaps she should start a Watch-for-an-Elopement rumor.

She smiled. "I wish I could. But I can't—yet."

That called for an explanation.

"It's a long story. I mean it goes back a long way, to long before I ever met Nicky."

With a red-tinted fingernail, Marie absorbedly drew a little pattern on the tablecloth. "Hollywood didn't know I existed until about two years ago," she began. "But I've been conscious of Hollywood all my life. As long as I can remember, I've wanted to be Somebody in the movies. I grew up with that idea. The more I grew up, the more I wondered if I had any right to it. But—there it was. And I had to do something about it. I couldn't be happy till I was in the movies."

Her smile asked if I could understand how any girl could feel that way.

"I grew up in Anaheim—which is a little town only about an hour and a half east of Los Angeles. Hollywood wasn't so far away that I couldn't dream of getting there, some day. Every movie that came to Anaheim, I saw—and acted it all out afterward. I was always making believe I was a movie star. I was Garbo, usually." Marie laughed. "Every time a show was put on in Anaheim, I was in it. All except a school play one time. You had to have good marks to be in that. And I didn't have good marks. I did too much day-dreaming—about becoming a movie star.

"I guess acting was an 'escape' for me. I was a bundle of complexes when I was growing up. I didn't think people liked me. I didn't have any girl-friends. Only my step-sisters. (My own Daddy died when I was eight, and my mother married again.) Other girls didn't seem to take to me. I used to feel that that was because I wasn't as nice as other girls. But when I was play-acting—when I was pretending to be somebody else—I lost that feeling, that inferiority complex. Then I was really happy.

"When I was sixteen, I couldn't wait any longer to be a movie actress. I'd read that Hollywood liked its newcomers young—the younger, the better. So I was going to Hollywood. My Daddy had left a trust fund for me—$11,000. Things were going hard for my step-father, and I saw a way to help out. I asked Mother for my trust fund. We could all go to Hollywood on the money, and *I'd* support the family . . ."

SO SHE took the $11,000—and invested it in a movie career. She had heard that the way to get Hollywood to notice you was to make a splurge. So Marie went splurging. But there was method in her splurging.

She rented a big house in Hollywoodland, one of the better sections of town, and paid the rent in advance for a year. (She needed a big house—because she had with her not only her mother and step-father, but two small brothers, two step-sisters, and a grandfather.) She bought enough canned goods to keep them all in food for a year. ("The cellar was full, and all the shelves, and even the closets.") She invested in a glamorous wardrobe, including a mink coat. She bought a big second-hand car. And, thus armed, she set out to get in the movies.

Three weeks after she arrived in Hollywood, she was overdrawn $1.34 at the bank. But she wasn't perturbed. She ought to be able to make good (she thought) in a year. 'Round and 'round she went, to the casting offices, and was told in all of them to come back when she had some experience. But how was she going to get any experience without first getting some work? She enlisted agents in her behalf. ("At one time I had so many agents that I wondered if there'd be ten per cent left out of my salary for me—if I ever did get a job.") But nothing happened. She couldn't get even "extra" work.

One of her step-sisters gave her some money for dramatic lessons. Surely, a few lessons were all Marie needed to get a movie chance! Then the money for lessons gave out—and still Marie had no work. But she did have one break. Her dramatic teacher felt sorry for her. More than that—she thought Marie had possibilities, if she had some training. She was an unusual type. The teacher gambled on Marie. She continued giving Marie lessons—on the chance that, some day, Marie would be able to repay her.

GRATEFUL, Marie worked harder than any novice ever worked before. But month succeeded month, and still all of her ambition and effort paid no dividends. Finally, few and far between, came some "extra" roles. She was in Hollywood nearly two years before she had a job that lasted more than one day. It was a job as a showgirl in *The Great Ziegfeld*. It led to an acting test, but the test led nowhere until eight months later. Then—two years ago—Warners gave her a contract, to play small roles at a small salary.

Since Nick Grinde is a director at Warners, a great many people wonder—as I did—if Nick was responsible for her getting a break there.

The answer is No. "Nicky didn't come to Warners," Marie told me, "until about six months after I came here. Our careers have been entirely separate except for one picture I was in that he directed—*Public Wedding*. And that was an accident. Another girl was supposed to play the role I had, but she fell sick. And the man who was supposed to direct fell sick, and they put Nicky on it. He tried to get out of it. He said to me, 'This will probably ruin our friendship forever.' As it turned out, we both enjoyed it. But that's the only time we've mixed business and friendship. We don't believe in it. And—maybe that's why we're still in love."

How long have they known each other? "Almost as long as I've been in Hollywood—almost four and a half years. We met about a month after I arrived.

"My car brought us together." Marie smiled, in reminiscence. "That car—it was one of my biggest headaches in those days. Usually, I didn't have enough money for more than one gallon of gas at a time. This particular morning, I had let it roll down our driveway into the street—and there I got stuck, crossways on the street. I didn't have enough gas to start it. Nobody could get past me. And, in nothing flat, all the early-morning vendors in Hollywoodland were halted there, and all irate at me. Then this man appeared, to help me out of the mess. He lived next-door, and I'd seen him a few times—a tall, nice-looking man with gray hair over the temples. But I'd never met him, and didn't know who he was or what he did. I thought he was probably an actor.

"He drove me down to the nearest gas station in his car. I had just seventeen cents with me—just enough for one gallon. I fished it out real quick, and asked for 'one gallon in a can.' Luckily, the station fellow knew me, so I didn't have to pay a deposit on the can. I was embarrassed enough as it was. I was so embarrassed, I almost forgot to ask my rescuer his name. He said it was Grinde. I told him mine, and thanked him, and got my car started, and got away from there. I felt as red as a beet, having such a thing happen to me. And his laughing at my embarrassment didn't help any.

"I don't know how he got my telephone number. I didn't give it to him—and it was an unlisted number, which the telephone company wasn't supposed to give out. He's never told me how he got it. Anyway, he called me a day or two later. He called several more times. After a couple of weeks or so, he invited me to go to the Cocoanut Grove one night. I accepted.

"No, it wasn't love at first sight. It sort of grew on us. But it grew fast. I went out with quite a few people at first—boys I'd met in casting offices, places like that. I thought that, going out with them, maybe I'd hear about roles I could try for. But then my dates with Nicky started being so frequent that I didn't have time for anyone else.

"I didn't know for some time that he was a director. He never mentioned anything about his work. And he didn't know about my screen ambitions, either. When I finally confided them to him, he didn't think I was serious. When I convinced him I was, he didn't think I'd ever get in pictures, ever get a movie job. But when I did get a job, finally, he became my biggest booster. Do you know what he does now? The morning after a preview of some picture I'm in, he wakes me up to read the reviews over the 'phone. He's marvelous, the way he accents the right words. He makes the reviews sound like raves—whether they are or not. Usually, they aren't. I can see that, when I read them myself. But—I like the way Nicky reads them. It helps, to have *him* think I'm great. It's just one more incentive.

"He used to shake his head, over the way I kept trying—but he admired my sticking to it.

"Just knowing Nicky helped me to learn poise. I've told him so, and he says, kiddingly, 'Yes, I found you in the hills and put shoes on you.' But, seriously—being with him, meeting his friends, *has* done wonders for me."

HOW did she explain her falling in love with Nicky, not anyone else?

"You don't know why you fall in love with someone. You just do. It's something beyond your control. Even if a man's ears were pinned on upside down, you still might fall in love with him . . ."

How did she explain their never having had a quarrel?

"I can't imagine our ever having words. Why, he wouldn't stand for me to say something unkind to him, any more than he'd let himself say anything unkind to me. He just isn't a person you could blow up and scream at. And he has a sense of humor—one of the world's best—that won't let him lose *his* temper."

Many of their dates are spent with Nicky's friends, few of whom are actors. Two or

[*Continued on page* 78]

The Lowdown On Fred And Ginger

[*Continued from page 29*]

Take your pick. The first was not only improbable but highly impossible with Fred and Ginger both being devoted in other directions, so of course it had to be the latter. Gossips said that there was professional jealousy, conflicting temperaments, oh, they just didn't get along together.

Of course to those who knew Fred and Ginger nothing was more absurd, but it persisted. Things like this carried it on: that time that Fred stopped in the middle of a rehearsal and said, "Gee, Ginger, I don't know whether that dress you're wearing is right or not." Then he went on to explain that it was pretty enough, it was lovely on her, but that there was just too much of it; it got in the way on the turns. "Do you see what I mean?" he asked. "You bet I do," she answered quickly, "and I agree with you. Let's get the designer over and see what changes he can suggest." A few minutes later the designer arrived and they stood there in the middle of the floor discussing it. To a visitor on the side lines it looked like an argument and she went away spreading it to the world. There was no argument, except the designer, but when the story finally hit the columns it was the designer who was the innocent bystander, and Fred and Ginger who had all the words. Things like that are unfounded, unfortunate, but they do persist and there were plenty of things like that in the early days to dog their trail.

BUT now for a change let's have the real truth, all of it, and nothing but it. Just to say that they are close, harmonious friends, that there has never been the least friction between them, is not enough. But to watch them together is infallible proof. Have you ever noticed that only the best friends take the time and the trouble to tease and rib each other? It's an overwhelming indication, and something funny, something amusing is always going on between Fred and Ginger. Ginger was an onlooker during the first part of the gag that Fred played recently, but she had a part in it before it was over. What happened was in their new picture there is a golf dance number which Fred does on a practice tee; a very difficult thing, swinging at the golf balls as he dances. During rehearsals there was a lot of rivalry around the set to see if others could make a perfect swing and hit while dancing, too, and that gave Fred the idea first. He had a special golf ball made, which contained an explosive. One day while the assistant director was trying to out-do Fred at his own stuff, Fred substituted the firecracker golf ball, with reverberating results. Ginger lost no time in discovering where he had ordered the ball, and ordered one for herself, playing the same gag right back at him a few days later—much to the delight of everyone in general, including Fred, and the assistant director in particular.

Then, too, aside from the fun they have together on the set there is the work they have together, and in that way they are closer than in anything else, and the admiration that Fred feels for Ginger in this connection is something that should be an eye-opener. When Fred first came to Hollywood he doubted that he'd ever find a dancing partner as good or as energetic as his sister Adele. Naturally he knew that Ginger's dancing had been an off-and-on thing and she made no pretense of being a finished artist.

But suddenly Fred saw that wouldn't make any difference, because of one thing: Ginger not only had the strength and physical grit to practice hours and days on end, but she had the willingness as well. Hour after hour, day after day, she would go on. "Are you sure you're all right, Ginger?" "Are you sure you don't want to rest now?" He kept asking those questions because he couldn't believe that there was another person like him, a person willing to work and rehearse without thought of anything else. Then one day, after twelve hours at a stretch, she mumbled courageously, "No, I'm perfectly all right. I'm perfectly fine!" From then on Fred knew that, as far as diligence and perseverance and trying were concerned, he had at last met his match.

ANOTHER thing, they are both led by the same desire to go on to new fields, with the identical conquering urge. We men-

[*Continued on page 69*]

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Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene; Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair. Get Drene from drug, department or 10c stores. Better beauty shops everywhere feature this shampoo marvel. A single shampoo will both amaze and thrill you.

To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

drene

Shampoo

SPECIAL for Dry Hair
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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

YOU'LL DANCE FOR JOY

when corns go Root*and All

NO MORE painful corns! No more dangerous old-fashioned paring, that only affects the surface of a corn, leaves the root to come back bigger and more painful than ever! Now it's easy to remove corns quickly—safely—root and all! The new double-action Blue-Jay method ends pain by removing pressure, then in a few days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use. Safe—quick-acting—painless. 25¢ for a package of 6. Same price in Canada. At all drug and department stores.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS Send for **FREE** package of cigarettes and powder—prove at our expense how Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound soothes and relieves Asthmatic paroxysms. Standard remedy at druggists. Cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Powder, 25¢ and $1. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. FW-9, Rupert, Vt.

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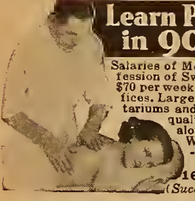

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Help keep your blood free of waste poisons that may irritate your skin

Don't let ugly hickies make you look ridiculous. Stop being shunned and laughed at. Find out what may cause your pimples and take steps to get rid of them.

Between 13 and 25, your body is growing rapidly. Important gland changes may upset your system. Intestinal poisons are often thrown into the blood stream and carried to the skin . . . where they may bubble out in pimples.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help you as it has helped so many others. Millions of tiny, *live* plants in each cake of this fresh food help keep your blood free of intestinal poisons. When this is done, resulting pimples begin to go. Your skin becomes clearer, smoother, more attractive. Many get amazing results in 30 days or less! Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today. Eat 3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before meals.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 18]

Edmund Goulding-Norma Shearer have ringside seats at Rathbone wedding

Already she holds the Hollywood championship at having had 'em and left 'em. Most current Big Moment in the Brian set-up is Robert Paige . . . Wonder when it'll be Freddie Bartholomew's turn?

Myrna Loy and hubby, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., show Rathbones how to be happy though married

■

HAPPILY arrived has young Master Foran, seven-pound son of hoss-opera Dick. Jitterest papa of the year was Foran, who stalked up and down the hospital corridor for hours, accompanied by his pal, Rex Bell (Clara Bow's hubby, you know) . . . In return, Dick stood by Rex when the newest Clara-Rex boy was delivered.

The inseparables, Jon Hall and Frances Langford, are Mister and Missus to you

THINGS were not so sweet-and-lovely in the Odets-Rainer setup, despite the fact that in a Hollywood night spot where Luise and Clifford sat one night, two hearts intertwined, had been sketched on the table cloth with the initials LR in one and CO in the other . . . And in a New York nite-club, one or the other had sketched a house on the wall—with arrows piercing the hearts. A dove-cote, as it were. This was but a few days before the bust-up.

■

THEY'VE never said, in so many words, that they really are married, legally and all that . . . Nevertheless, sooner or later now, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard may HAVE to admit it, officially. Because they can't get a divorce unless they do tell the world—and, incidentally, the courts—that they are married. And divorce is

[*Continued on page* 71]

The Lowdown On Fred And Ginger

[*Continued from page 67*]

tioned that on Fred's vacation he went in for golf, but why or how hasn't been told until now. Fred has always shot in the eighties, a good score, especially for an actor who only plays occasionally. But for years his most consistent golf opponent has been Randy Scott, and consistently Randy beat him, game after game. That finally grew to be too much. All last summer while Fred was away trying to get ahead on his golf, the executives at the studio would write him about business, receive a prompt answer from him, but with no word of business, only golf. "I broke eighty today!" and paragraphs of details. Then, "I shot seventy-eight today, what do you think! Only don't tell Randy." When he came back and could beat Randy at last he was the happiest man in the world.

It was the same with Ginger, only in her case it was skiing. She went to Sun Valley last March, ostensibly to rest, but reports came back that she was taking skiing lessons. Banged knees, scraped shins, nasty spills—and she was supposed to be resting, gaining back precious weight she had lost! But there was no stopping her. In eight lessons, as against the twelve it usually takes, Hans Hauser, the famous Austrian teacher, awarded Ginger her skiier's medal, a sort of skiier's diploma. When Fred and Ginger finally met on the set after so many months, they rushed toward each other, both beaming proudly, and said simultaneously: "Did you hear? I—" then they broke into a laugh. "I know," said Fred, "you learned to ski and I broke an 80. Well, how about a little dance now?"

So you can see that their separation for a year had nothing to do with temperament, or disagreement or any desire on Fred's part to dance with someone else. What did happen was this, and it began to happen a long time ago. Back there, along about the second Astaire-Rogers musical, Ginger began to yearn to do a little something besides musicals. And why not? After all, it had always been her ambition to be a dramatic actress and she felt that it was high time she got in her innings, before it was too late. So even then she began sandwiching in some straight acting parts: *Romance in Manhattan* with Francis Lederer, *In Person* with George Brent, *Star Of Midnight* with William Powell. She had no desire to do these pictures in place of her pictures with Fred, only in addition to them.

BUT this last year her dramatic schedule got to be such a big one, with three pictures right in a row, and also with some delays on some of them because of illness, that it was impossible for her to do an Astaire musical. And that, believe us, is the reason why Fred happened to do a picture without Ginger. His contract calls for two pictures a year—no one has ever been able to persuade him to sign for more—yet those pictures had to be made, for they in turn had been promised to the exhibitors. So that was the birth of *Damsel In Distress.* Nor was it just a picture "thrown in" . . . RKO didn't stint; it put as much time, interest and money into this as they always had put into the other Astaire shows, but the result wasn't too happy, for the reason already pointed out. The picture is making money, will continue to do so for it hasn't even played Europe yet, but the public, too long educated to Fred and Ginger together, were greedy when they got only Astaire alone.

As we say, it's only the system then, that half-vicious, half-delightful one of steady star-teaming. Since Fred danced alone in that picture, it did prove one thing, however. There had been rumors, too, all along that a substitute for Ginger might be found, and somebody else would be built as Fred's dancing partner. In the past, Claire Luce, who had danced with him on the stage; also Eleanor Powell had been mentioned. Though by whom nobody knows. But a story did come out in which Eleanor Powell announced for a title: "I will Never Dance with Astaire." That was a bit out of place and out of time since it's a question now whether anyone *ever asked her.* Still perhaps it was in answer to public queries. But it's obvious now that there is no substitute for Ginger! Their back-together-again success in *Carefree*—for success it will be, there is no doubt about that—will for once and for all, finally, prove it!

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Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After successes on the London stage, her movie roles under the direction of the famous Alexander Korda led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (*See her in Goldwyn's "Marco Polo".*)

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Hollywood spends fabulous sums to prolong the freshness of its stars. Old Gold spends a fortune to protect—for you—the freshness of prize crop tobaccos.

Just as too much exposure coarsens beauty, so dryness, dampness and dust rob fine tobaccos of smoothness and flavor. To give you Old Golds at the very peak of appealing freshness, every Old Gold package is *double-sealed,* in 2 jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane.

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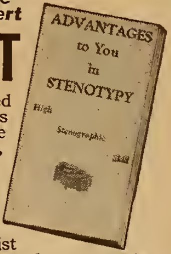

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Put Yourself "Out" On The Shelf

[*Continued from page* 51]

items may be removed without disturbing any other item at the same time; all items should be easily visible; and of course a good closet is a clean closet.

Clothing Carriers Double Garment Space.

Practically any closet can be improved if a clothing carrier is installed. This is a rectangular metal bar which slides freely on roller bearings and which should be placed right in the center of the closet under the shelf. How wonderfully it works! A touch, and the extension rolls forward, so that your entire wardrobe of 6, 10 or even 20 garments comes right into plain view. No fumbling in the dark, no badly creased, hook-hung dresses or coats. Every article is in order, every dress in place. There's a clothing carrier to fit closets of any depth from 16 to 48 inches, and they're just as invaluable for hubby's suits as for wifey's dresses!

Trouser Hangers and Tie Racks Bid for Men's Favor.

Men have a special problem in keeping trousers in press so that nothing will spoil that much favored crease. Here's where the trousers rack which holds four pairs simultaneously, full length and always in press, meets masculine approval. Screw this rack to the closet wall, let the trousers hang full length, by the cuffs, and see how many tailor and pressing bills will be saved. Tie racks are almost as numerous in design as are the ties they hold, but a good tie rack must always keep this important male accessory flat and straight. A new and novel rack is so designed that it pulls out from the closet door, allows ties to be easily selected, and then folds back, locking the ties in place.

Speaking of keeping men's clothes in order, every man can afford a valet, when this is nothing more than a little wooden costumer designed to hold a man's suit, hat, shoes, tie, etc., and which is excellent for use in guest rooms particularly.

Hat Holders Go High Hat and Visible.

The refrain of "where did you put my hat?", need never be heard if modern hat holders are included in the convenient closet. For the small every-day hat nothing seems more satisfactory than a tilting hat holder which fastens to the wall, door or hook strip, and which is pulled down by a cord to bring the hat into easy reach. Many of these are gaily painted to match the color scheme of the closet, and a row of them on the closet shelf is as cheerful as a row of geraniums!

Some of these holders, however, are designed to be permanently screwed to the wall and are of the swinging type. The rounded and raised tops prevent hats from falling off, while the extended arm keeps the hat brim from rubbing against the wall, the holder swinging into any position.

For the important hat, the chapeau which is "best" and hence needs the best care, nothing is more delightful than one of the new transparent hat boxes. In one style, the box itself is covered with smart washable wallpaper and has a "drop" transparent front of window through which the hat is always visible and by means of which it may be removed easily from the box. In another style, the entire box is as transparent as glass, circular in shape, with a close-fitting lid which protects the hat from dust while keeping it in full view. The lightweight material is nevertheless durable and can be kept spotless with a sweep of damp cloth while adding a decorative crystal effect to Milady's closet shelves.

Shoe Racks Keep Shoes Stylish in Small Space.

And what about shoes, even if you don't boast the hundreds of pairs of which it is said stars like Adolphe Menjou are possessors? Shoes wear longer and look better at all times if they have a special parking space for each pair. Shoes heaped on closet floors become dusty and shapeless. A shoe rack fastened to the lower, inner side of the closet wall or door keeps shoes clean, well aired and in good shape. And the point about air is quite important if we care much for healthy rested feet. Hence metal or wooden shoe racks add a note of completeness to closets in the modern home, while keeping the shoes shapely and in long wear. Easily fastened to baseboards, wall or door, they come in sizes to meet every requirement.

Speaking of shoes, the girl who values her dance slippers should be glad to learn that there is now available black cellulose film or paper, made into bags, expressly for the purpose of keeping silver slippers shiny or for wrapping up your gold lame blouse. By preventing light from reaching these things, they may be kept from tarnishing.

Sturdy Cardboard Furnishings Save Space.

The business girl, living as she frequently does in one room, has a serious problem in finding sufficient space for the numerous items which make any woman's wardrobe complicated. An excellent answer is the neat, compact and attractive chests of drawers which hold everything from shoes to hats. These come in several sizes and are covered in smart washable wallpaper in gay colorful patterns. There are many combinations to choose from, depending on the particular use to which you wish to put your chest. Do you want one with a hat box at the top, or do you need the one which has a compartment that pulls out to hold soiled clothes, as a hamper? Or do you need the model which has the most room for shoes, or cosmetics? In other words, hankies, undies, blouses, gloves, hose, are all fit items for these little chests which are designed in different arrangements to meet inexpensively your wardrobe placement needs. And there's also a cute little medicine cabinet to hang on bathroom or dressing-room wall, covered in the same wallpapers as are the chests, which are fine for those extra toilet articles which stand untidily around, or for beauty preparations of all kinds.

And don't forget these *furnishings* when you need more space in the nursery or children's room, for the little drawers are ideal for small garments of all kinds from booties to 'ski suits'!

And what to do with those sweaters, skating togs, extra blanket, clothing to be worn another season? Ah, let's look under the bed! Yes, under the bed is really a lot of space, at least 6 feet by 3 feet of it, which can be utilized. And it *is* utilized in the excellent slide-away under-bed chest or deep roomy drawer which is the neatest trick of the season. The slide-a-way just glides under the bed with the greatest of ease, for it is equipped with ball-bearing wheels. Store anything you want in it (for it's moth-resistant, too), and slide it down under, out of sight, until you want it. This is also made of sturdy light-weight heavy cardboard which is never cumbersome even when full.

Another suggestion for blanket storage in the one-room villa of the business girl especially, is a blanket box which holds two or even three blankets or spreads and has a drop-front. This is also covered in decorative paper and may be kept on the closet shelf, under window seat or book shelves, or in an odd corner. And while we're in odd corners, if you have one which for some reason should be screened from the general living part of a room—say a work corner or cooking corner which it is impossible to keep in order at all times—there is a three-panelled screen to be secured in the same wallpaper to match your other "cardboard furniture" accessories.

Roll-Door Cabinets Replace the Old Attic Trunk.

Every woman confronted with a storage problem for her own or the family's clothing, finds a simple solution in that unit known as a roll-door cabinet. This is a portable upright model, made of strong fibre board and very good-looking. To open or close the cabinet, pull down or raise up the door, just as you would raise or lower a window shade, and there is a special device which allows the *door* to snap up of its own accord as the window shade does when you jerk it and release the catch. These closet-cabinets come in various sizes and hold up to 20 garments. Included in the cabinet is a humidor which makes any moth simply turn up his toes and die!

Dress Your Shelves with Ruffled Edging.

Nothing so dresses up a closet as the use of edging. For example, in a narrow corner cupboard, paint the back wall or paper it with a single-tone wall paper. Then trim the shelf edgings and the two long sides with pert, stiff, ruffled paper trim to match, and see what a charming effect this gives your china shelves! Or, apply the same idea to your linen shelves and see what a pleasing, colorful effect is given to the entire closet. Today's shelf edgings are printed with strong double edges which do not curl, and the profusion of papers in lovely patterns and colors makes selection difficult but entertaining. Since these edgings come ready-to-tack with colored thumbtacks, it takes but a very few minutes to "dress up" even a large linen closet in red, yellow, blue or green. Some of the designs are flowered, others polka-dotted or checked, and all are suitable for closet, bath or kitchen.

Make your closets compact, convenient and pretty, and in the words of the old copy-book, have "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

And to secure these interesting, economical and practical space savers and decorative fixtures, write us for the name and address of their manufacturers, which we will be glad to send you on receipt of the following coupon.

LET ME SEND YOU

the list of firms manufacturing Convenient Closet Accessories, including all those described in the above article. Just mail this coupon with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Christine Frederick, c/o MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

(This offer expires October 15, 1938)

Name ....

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MP-9

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 68]

the nearest thing they're to . . . Charlie, still hiding out, more or less, in that cottage at Carmel-by-the-Sea, has been stepping out in Carmel and in San Francisco with Geraldine Spreckles, good-looking sugar millionairess. More, he's been casting that notoriously femme-appreciative eye of his at various lovelies.

Meantime, in Hollywood, Paulette goes merrily on her way and her career —and finds plenty of time to step out to the niteries with Pat di Cicco. Will Pat follow her to Cape Cod where she plays stock this summer?

And so it looks as though one more of the ill-fated loves of Chaplin is at its final fade-out.

◆

ESTELLE TAYLOR plays Helen Morgan's original role and sings Helen's songs, "My Bill," and "Can't Help Loving Dat Man" in the summer revival of *Show Boat*, under the Fortune Gallo-Shubert banner. Estelle opened in Cleveland July 15, and then goes to Jones Beach, Long Island August 15. Later Estelle will have a featured role in summer revival of *Countess Maritza*.

ASIDE, to Marjorie Weaver:—it's perfectly okeh, Marje, to take in the nite-clubs with good-looking, well-to-do Bill Davis, but if you think you're kidding us, then explain this: Why do you wear that lovely wrist watch that is initialed KGS?—and aren't those the initials of Navy ensign Kenneth George Schacht, who was once rumored secretly married to you?

◆

OF COURSE, there's nothing new any more in the announcement that Kay Francis is going to marry Baron Barnckow . . . Nor that Delmar Daves is going to marry pretty Mary Lou Lender. But what Hollywould still like to know is, was it Mary Lou or the Baron who made a catch on a rebound?

◆

ALSO on Lana Turner's now-and-then list is Jack Dunn. But Jack is no one-gal man himself, any more than Lana is a one-man gal. Also stepping it with Dunn have been Andrea Leeds, Movita and red-headed hula dancer, Carolyne Mason . . . The boy gets around, even *without* his skates!

"KISS ME QUICK!"

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"YOU WIN! I can't stay mad when you bring me Beeman's! It's got such flavor—a dash and tang and irresistible lusciousness that lifts me right out of the dumps!

They say it's the triple guard airtight package that keeps Beeman's so fresh and full of flavor—all *I* know is, it's *good!*"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

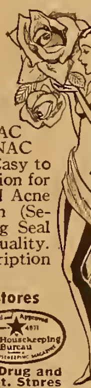
GRAY HAIR GONE

(TEST BOTTLE FREE)

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it **FREE** ~ We send *Free* complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

—MARY T. GOLDMAN—
3011 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....
Color of your hair? ....



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Make up to $28 in a week calling on friends. Take orders for smart Personal Christmas Cards, with sender's name. Low Prices. Also make 100% on $1 Assortment of 21 Christmas Cards. Big value. Many others — and 50 Christmas Cards with name, $1. Write today.

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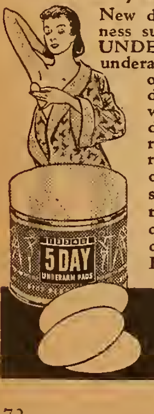

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5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

Beautiful Legs Contest

[*Continued from page 31*]

legs in Hollywood. We want you, by your ballots, to select from these 6, the pair of legs to be officially known as "The Most Beautiful Legs in Hollywood."

It is part of the fun that although you are voting for the most beautiful pair of legs in Hollywood, you will not know the owner until the winner is announced in a later issue of MOTION PICTURE. When all the ballots have been counted, the pictures of these six individuals with their respective rankings in the contest will be published.

We believe selecting the six most beautiful pair of legs and obscuring the identity of the owners, and then having you, the movie fans, vote for the winner, is the only accurate way to determine which of the Hollywood stars has the most beautiful legs.

Prizes to contestants will be awarded for the most sincere and original statements as contained in the 15 words as to why you believe one of the stars in your list has more beautiful legs than the other nine in your list.

Remember, whom you vote for on your list of 10 names as found in the slogan has no bearing whatever on whether or not you are awarded a prize. Prizes are being awarded for the best original statements submitted on the coupon. However, be sure that the stars on your list may be found in the slogan. If not, your list is not correct in this respect and your entry is not eligible for the contest.

Then be sure to vote honestly for the most beautiful pair of legs among the SIX pictured in the layout on pages 30-31. This is just a poll to discover which of the six pair of legs—chosen by MOTION PICTURE Magazine—really are the most beautiful in Hollywood. We will reveal the name of the stars and how they rank in this poll at the conclusion of the contest. Please remember that this poll has no bearing whatever on your previous choice from your list of 10 names.

CONTEST RULES

1. Now below you will find a coupon. Fill this coupon out as instructed with the names of female players or stars having beautiful or better-than-ordinary legs. Each letter in the name of any player or star selected must be contained in the slogan—"GIVE ME A SAILOR" IS PARAMOUNT'S ROLLICKING, MIRTHFUL COMEDY STARRING MARTHA RAYE AND BOB HOPE.
2. In assembling any one star name, any individual letter may be used for that name, only as many times as it appears in the above slogan.
3. The prizes will be awarded to those contestants supplying a correct list of hidden names as taken from the slogan. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of the most sincere and original reasons for preferring the legs of one star in your list of 10 to the other 9 in the same list. Contestants must write or print legibly. A typewriter may be used. Neatness will not be a consideration in awarding these prizes.
4. Contestants may submit as many entrants as they desire but each entry must be made on a coupon provided for that purpose in this magazine.
5. The Editor of this magazine and his Assistants are judges. Decisions of the judges shall be final and no correspondence will be entered into concerning letters submitted to this contest. In case of ties, prizes of equal value will be awarded to each contestant.
6. No employees of Fawcett Publications or members of employees' families are eligible to compete in this contest.
7. This contest closes November 1, 1938. Entries post-marked later than that date will not be considered in this contest.

Send this coupon to Beautiful Legs Contest Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Contest closes November 1, 1938.

In The Slogan:

"GIVE ME A SAILOR" is PARAMOUNT'S Rollicking, Mirthful Comedy Starring MARTHA RAYE AND BOB HOPE.

I have found the following ten hidden names:

1. .... 6. ....
2. .... 7. ....
3. .... 8. ....
4. .... 9. ....
5. .... 10. ....

Of the ten actresses with beautiful legs I prefer ....

(Write or print your reason or reasons for the ONE player whose legs you prefer above the other NINE on your list—in 15 words or less below)

....

....

This coupon must contain a vote for the best-looking pair of legs as pictured on pages 30-31. Each pair has a number—1 to 6. Vote for one of these numbers ....

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City .... State ....

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8. Tussy Beauty Kit
9. Swim Outfit by U. S. Rubber Co., consisting of cap, suit and shoes
10. 1 pr. Johnson, Stephens, Shinkle Shoes
11. Hickory Foundation Garment
12. Sterns & Foster Quilt
13. B. V. D. Swim Suit
14. B. V. D. Swim Suit
15. B. V. D. Swim Suit
16. Luxor Beauty Kit
17. Samson Card Table
18. Kit of Bristol-Meyers Products
19. Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
20. Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
21. Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
22. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
23. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
24. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
25. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
26. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
27. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
28. Leigh Beauty Kit
29. Kraft-Phoenix De Luxe Cheese Assortment
30. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
31. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
32. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
33. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
34. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
35. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
36. Campana Kit
37. 1 pr. of Slipperettes

Great Dane

[*Continued from page* 42]

after the first film, people wanted to see more of the Quins, and so we made *Reunion* the following year. Now we have just turned in the third Quin picture, *Five of a Kind*. But I like to think that in addition to the interest in the little girls, the public has a warm place in its heart for the man who brought them into life, and kept them alive.

Proud as he may be in sharing the glory that goes to the modest hero of Callander's multiple birth miracle, Jean Hersholt, in his own professional sphere, has every reason to be pretty proud of his accomplishments. The most unusual—almost—is his contractual status. Out of the 25 years that he has devoted to Hollywood and film-making, Hersholt has only been out of a contract for four months. It's some sort of record.

"THE first job I had was at Inceville" says Hersholt. "The Inceville studios were north of Santa Monica, on the ocean front, and if you drive up you can still see a few sets standing. Most tourists think they are Early Spanish ruins, I expect. But they aren't. They stem from early days in motion pictures.

"I made a mistake on my first application for a job. I didn't dress up. I went over in my ordinary clothes, and was turned down by one of the Horkheimer brothers who owned the Balboa studios. When I went home, I said to my wife, 'There's something wrong, Via. Maybe I should have worn my best clothes as actors do in Denmark when they go out to apply for work.' The next morning I got out my striped pants, cutaway coat, spats, put on my derby hat, grasped a cane, and went out to Inceville.

"The traction system was not then what it is now—unfortunately. I rode to the end of the line in my splendid attire and found that I had to walk two miles in the 'dobe dust under a sweltering sun to the Inceville plant. I did, but I was no spic-and-span *boulevardier* when I arrived. Nevertheless, I had an interview with the manager. He paid no attention to me or to the character 'stills' of parts I had played in Denmark, at the Dagmar Theatre, and in the film studios there.

"All he said," continued Hersholt, "was 'Are those your clothes?' I said they were, and he signed me immediately at fifteen dollars a week. Fifteen dollars a week for leading parts. . . Dress extras, now, get just about that much every day. The thought didn't occur to me, then. Why should it? There was no such comparisons to make. Films were an unimportant business. I was glad to make that much money every week, for Via and I were in very low funds. How I got a raise—to eighteen dollars a week—is a little story in itself."

The smoke from Hersholt's pipe drifted up and formed a cloud through which his eyes, blue and tranquil, looked out reminiscently.

"There were no million dollar epics in 1914," he said. "We made an average of two films a week, with lay-offs, of course. It was nothing to make from 72 to 85 pictures a year. We look down our noses now at what we call 'B' pictures and 'quickies' made on eighteen day schedules but two decades ago, if there was a demand for it, we could turn out a picture in a day-and-a-half.

"IT WAS in one of those two-reelers that I distinguished myself. The film was called. . . I can't begin to remember! I recall it was being directed by Scott Sidney and it was the conventional cowboy-and-Indian thriller. The stock members of the company, like myself, would first play the parts of the defending cowboys and then make up as Indians and become the aggressors. I was a blue-eyed Indian that moment, and I was one of the actors called upon to die. . . pitch lifeless from a parapet, or something. Well, I pitched all right and filming stopped immediately.

"'Well, I like the way you did that,' Director Sidney told me," continued Hersholt. "'Teach all the others to die that way and I'll see that you get a raise.' That was how I got three dollars more a week in my pay envelope. It meant a great deal, those extra twelve dollars a month, because Via and I were living on sixty and that would give us a few luxuries that we nowadays

[*Continued on page* 79]

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But dandruff's not!
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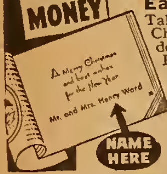
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WHITE BANNERS

—AAA½—

If you enjoy the simple things in life go to see *White Banners* based on Lloyd C. Douglas' story of the same name. And like Mr. Douglas' *Green Light* and *Magnificent Obsession*, *White Banners* is a story about the spirit. What the *Green Light* represented to Sir Cedric Hardwicke, *White Banners* represents to Fay Bainter. And like the story, itself, Fay Bainter is simple yet beautiful when she emotes in the role of *Hannah Parmalee*. In fact this is one of the most exciting performances seen on the screen, for Fay Bainter literally makes the poor, bedraggled *Hannah Parmalee* shine with a spiritual beauty. And while we are on the subject of performances, the other members in the cast are no slackers either. Particularly Claude Rains, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. There's also Henry O'Neill, Kay Johnson and James Stephenson and together they help make this one of the finest acted films of the year. The story is about the household of *Paul Ward* (Claude Rains), a school instructor by profession and an inventor by choice, and the changes that occur when *Hannah*, a house-to-house canvasser, calls to sell her wares but stays and alters the lives of the *Wards* with her philosophical and physical help.—*Warner Bros.*

THE RAGE OF PARIS

—AAA½—

While this is the title of Universal's comedy introducing their new French star, Danielle Darrieux, it may also be applied to the lady herself with this addenda: And The Rage of America. For after the release of *The Rage of Paris*, Mlle. Darrieux will definitely be the rage with her Parisienne *chic*, gorgeous figure and face, Continental charm, delightful accent and last, but not least, thespic talent. You who were fortunate enough to see *Mayerling*, the French film, know what to expect from Mademoiselle and we can assure you that she doesn't let you down—anyway, we weren't, for Darrieux measures right up to our expectations. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., co-stars in this and when you shut your eyes—though it's hard to keep them closed for a second with that gorgeous creature on the screen—you imagine he's Ronald Colman. And that isn't intended as a criticism. There's also Louis Hayward, Helen Broderick and Mischa Auer, so if you're looking for a laugh don't miss this. It's a light, sophisticated comedy about a girl and two men and her determination to eat even if she has to pose in the nude or marry for money.—*Universal.*

[*Continued on page 77*]

Acting Is My Job

[*Continued from page* 61]

Prince John was certainly going to suffer in comparison with the other characters.

"It was a grand story," *Prince John* Rains explains, "and, if you don't mind the plug, a grand cast that included Erroll Flynn, Basil Rathbone, Alan Hale, Olivia de Havilland, Ian Hunter and Eugene Pallette, and I knew that I had my work cut out for me if I was to give a creditable performance. I read my part over several times and then began to do a little research and discovered that *Prince John* was the exact opposite of the character as written in the script. Even then I wasn't so much concerned over the role as I was to have *Prince John* portrayed according to history.

"It might be a good plan," I said to myself, "to act out the character as originally written and then as I had come to interpret it and let the director and dialogue writers decide for themselves which they preferred. Well, as it turned out, my version of the role was accepted, the part was built up—and all I can hope is that those who will see it will be moderately pleased, at least, with my efforts."

We feel pretty sure that Actor Rains' worries are over on that score. We saw the picture and all we can say is, if he doesn't make the role actually "live" we don't know good acting when we see it.

1938, according to Actor Rains, promises to be the "highlight" year of his life. For two reasons if for none other.

"In the first place," he says proudly, "I'm the proud and happy father of a daughter born while I was making *White Banners.* She's five months old, now, her name is Jennifer, her hair is beautiful, silky, and changing from black to a shining brown and she's just about the grandest, prettiest little—well, no more of that. You'll begin to think I talk as though I were the only father in the world. In the second place, I became a full-fledged American citizen on my last trip East. That's something to be proud of, too. This country has been very, very good to me, and I owe it a great debt of gratitude. When *Sister Act* is finished I'm going to spend six weeks with my family on my little farm in Pennsylvania—and what a thrill that's going to be—to find them there, on land that I own as an American citizen!"

RAINS was born in London, England, November 10, 1889. He made his first stage appearance as a child of 10 in *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* and when the show closed went over to His Majesty's Theatre as call-boy.

"From call-boy," he says, "I graduated into a carpenter's job, won a promotion from that to become a master mechanic, and subsequently went through various stage callings—electrician, property man, and treasurer until I really had a position instead of a job—that of assistant stage-manager to Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the noted producer. I remained with him for seven years and then joined the Harrison-Trench company and finally made my first actual debut with a part in *The Gods of the Mountain.* Believe me, that was an achievement that I've never forgotten.

"I had learned the business from the ground up and here I was a real, honest-to-goodness actor! There were no more thrills left, I said to myself. I was an actor with my fingers wrapped tightly around the top rung of the theatrical ladder of fame! The thoughts of youth are certainly extraordinary I've discovered since then. Now, thirty-odd years later I'm in Hollywood, still an actor, but far removed from the one I thought I was in *The Gods of the Mountain.* Strange as it may sound, I find, now, that I have more to learn about acting than I did then."

In 1911, Rains decided that he would leave England, join a stock company and see the world. A month or so later he was in Australia playing in Maeterlinck's *The Bluebird* and won his share of praise from the dramatic critics. Later, at Sydney, he played his second important stage role in *You Never Can Tell,* a rather prophetic title in view of what happened to him later.

"England looked pretty good after my tour of 'down under'," Rains confesses, "and I had no desire for further travel. And then, almost before I realized it, I was aboard a liner headed for the United States where I was to be employed as general manager for Granville Barker. My first appearance on an American stage was in New Haven, Conn., where I made my debut in *Androcles and the Lion.* I liked America and Americans from the very start and it was surprising how soon it got to be 'home' to me. And then came the war."

The war took him back to England for enlistment in a London Scottish regiment and he served in France until 1919. He was gassed at Vimy Ridge, but emerged with a captain's commission—and a deep, intense hatred of war. The resumption of his stage career in London was marked by a succession of important roles in such plays as *Reparation, Julius Caesar, Polly With a Past, A Bill of Divorcement, Doctor's Dilemma* and *The Man of Destiny.* In the latter-named play he appeared as *Napoleon* to whom, by the way, he bears a striking resemblance.

"I couldn't forget America," he says, "and when my commitments were fulfilled in London I came to New York and was fortunate to win a role in *The Constant Nymph.*"

It was the success of this play and the brilliance of his work in it that was the direct cause of his being chosen as the Theatre Guild's leading character actor. While affiliated with this notable organization Rains appeared in *The Devil's Disciple, Karl and Anna, The Apple Cart, Miracle at Verdun, He* and *The Moon in the Yellow River.*

He was playing in *Peace Palace* when Universal brought him to Hollywood for the unusual starring role in *The Invisible Man.*

A quiet, shy, modest man, this Claude Rains who, since arriving in Movietown has taken little, if any, part in the accustomed life of the film city. Physically, he is as striking looking off-stage as he is on-stage in "character"—and this, despite the fact that he is rather short in build—a screen defect that is cleverly concealed by the camera. When talking he speaks in a low, soft voice far removed in sound from the sharp, harsh and grating one he employs on the screen as a villain. When talking, too, he looks at you with eyes of penetrating sharpness that, nevertheless, carry more than a hint of twinkling humor. He has no hobbies. Outside of acting which he considers a "job" and at which he has worked so well that Warner Brothers have recently elevated him to stardom, he has but two interests—his family and his farm.

As he best likes to describe himself he's just Claude Rains, plain American citizen, and mighty glad of it!

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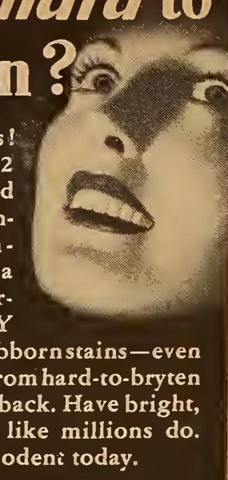

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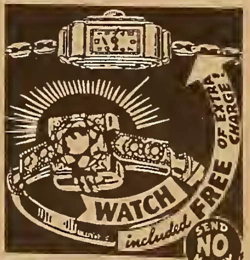
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Everything's Duck Soup For Joe

[*Continued from page* 38]

and a knock in my knees. As I spoke my first line there was a frog in my throat, too. The line was: 'Have you seen Suzabella?' To which he was supposed to reply: 'No, who is she?' But instead he snapped back: 'Sure I seen her—she's out in the alley!'

"Well, this left me higher'n the reefer man, and I just stood there with my mouth open wider'n the soubrette's hips. I was wide, high, but not handsome. But not my straight man! He hollered: 'So you won't talk, huh!' And then he hung a haymaker on my whiskers. When I went down he jumped on me, picked me up by the feet and pounded my head on the floor, tore my clothes off, kicked me, bit me, pummelled me and made an exit dragging me by one leg.

"I got to one knee at the count of nine and shook my head to clear the ringing from it. But the noise continued, and in a minute more I realized that it came from a howling, screaming, shouting, stamping, whistling, wholly delighted audience! 'See,' said my "pal," 'I told you I'd make you a success! I put you over just like I said.' Believe it or not, that was the end of my specialty while I trouped with that outfit. The bit was a hit, and it stayed in the show. It's a wonder I didn't go wallop-wacky!"

Yet, sometimes, Joe with his custom-cut clothes and the ring on his pinky must sigh for the not-so-good old days. In some ways those burlesque beatings were a soft touch compared with the troubles of being a Grade A star. Then all he had to do was "take it," and with the day's sparring over, there were no further worries. Now, never an hour but what carries its cares, for the business of pleasing a world-wide audience of motion picture patrons and radio dialers is no sinecure. Being funny is serious.

FOR instance, time was when if Joe wished to get from here to there, or vice versa, he'd take a tooth-brush and hop a day-coach, or maybe he'd forget the brush and board a side-door Pullman, utterly carefree and unhampered. But all that is in the used-to-be. Just the other day Penner had a three-year-old yen to visit New York. He was homesick for the old places and the old faces. So when they took the last shots of *Go Chase Yourself*, Joe figured he'd do that very thing. But was it as simple as that? No, sir! There were no fewer than nineteen persons in the Penner retinue when that choo-choo puffed East!

There was a counselor, a radio-program director, writers; there was Joe's Suzabella, Gay Seabrook; there was the "R" gargling comic, Joe E. Marx, and double-talker Roy Atwell, and dialecticians and several others who were either lost in transit or in traffic, or perhaps are still unclaimed in the check room of the Chicago station. And, of course, there was the fair Eleanor Mae Vogt, formerly of *The Follies*, but Mrs. Joseph Penner for the past ten years.

But, even with this crowd to corral, Joe maintained a holiday mood, and when the time arrived to shift from "The Chief" to "The Century," he suggested to the Missus that they take a little romp around Chicago. But they hadn't gone far before one of those Windy City zephyrs blew Joe's coat and hat right in the lake and threatened to blow him after them. So the turn about town was

[*Continued on page* 81]

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Joan Bennett, Randolph Scott
in
"THE TEXANS"

Arleen Whelan, Don Ameche
in
"ELLIS ISLAND"

Marjorie Weaver, Warner Baxter
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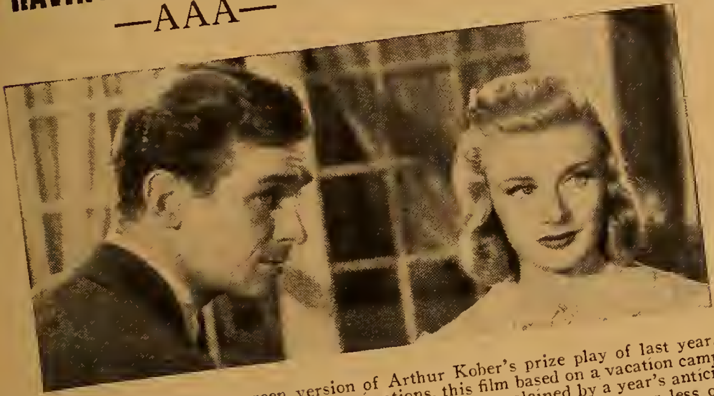

Here, finally, is the screen version of Arthur Kober's prize play of last year. Unfortunately, like many of our own vacations, this film based on a vacation camp falls short of one's expectations. Perhaps both can be explained by a year's anticipation of two weeks of pleasure or in the case of the film, two hours or less of pleasure. For it has been practically a year since plans were announced for the filming of *Having Wonderful Time*. The story remains as intriguing as the original but we feel that the producers weakened the plot by unnecessary injection of comic situations—particularly the lengthy and unfunny antics of the camp comic. (Maybe that's a purely personal reason—we never did appreciate camp clowns.) Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., handle their roles to perfection and Peggy Conklin, Lucille Ball and Lee Bowman also add their talents. If you aren't familiar with the story, it's a picture of the noisy, hectic life of a summer camp and the romantic interludes—one in particular, of a stenographer with an escapist mood and an unemployed lawyer who is employed as waiter and escort at the camp.—*RKO-Radio.*

BLOCKADE

—AAA—

Although we commend Walter Wanger for his courage in undertaking to produce a film on the present Spanish situation other editorials have criticized him for this very reason. All we wish is that Mr. Wanger could have put more truth into this film. But one couldn't without taking sides and while Mr. Wanger may be brave, he's no fool. After all a picture is intended as entertainment—worldwide entertainment—and you cannot consider war entertaining. However, there is plenty of meat in this epic, delivered in dramatic orations against the futility of war and the unmerciful suffering of the innocent women and children. Unfortunately, the horrors had to be diluted by the necessity—real or imaginary—of a romantic angle. This was taken care of with the well-worn war theme of espionage. Madeleine Carroll, a modern Mata Hari, and Henry Fonda, a man of the soil who becomes involved in the secret service, meet and fall in love. Both play their roles handsomely and there's also Leo Carrillo, John Halliday, Reginald Denny, Vladimir Sokoloff, *et al.*—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

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Girl Meets Man—Parson Waits

[*Continued from page 66*]

three evenings a week, they have dinner dates. Every time a new stage show opens in Los Angeles, they have a date. They do a great deal of swimming together. But their favorite tete-a-tete kind of date is a long walk in the hills.

WHAT do they talk about on those long walks? The house they will eventually have? The places they'd like to go on their honeymoon?

"Mostly, we talk about our work. Each is the other's best listener. He loves this business and so do I. Nicky says he never knew anybody so absorbed in work as I am. There are other things I *would* enjoy; I like parties, for example; but I haven't time for them—not if I want to learn more and more about my job. I'd rather spend money on dramatic lessons than on party clothes. If I ever do need any fancy clothes, I can always borrow them from the studio. And, besides, I enjoy the lessons.

"There's no satisfaction like the satisfaction of self-improvement. A lot of people ask me if I'm not afraid of becoming unnatural, studying how to do this or become that. All I can say is, I've never done a day's work that I didn't study and work for it. Work's such a habit with me now that I wonder sometimes if I can ever give it up. The unhappiest time of my life was last year, after I was hurt in an auto crash, and had to spend three months in bed, unable to do a thing. They told me I was lucky to be alive, but I wasn't thinking about that half as much as the work I was missing.

"I won't have to give it up when I marry. Nicky will never ask that."

Her career, then, isn't what has postponed her wedding?

"We'd probably have become engaged long before we did, only I was pretty young to decide about such things. And Nicky felt peculiar about talking marriage, being older than I. But"—she smiled again—"I finally wore him down . . . When we did become engaged, though, I did want to get a little more established before I married. Not because I wanted a taste of fame first, no. I wanted something in the bank first.

"I had some bills to pay. That big debt to my dramatic teacher (that's all paid now), and a couple of doctor bills, and an operation for Mother. But, most of all, before I marry I want to be sure my family will be provided for. They've relied on me all this time; I can't let them down now. And I can't expect—I don't want—the man I marry to have to support my family. I want to provide for them, myself. I want to make sure they'll be provided for, even if anything should happen to me.

"That's the real reason why the wedding has been postponed . . . I'm not getting a big salary yet—not big enough to set much aside . . . I haven't even had a big role until now. And this one was luck. If Joan Blondell hadn't left the screen temporarily to blessed-event, I'd never have got the role. And I'd never have got it, either, if Jimmy Cagney hadn't come back to Warners—and they could take the chance of putting a little name like me in *Susie's* part, with a big name like Cagney at the top of the cast.

"I guess an awful lot depends on whether or not people like me in *Boy Meets Girl*. If they do, maybe I'll get other big roles, and a raise. And can really begin thinking of where I'd like to go on my honeymoon . . ."

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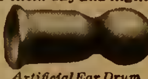
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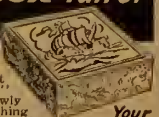

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Great Dane

[*Continued from page 73*]

call necessities. We lived in a little rented place in Ocean Park, where Allan, my boy, was born in a few years.

"I figured that if I were that good, Sidney might give me a bigger chance, so I dressed up in my cutaway a few days later and went in to see him in his office. I stood around for a few moments, diffidently, and finally his attention was attracted. 'Mr. Sidney . . .' I commenced. 'Who the hell are you?' he barked at me, and I hurried out. He hadn't recognized me out of my Indian costume. My heart went down in my boots.

"Stories usually have their sequels. The one to this happened years later when I was under contract to Universal. I was a 'big shot' by then, getting fifty a week. . . My position gave me the right to select my own directors, and I heard that one of the candidates for directorship of my new film was Scott Sidney. Out of the several who applied, I selected him. 'I didn't think you would,' Sidney told me later. But. . . why not? Life is too short for ill-will."

TWO decades and plus ago, the cinema was a sprawling growth, with makeshift outdoor stages, an air of camaraderie ("you share with me when I have it, and I'll share with you when you have it"), low wages, lusty acting. At Edendale, on the road to Glendale, Mack Sennett was Glorifying the Bathing Girl, represented by Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, the late Marie Prevost; Ford Sterling, Charlie Chaplin, Chester Conklin knocked off work as the sunlight dimmed and refreshed themselves with beakers of beer at the nearby pub.

"I have been lucky," is his only explanation today for the success that has dogged him for 25 years. Not until it is spoken by someone else does he admit to a private creed. Hersholt's is "you get out of life what you put into it." And certainly this quiet, plumpish man, kindly of face, pleasant-voiced, has put enough into life to draw heavy dividends. No one works more untiringly, more faithfully, than does Hersholt for his Danish Old People's Home in Los Angeles—Aldersro, it is called; for the Motion Picture Relief Fund which cares for indigent actors (he is President); the Danish Home Settlement, which, each year, gathers funds and sends a worthy Dane to his homeland for a visit; plus many civic organizations. Prize membership to Hersholt is his in the exclusive San Francisco "Bohemian Club." Report has it that the Dane is its only film actor member.

BUT Hersholt is puffing away at his pipe, conjuring up pictures of the past: "I was the father of the 'screen test,' too," he tells. "Appeared in the first screen test ever made, as well. My favorite test routine was to have the aspirant walk down the stairs, pick up the 'phone, listen, and put it down again. How many thousands of feet of film have gone into those things. But here is another story: I can remember just after Allan was born, my wife, like all wives— anxious that her husband make progress in his profession, insisted that I try for better parts. Frankly, I was reluctant, shy and self-conscious. But I dressed in my cutaway—that was the time I went to see Scott Sidney after he had given me the raise—and walked over to the studio. I was not alone. My wife was there, too, on the other side of the street, pushing little Allan up and down in the baby carriage.

"I didn't dare turn around and go home without trying to see Sidney, and I couldn't stall around in the corner drug-store and go home later, telling Via that I had gone through with it. No. Every time I looked across the street as I walked up and down in front of the studio, summoning up my courage, there was Via pushing Allan up and down, and sending sharp looks at me. It was no time for dallying. I went inside the studio."

His memories, naturally, are long, and his honors many. The applause that his performance in Erich von Stroheim's *Greed* brought him, for instance. Next to *The Country Doctor*, this early film masterpiece is his favorite role. There was the fun of trouping with the late Belle Bennett in a previous version of *Stella Dallas*, with Ronald Colman, Lois Moran. He has all those memories, but they are knocked into a cocked hat at the thought of etching a celluloid country doctor for screen exhibition, and appearing with the Dionne Quintuplets.

"I COULD hardly wait to see them this year when we went up to Callander," said Hersholt. "Had they changed? Which one would I like best this time . . . oh, of course, one appeals a little more than the others. Isn't it natural? Last year it was Emily who was my favorite. It isn't hard to understand why because she was the one who came running to me, immediately, clapping her hands and laughing. She did it every time we met, too. But this year . . . I don't know. They have slipped out of babyhood, somehow, and are little girls. They have become, each one, a personality and, frankly, I am confused. I haven't made up my mind which one is my favorite.

"Dr. Dafoe said that they had made 'extra good progress' the last twelve months and it was easy to be seen. They have, as the doctor says, 'lots of pep' and are 'full of beans.' They actually get fun out of watching the bewilderment of people trying to tell Cecile from Annette, Marie from Emily, and Yvonne from any of them. If they were at all slow in talking when we were there last year," continued Hersholt, "they have made up for it. Of course they don't speak English. Their chatter is in French.

"The little girls are splendid examples to refute the motto of 'spare the rod and spoil the child.' They have never been spanked.

"This spring, before our company arrived, they were interested in the nesting birds about their residence, and each had a green bird house with her name on it. One particularly perky robin they called *Pere Joie*. I was hard put to take them a present that I knew they would enjoy because, although they are pleased with all gifts, they have so many that it becomes a problem to know what to give them.

"I finally found a film fairy tale, *So High* it was called, that was printed on 16 mm. film, the type that their own little film projector uses, and I took it with me. You should have heard the chuckles and the cackles of glee as the film got under way. It would warm your heart. But then that's their special gift . . . warming hearts. May they always keep that gift, bless 'em."

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Mother Keeler's Chicken

[*Continued from page 27*]

Anne Shirley. The other had chestnut hair. Ruby Keeler.

There was no mistaking her, despite the old-fashioned gown, despite the old-fashioned coiffure, with a stack of short curls in back. There was no mistaking that piquant face, those Irish-blue eyes. But when the "take" was finished and she came over to the sidelines, she pretended to be flattered by the instant recognition.

"I'll bet you wonder, though, where I got all the hair," she said, chidingly, indicating the curls. "I'll confess. The make-up department gave them to me."

That led to a question about whether her going in for drama was an idea of her own, or an idea somebody had given her.

"Oh, I didn't decide all by myself," she answered. "The studio decided for me.

"They called me one morning and said that Rowland Lee, who was going to direct *Mother Carey's Chickens*, wanted to see me, maybe test me for a part. They wanted me to come in the next morning.

"If other people were surprised, think of *me*. I'd never in my life thought of doing a role like this. And this particular role had been mentioned once for Ginger Rogers; then, later, Joan Bennett. I couldn't get over how marvelous it was that they'd even think of me for it in the first place. Now if I can only do it well enough, so that they won't buy up my contract after they see me in it!"

She didn't look it, but she insisted, "I'm nervous. This is the first attempt at real acting I've ever made, and I'm surrounded by some real talent. But that isn't what makes me nervous so much. Everybody's been so helpful, so perfectly grand to me. But every time I look in a mirror I get weak-kneed. I'm so self-conscious about playing such a young girl. I have nightmares about people asking, '*Which* is *Mother Carey?*'"

THAT amused me. According to the records, Ruby still is in her twenties. And if she looks a day over 22—the age she is supposed to be in the picture—I'm *Mother Carey*.

At that moment, she was called for another "take."

When she returned to our sideline seats, I asked her if, in spite of her alleged nervousness, she didn't find straight acting easier than dancing.

"I haven't had enough acting yet to know," she said, smiling. "But it can't be as hard, physically. I'm reasonably sure of that. I used to have to rehearse for weeks before a musical started, then keep on rehearsing, every day I wasn't actually working. That can wear you down after a while. Particularly if you also have to pay the penalty of being a woman, and have to get up at a quarter of six, and be at the studio not much later, to get your hair done and your make-up put on, to start work at nine. Day after day, that can be killing."

Did her health have anything to do with her stopping work eighteen months ago?

"A little," she admitted. "All through *Ready, Willing and Able*, my side kept bothering me. Half the time, between scenes, I had to keep quiet, burdened down with ice packs, fighting off an appendix operation. But I finally had to have it—after the picture finished. I was in the hospital almost a month. For a couple of

[*Continued on page 82*]

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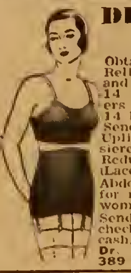

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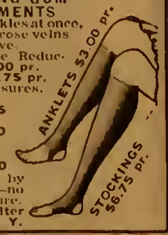
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Everything's Duck Soup For Joe

[*Continued from page 76*]

called off, and they returned to the station just in time to be set upon by six porters who hoisted them bodily aboard the observation platform of the moving train. Joe, it appeared, had overlooked those confusing little items of time changing—Western to Central, Standard to Daylight.

However, the Penners pulled into New York next day, and the ever charitable Mr. P. took a bunch of under-privileged brats to the ball game. Except for showers and a raw, penetrating East wind, the day was divine. And Joe had a ducky time. By the time he had sneezed his way home, Mrs. Penner had Doc Colbert waiting, and the Doc declared there'd be no broadcast unless Joe stayed in bed the rest of the week. And thus passed the first seven days of Penner's vacation.

THE second week was entirely taken up by interviews such as this, although Joe did get a chance to shed a few tears over the tawdriness of Broadway and the decay of 42nd street. It'll all be hotsy-totsy again for the World's Fair. It particularly saddened him to see the change that has come over the Apollo and New Amsterdam theatres, scenes of theatrical triumphs, now doubles and dishes for a dime. The old places were all changed. The old faces, too, were missing. Gone West, either to Hollywood or Heaven. Joe was happy to escape to the Cinema City and the comparative quiet of the movie studios and his new picture *Strictly Accidental.*

Joe saw a play or three, but left town pretty much convinced that there isn't anything funnier than Jim Barton's mad dog routine. That's the one where Barton pretends to be a souse seeking free booze with a tale of having been chawed by a mad mutt. The story works well and as more and more "medicine" is taken the antics of the drunk become more and more amusing. Joe has seen Jim do it a lot of times, but never fails to simulate hysterics in appreciation of the Bartonian artistry. Also Penner pays his friend the further flattery of giving an imitation with the slightest provocation. An imitation which approaches the original in hilarity.

Barton is Penner's favorite. But there are others. One of them is W. C. Fields. And another is Groucho Marx. Then there is Harold Lloyd, and Joe enjoys Charlie Chaplin, who was unknowingly instrumental in taking Penner from Ford and giving him to a myriad of movie fans. It's a strange commentary that Joe reaches a greater audience in a single hour broadcast than even a Chaplin picture can reach in years. Penner, who, after all, began his career in the theatre and played on Broadway before he ever faced a camera or a microphone, would like to return to the footlights. But only in a farce where he could create a clowning character. He is not, he says, a gag comedian, but a true clown. And like most clowns he is a pretty serious sort of fellow outside of working hours.

Joe Penner wasn't always ducky-wucky. As a matter of fact, Joe Penner wasn't always Joe Penner. He was born about 30 years ago in a tiny Hungarian hamlet with an unpronounceable name. And his own name, according to the village church records, was Josef Pinta. Courageous parents left the changeless, chanceless Budapesthian suburb for a fling at fortune in the brave new world overseas. They settled in Detroit, and sent back home for their baby boy and his greybeard grandfather. They arrived together in the Land of the Free, each with a card on his coat describing his identity and destination. And helped by friendly hands, the young boy and the old man reached the Motor City safe and sound. What an ecstatically happy family reunion that must have been!

THE little foreigner learned the new language quickly, principally in the swift school of the streets where he sold newspapers. His father was a mechanic, and early in his teens Joe followed in his footsteps. It was the mother who visioned a different career for her son. The career of an artist—a musician. With hoarded silver she bought her boy a violin, and urged him to study so that one day he might be in an orchestra and earn as much as $50 a week. It was his mother, too, who held out enough from the family exchequer to hire a teacher for the embryonic Paganini. And being Hungarian, what more natural than that she engage a Gypsy fiddler with long hair and burning eyes.

This temperamental "professor" could play your heart to tears, or set your feet to tripping. But he couldn't be expected to have much patience with a small boy who scraped scales, slowly and painfully, on an instrument which the violinist could make sing or wail at will. So it happened one day that pupil irked teacher a trifle too much. The Gypsy slapped his student, and little Joe responded with a direct hit to the stomach. Penner was better over the fences than the professor, and so beat him over the hurdles. That's how Joe lived, and the Gypsy fared forth to win new worlds.

But that self-sacrificing mother was one fated to have her reward on earth instead of in Heaven. She has lived to see her boy's success and revel in his achievement. Never is there a Penner picture but what the mother of its star is prominently, even conspicuously, present. It's no fun to have the distinction of a famous son if no one knows of it. So mother Penner nudges her neighbors and tells them that the movie star up there on the screen is her boy, Joe. Sometimes there's a dull-witted audience that laughs neither loud nor long enough. Then Joe's Ma tells 'em!

There are times, too, that she sheds quiet tears in the cloistered darkness of the theatre. She remembers then the little boy who clung to her skirts and helped his grandpa ring the church bells on a sunny Sunday morning. The little boy who seemed so small and scared as she clasped him to her heart in that Detroit station. The little boy who scraped so earnestly, and nerve-wrackingly, upon that violin. It seems strange to have him now a grown man, and a two-time star famous both in movies and radio. It's a little frightening. But the tears are tears of gladness as much as memory. She dreamed of fame and fortune for her boy, and there before her on the screen are dreams come true!

No, Joe hasn't always been a celebrity. A decade or so ago his earnings were $30 a week. But that's all changed now, and everything's duck soup for the Black Sheep. The pay envelope these days contains something like $6,000 every Saturday. So who can say that the goose doesn't hang high! Or should we say the duck?

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[*Continued from page* 80]

months after that, I still felt pretty miserable.

"My contract still had a year to run. But I felt that my last couple of pictures hadn't been good, and *I* hadn't been good, and I couldn't see going on that way. I asked for my release. I don't know why, but they wouldn't give it to me. Then Al"—her husband, Al Jolson—"had a little fuss with them. When they broke up, he said, 'What about my wife?' And they gave me my release."

When she actually found herself without a contract, although that was a condition she thought she wanted to be in, did she go in for a heavy course of worrying that her career might be over?

Ruby smiled at the question. "I've never taken my career very seriously. I've never let myself have any false hopes. I've never worried, and wondered, what the future might hold. I'd let the future take care of itself. That way, I'd never be too disappointed."

REMINISCENTLY, she confessed, "Even when I was in the chorus, I never thought of getting a job sometime as a specialty dancer. Today, when I read a book, I don't get all excited, and say, 'Now, here's a story I'd like to do! Here's something I could eat up!' Other people get excited. I often wonder why I don't. I guess it's because I'm lazy, maybe . . .

"The first time I ever had a chance at a part, I ran away from it. I started as a chorus girl when I was thirteen. I don't think I'd ever seen a show until I was in one. From that first show, I went into a night-club, the Strand Roof in New York. From there I went to Texas Guinan's—so young my mother had to go along with me. One night, a man sent a waiter to ask me if I'd like to be in a show. I said, 'Sure.' He told me to go down to see Aarons and Freedley the next day; they were putting on a new show. They gave me the part. After the first rehearsal, I pleaded with them, 'Please don't let me do this part.' I didn't think I was up to it. So they made me a maid, with a specialty number or two to do.

"But I wasn't happy, even about that. I went looking for another job, instead—another chorus-girl job.

"But they came after me. I opened in the show in Newark. I didn't know an opening was like the first preview of a movie. There may be changes, to improve it, tighten it up. Again I didn't go back. And again they came after me, when the show reached Brooklyn. I opened in it in New York.

"Dillingham saw me in it, and I did *The Sidewalks of New York* for him. Ziegfeld saw me in that, and I went to work for Ziegfeld. And met my husband. And, after that, a career seemed less important than ever . . ."

"Al was under contract then to United Artists. Joseph Schenck, who was producing his next picture, wanted me to test for the only girl part in it. I felt that, for the sake of the picture, the role should have someone with a movie 'name.' I wouldn't listen. He said, 'Well, let's make a test of you, anyway.' So I made the test. And forgot all about it, because I figured everybody else had. But it seems that tests circulate around to all the studios. And one day Fox Studio called and invited me over that afternoon to talk about a contract. That night, Al and I went to the fights. When we arrived home, we found a man from Warners there. They had heard about Fox, and *they* wanted to sign me. And did, the next morning. And I went into *42nd Street,* scared stiff."

NO ONE in Hollywood is more natural off-screen. Anyone who has ever met Ruby will tell you that. And one of the explanations for her naturalness is the fact that she is less interested in a career than in her marriage, her husband and her three-year-old youngster. Ironically, that healthy attitude may give her a great career.

She didn't have any urge to escape from Hollywood, Get Away From It All? She shook her head. "Al and I went to New York for a few days, and then up to Saratoga Springs for a few days. The rest of the time, I've been right here, seeing a lot of Al, and Sonny, and golf courses—in that order. I didn't get restless."

Didn't she keep up with her dancing? "No." She smiled. "Now you know I'm lazy. But I didn't know when I was going to work. And I'd get stale, after a while, just practising day after day—the way a fighter can get overtrained from too much gym work and too few actual bouts."

She isn't, by any chance, saying goodbye to dancing forever? "No. Nothing like that. I don't do any in this picture. But I don't know what the next picture will bring."

Wasn't there some talk, when she first signed her RKO contract, of her doing a picture with Fred Astaire?

"Yes—*Damsel in Distress.* They talked to me about it, but I didn't think the story was right for me. For one thing, the girl had to speak with an English accent; something I've never done in my life.

"And another thing: There are some pretty good feminine specialty dancers around. You can think of plenty. But name the ones who are tops, and I don't care how good they are—I don't think any of them can be as good with Fred Astaire as Ginger Rogers is. I'd hate to be the first girl to have to stand comparison with her as Fred's partner.

"I said all this to Producer Pandro Berman. But he said he'd like me to make a test, anyway. So I made a test last August. And it was one of the highlights of my life to date. Astaire made the test with me. He took time out, put on make-up, worked for hours. Not many would do that . . . He's the last word in dancing. No one can match him, even in the way he moves his hands."

After one look at the test, RKO signed Ruby, even though she didn't want to do *Damsel in Distress,* and even though they had no picture assignment for her and hadn't yet had the inspiration of changing her into a dramatic actress.

She still had months in which to relax, be with Al in the house they built two years ago in Encino, play golf, and enjoy Al, Jr.—who is one of her principal topics of conversation.

"I'm living my own childhood all over again, through him—only I'm having a lot more fun. I'm enjoying childhood more consciously now . . . Right now, he's going through a bashful stage. Grabbing at my skirts and hiding behind them. That started about a week ago. And thrilled me no end. I've always wanted a baby doing just that to me . . ."

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WILL CUPPY
author of "How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes"
Investigates the private lives of the Woolly Mammoth the Ground Sloth and the Dodo and tells you why they became extinct.

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Comes forward with a hosanna for one of the greatest and most misunderstood explorers, Sir Hubert Wilkins.

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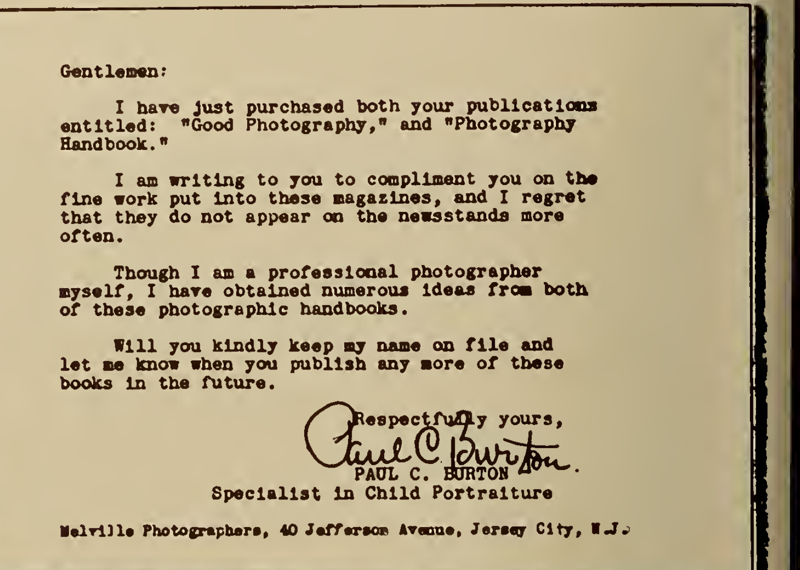

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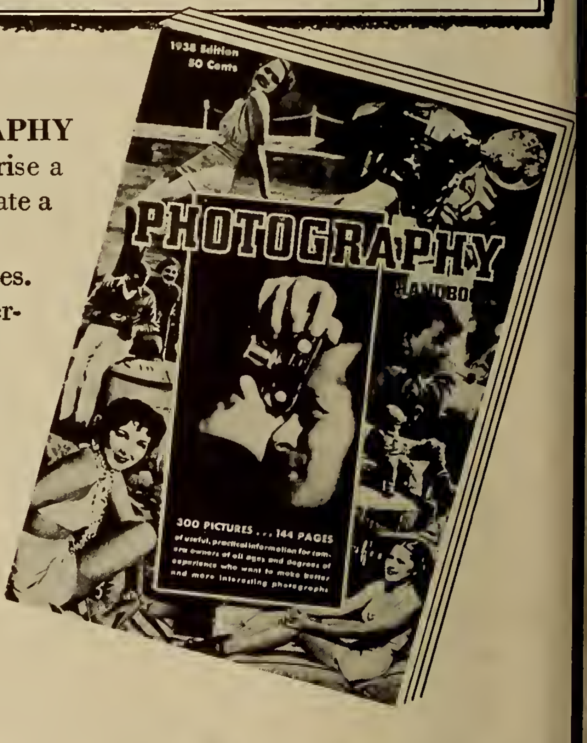
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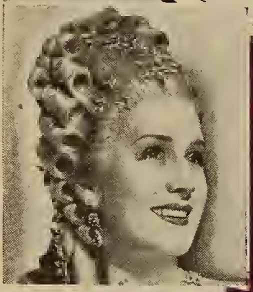

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Features

How to Be "Loy-Ish"....Dorothy Spensley 24
Ten Million Dollar Baby ....Kay Proctor 27
Is the Teen Age Difficult?....Gladys Hall 29
Beautiful Legs Contest 30
"Charlie, I Love You" ....Ida Zeitlin 34
"I'm Not Undressing My Private Life"....James Reid 37

Personalities

The Original Clam of Hollywood (Ronald Colman)....Dan Camp 32
Last Word on Olivia (de Havilland) ....Ida Zeitlin 43
He Came up from the Cutting-Room Floor (James Ellison)....Roger Carroll 48
The Kellys Are at it Again! (Nancy Kelly) ....E. J. Smithson 50

Pictorial Features

Annabella 19
Our Own News Camera.... 20
Clark and Myrna 25
Rosemary Lane 26
Shirley Temple 28
Ilona Massey 33
Gary Cooper 36
James Stewart and Jean Arthur 42

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler ....Harry Lang 6
Picture Parade 10
Future Favorites: Richard Carlson....Michael Tesson 13
Hollywood's Trick Parties.... 17
The Talk of Hollywood 44
Between Ourselves ....Larry Reid 82

To the Ladies

Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips.... 15
Fall—For These (Fashions).... 38
High, Tied and Handsome....Denise Caine 56
A Flash in Your Pan....Mrs. Christine Frederick 64

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WHAT'S THIS ABOUT BARBARA STANWYCK?

Barbara is such good copy—such a personality star that when you spot a story about her in a magazine you want to read it. In the November MOTION PICTURE is an untold story about Miss Stanwyck that will interest you. You will want to read about other top-notchers and newcomers, too. So MOTION PICTURE gives you Spencer Tracy and Janet Gaynor and Carole Lombard and Gene Autry and Warner Baxter and George Brent, as well as a flock of others. It also gives you the livest gossip and news of any magazine sold on the stands. Be sure to place an order with your newsdealer early. Have him save the November issue for you. It's crammed from cover to cover with all that's going on in Hollywood.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

BY HARRY LANG

FIERCEST storm of rumors Hollywood has weathered since the weeks that preceded the Joan Crawford-Doug Fairbanks Junior divorce now rages again, with Joan again the epicenter of the disturbance.

"Joan will file for divorce from Franchot Tone within a week!" is the rumor that flies oftenest. Weeks go by, and there's no divorce suit—but still the rumor persists.

Here is Ol' Man Tattler's private-and-personal "book" on the Joan-Tone situation:

1—Ten-to-one odds AGAINST any divorce proceeding this year.

2—Even odds that very soon (perhaps even by the time this gets into print) an "amicable" separation will be publicly and formally announced by Joan and Tone—probably through an interview quoting Joan.

3—There is no "other man" or "other woman." But the intensely individual characters of Joan and Franchot are such, and so increasingly-divergent, that both of them (being intelligent people) are convinced that they can't any longer make a twosome in harness.

Hedy Lamarr, the most glamorous actress to hit Hollywood in 10 years (did'ja see her in *Algiers?*) shows a swimsuit eyeful

Meantime, pending the friendly go-their-own-ways arrangement, Joan and Franchot are still socializing around town together. Only a few nights ago, as this is written, they dined at Ginger Rogers' lovely hilltop house, and were as chummy as ham-and-eggs.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Robert Riskin and Ethel Merman—*Maedel und schatz!* (Do you know German?)

■

NOW that Clara Bow's back home, quite recovered from the Caesarian birth of young Robert Bell, second son she gave to Hubby Rex Bell, it's ten-to-one that despite the risk, the time will come when Clara tries once more to present Rex with what he really wants—a daughter! . . . Only disappointment of the stork's latest visit was the fact that it was a boy. Clara's first words, when she came out from under the anaesthetic and learned the news were:

[*Continued on page 8*]

Sonja Henie returned to her Hollywood home and pool from a European trip to don a swimsuit and bring back a suntan—which had disappeared during her late holiday

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

That was some blessed-eventing when Bessie, Joan Bennett's prize cocker, delivered poppa an armful of pups, all blondes

more's wedding ring—even to the extent of having it covered with make-up stuff, so she doesn't have to take it off even in closeups!

■

HOLLYWOULD Like to Know—If Nino Martini and Elissa Landi really have been secretly wed, as the whispersons have it!

■

EXCUSE ol' man Tattler's giggles, but he just CAN'T help it when he thinks of Roscoe Ates trying to say the name of the girl he just married back in Indiana. . . . It's Leora Bella Jumps, and try *that* on your stutters, Roscoe!

■

A LONG time ago, ol' man Tattler told you that the Katharine Hepburn-Howard Hughes chatter was just so much balloon-juice.

Now ol' man Tattler tells you that it's really Wendy Barrie who's got lanky Howard a-jitter as he flies here and there. Just before he hopped off on his 'round-the-world flight, Hughes dated Wendy all over Hollywood. But Katie is very much in the picture.

■

MARRIED: Delmer Daves (one-time BF-in-chief to Kay Francis) and Mary Lou Lender. . . . Perc (Make-up whiz) Westmore and Gloria Dickson. . . . Dick Grace, broken-necked No. 1 stunt flier of Hollywood, and Christine Malstrom, Tacoma non-professional. . . . William Hawks and Virginia Walker.

Babied: Allen Jenkins, who had a private who's-gonna-be-first-papa? race with Dick Powell, won when Mrs. J. presented him with an eight-pound girl. . . . Victor Jory, for the second time. . . . Dick Foran, and they've named it John Michael Foran.

Altar-Bound: Robert Wilcox and Broadway ingenue Joy Hodges, who broke her engagement to him last year, but made it up just the other week. . . . Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail, who were reported secretly married, but aren't, yet, on account of they have to wait for an okeh from both M-G-M and their parents. . . . Estelle Taylor (one-time wife of Jack Dempsey) and Agent Paul Small. . . . Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews, and they've already rented a house for the honeymoon!

Rifted: Tom Brown and his one-year-bride Natalie Draper, after suffering from in-law trouble. . . . Henry Wilcoxon and his ex-wife flopparooed on their attempted reconciliation and she's off for England again. . . . Steffi Duna and John Carroll, re-rifted despite their brave attempt at reconciliation, and now they aren't even speaking. . . .

Stork-Dating: Of ALL people, Iliana and Stan Laurel! But even that will hardly bring them together again. . . . Anne Shirley (?)—anyway, her mother just presented her with a hand-carved cradle that has been in the family for 200 years. . . .

It's-All-Off: Between Toby Wing and Aviator Dick Merrill, who were on the verge of matrimony only a month ago . . . and between Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris, who have called off their middle-aisle march because both of them realize there are too many others. . . .

Reconciled: Mabel Todd and Maury Amsterdam, just in time to celebrate their third anniversary. . . . Helen Twelvetrees

[*Continued on page* 12]

Paulette Goddard may be known as Mrs. Chaplin, but that doesn't prevent Michael Brooke from squiring her to premieres

Greg Bautzer, once reported engaged to Lana Turner, likes Simone, too. He took her to the opening of *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. Just good friends, my frans

Do You Want To Be QUEEN of LOVE?

COURTED AND ADORED—lovers sighed and poets sang of the intoxicating perfume that made her the loveliest of women…

EVERY GIRL A QUEEN when she borrows for her own the enchanting fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc…provocative and Parisian.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day . . . Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable . . . Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

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(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS

PICTURE PARADE

ALGIERS—AAAA—

In our estimation *Algiers* has all the ingredients that make an entertaining and interesting film—striking personalities, splendid direction and photography, a suspenseful story and excellent emoting. To us, these are the constituents of a good picture. They may be old-fashioned, but we'll take them any day in place of the smart-alecky, sophisticated films that have been rampant at the box-office these past months. And now that one producer—Walter Wanger—has seen the light, we hope the others will follow suit and give us more of this "picture" stuff and stop sacrificing stories and talent for some smart dialogue. As a matter of fact, the unwordiness of *Algiers* adds considerably to its worthiness. It gives the eyes a chance to speak and they always say it more convincingly. Particularly in the cases of Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr. And Miss Lamarr, Hollywood's most exciting importation, is definitely an eyeful. Remembered as "The Ecstasy Girl" she is literally that. Other outstanding performances are given by Joseph Calleia and Sigrid Gurie. The story is that of *Pepe le Moko* (Charles Boyer) a very clever jewel thief who finds sanctity in the Casbah, the colorful native quarters of Algiers. *Pepe* was happy in this haven for fugitives until he meets Hedy Lamarr, a French tourist, who goes to his head—and ours too.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—AAA½—

As we didn't see the stage version of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* we have no basis for comparison but judging on the merits of the picture itself we must admit that this is an amazing crime picture indeed. The story is one of the most fascinating in the crime school class. Edward G. Robinson as *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* is simply superb and his performance in this *Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde* role is really amazing. Claire Trevor and Humphrey Bogart also give superlative performances in the roles of a gangster and his moll and the assisting cast consisting of Allen Jenkins, Donald Crisp, Gale Page, Henry O'Neill, John Litel, Thurston Hall and Maxie Rosenbloom are outstanding contributions. The plot depicts the crime experiments of the doctor, a medico who is writing "Crime and Research." Determined to get factual material for the book the doctor involves himself with a gang of criminals and becomes their "brain trust" for their criminal enterprises. He is carried away by these experiments and commits homicide. Draw your own conclusions.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 62]

TOGETHER AGAIN!

FRED ASTAIRE
GINGER ROGERS

in

"CAREFREE"

Lyrics and music by

IRVING BERLIN

Come on, Ginger! Hurry, Fred!
Slap that floor and paint it red!
Sing it, swing it, make gloom scram—
Heat your feet and do THE YAM!

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Here they come! . . . Dancing to your heart's content! . . . Dashing, bubbling, floating on a cloud of rhythm through a romance that will make you sigh as much as you laugh, and thrill as much as you tap your toes! WELCOME, FRED AND GINGER, IN YOUR BIGGEST HIT OF ALL!

with

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LUELLA GEAR
JACK CARSON
CLARENCE KOLB
FRANKLIN PANGBORN

A PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION
. . . Directed by Mark Sandrich

Screen Play by Ernest Pagano and Allan Scott. Story and Adaptation by Dudley Nichols and Hagar Wilde

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 9]

When the Hollywood starlets go down to the Venice Pier they eat spun sugar like the kiddies. Here are Anita Louise, Paula Stone, Patricia Ellis and Dixie Dunbar

and ex-hubby Jack Woody (but with a question mark).... Paula Stone and George Mason, rekindled after cooling, are wondering again about matrimony.

◆

PAY no attention whatever to any rumors you may hear over your radio or elsewhere about Eleanore Whitney being cupidentified with Hank Luisetti, the Stanford basketball phenom who's movieing for Paramount. It's only a press-agent's gag, and what's more, Hank is THAT burned up about it. On accounta Hank has a gal all picked out for himself in San Francisco, and when she heard the Eleanore Whitney rumors, she was peeved no end.... Anyway, Eleanore's real heart (or am I wrong?) is a San Franciscan, too. He's a lawyer with an Irish name.... As for Eleanore's ex-boy-fran, Johnny Downs; Johnny's keening about Phyllis Frazer, lately. . . . and all of that may be reversed any moment. Eleanore and Johnny are as stable as a stick of dynamite. Jointly or individually.

◆

WHAT a lad this Richard Carlson is!! He's the one who was reported cutting in on Ty Power's Janet Gaynor not so long ago—and now he's squiring such Hollywoodles-of-loveliness as Doris Nolan and Glenda Farrell around to the nitespots! Glenda, however, is not hundred percenting with Carlson, by any means. Sharing her time is Harvey Priester, who was her No. 1 BF not very long ago. Meantime, Glenda's recent ex-BF, Drew Eberson, has discovered Doris Carson. Spin it again, Cupid!

◆

**CUPID'S COUPLET:
Tom Gallery and Madge Evans—
Once again in seven heavens!**

◆

MALAPROPOSAL-of-the-month was the one Mickey Rooney got. His first! By mail, from a 15-year-old fan of his in Spokane. The lil gal is willing, she explained, to wait a couple of years, but she's determined that her great AIM in LIFE is to be Missus Mickey Rooney.

◆

AS THIS is written, poor Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood's unhappiest lover, silently sits in the center of a whirlwind of rumors and question-marks, and says nothing.... Not as silent, however, is Geraldine Spreckels, reputed millionairess of San Francisco and Hollywood, who has now and then acted in movies and stage. Seen beaching and tennising and teaing and lunching with Charlie while he continues his hideout life in the Carmel art colony, 300 miles north of Hollywood, "Gerry" answered questions with the good old "we're just good friends" line.

"I know Charlie and his wife quite well," Geraldine goes on. "I suppose she is his wife. Miss Goddard, I mean. Everyone calls her Mrs. Chaplin."

Included in the "everyone" is Paulette, herself. Visiting Carmel, Paulette took pains to make appointments with Del-monte's swank hairdresser under the name of "Mrs. Charlie Chaplin" and also entered and won a golf tourney under the "Mrs. Chaplin" name. All of which seems definitely to set where Paulette stands. As for Charlie—he just stays in his tree-hidden house in Carmel and says nothing at all about Geraldine or Paulette or himself.... Meantime, one of Charlie's other past loves, Lita Grey, married again. This time, her husband is Arthur F. Day, Jr., her business manager. Her two sons by Chaplin—Charles Spencer, Jr., and Sidney Earl—tied tin cans on their new papa-in-law's automobile on the wedding day. . . . Unwelcomed by Charlie, Paulette has been doing her Hollywood night-clubbing with well-known Hollywoodians-around-town, most notably Pat di Cicco.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Bart MacLane and Charlotte Wynters—
Just made up, as we rush to the printer's.

◆

STILL desperately trying to steam her up into a romantic figure are Olivia de Havilland's press-agents. But what makes it silly is that Olivia is "straight from the inside" reported caloric about Brian Aherne, torrid about William Bakewell, and incandescent about maker-upper Clay Campbell, all within one week!... Factual inside is that Olivia still, as always, is deeply in love with no man, only her career.

[*Continued on page* 14]

Two close friends, Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer, go partying in costly frocks after Norma's *Marie Antoinette* premiere. The setting is the W. K. "Troc"

FUTURE FAVORITES
RICHARD CARLSON

By MICHAEL TESSON

TRIPLY talented Richard Carlson signed his motion picture contract as writer, director and actor because an early snapshot displayed his well-rounded legs and knees . . . he will make his bow as a screen actor in *The Young in Heart* . . . in kilts, hence the worry over his knees . . . He was playing the role of *Piers* in Ethel Barrymore's *Whiteoaks* when Sidney Howard . . . who had taken the handsome youngster under his literary wing . . . called David O. Selznick's attention to Carlson's ability as a writer and suggested at the same time that the young actor send along some pictures . . . A contract mailed from the West Coast was followed by a telegram . . . "How are your knees?" . . . a photograph of Carlson in tights, in the role of *Prince Hal* in *Henry IV* . . . saved the day . . . He signed a contract as actor-director-writer and headed for the motion picture capital . . . Born in the small town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, April 29, 1912 . . . Richard's mother was French and his father Danish . . . the family moved to Minneapolis when the boy was six, where his father became a prominent lawyer . . . and Richard went to school . . . In high school his quick, keen mind and excellent memory absorbed all his lessons quickly, . . . leaving him free to edit the high school paper, play football and hockey . . . and write a novel about a mythical colony of whites in Africa . . . His triple-barreled career started in his senior year . . . when he wrote, directed and appeared in the class play *The Masquerade* and caused a school sensation . . . In college he went into dramatics as an actor, writer and director . . . wrote three plays and many skits and sketches . . . graduated with an M. A. degree, *summa cum laude* . . . Phi Beta Kappa . . . and $2,500 in scholarship prizes . . . although he hoped to become a playwright, he accepted a post as English instructor at the University of Minnesota . . . Disillusioned by the dull, opinionated professors . . . he invested the $2,500 in a repertory company . . . writing, directing and acting again . . . which proved an artistic success and a financial failure . . . Trekked to Hollywood with one letter of introduction which gave him the opportunity to direct at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. . . . His first leading role on Broadway was in *Now You've Done It* . . . then in *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle* . . . opposite Ethel Barrymore . . . then Hollywood. . . . In person Carlson stands six feet . . . weighs 170 pounds . . . his eyes are hazel, his hair, light brown . . . he reads everything worthwhile he can get his hands on . . . and combines his literary interests with a fascination for tools, engines and carpentry . . . He enjoys golf, tennis and badminton.

MY FIRST DATE WITH HIM TONIGHT!

SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

I WANT TO MAKE A HIT TONIGHT! THAT'S WHY I WOULDN'T THINK OF GOING OUT UNTIL I'VE BATHED WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET ...THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT KEEPS A GIRL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
CASHMERE BOUQUET'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES BODY ODOR SO COMPLETELY. AND THEN ITS FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME LINGERS... LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, YOU'RE STILL ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!
THE LAST DANCE...AND SHE'S STILL ADORABLY DAINTY!
AND THANKS FOR THE MEMORY OF A SIMPLY PERFECT EVENING! CAN'T WE HAVE ANOTHER...SOON?
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION! AND NOTHING LIKE CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP TO HELP A GIRL MAKE ONE!
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
COLGATE
Cashmere Bouquet

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* —BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Posed by professional model

OVERCOME MAL-NOURISHMENT AND YOU WILL KNOW THE JOY OF HEALTH & BEAUTY!

A Simple Change Brings New Hope to Thousands!

Frequently Folks Like Yourself are MALNOURISHED (Not Getting Sufficient Minerals and Iodine for the System to get the Real Good out of Food.)

If your weakness and skinniness keep you everlastingly embarrassed and unhappy . . . if you can't seem to gain an ounce of flesh or strength no matter how much you eat . . . here's good news. Experts in nutrition say the cause of these conditions is often malnourishment. When that's what's wrong . . . try Kelpamalt.

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Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

Neither Sally Blane's hubby, nor Loretta Young's boy friend, accompanied the sisters to Hollywood Park during races. From the smiles the gals must have made a killing

OL' MAN TATTLER'S Personal Pick of the Most-Improbable Prediction-of-the-Month: Statement by Lynn Bari: "There will be no wedding bells in my life for at least the next five years."

■

"A ROSE by any other name" but Dave would make matters a lot less confusing in the case of Martha Raye and the two Paramount dave-roses . . . ! Ennyhoo, just so's you get it straight, the Dave Rose of Paramount who just papa'ed a 7-pound boy is NOT the Dave Rose of Paramount who has aspirations to be Martha Raye's hubby. Papa Dave Rose is David Everett Rose, who used to be a Goldwyn biggie and who's now England bound, WITH wife and new babe, to handle Paramount's business in King Georgie's kingdom.

Martha's Rose is just called Dave. He's not an executive; he's a music arranger. That's how Martha found him. In Chicago, he was song-arranging for NBC, but took time out to arrange a few for Martha. He arranged so well that Martha thought he was utterly wasted in Chicago, talked him and Paramount into making him a Paramount music arranger. He's blonde and blue-eyed, good-looking and quiet, and maybe that's why Martha is so quiet, herself, lately. Anyway, on THAT finger, she wears a diamond-and-ruby engagement ring, and when she's got her final decree of divorcement from Buddy Westmore, it's a thousand-to-one that she'll become Mrs. Dave Rose.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Sam Pokrass and Phyllis Welch—
For each other, there's no-one elch!

■

THAT wedding dress you'll see on Marjorie Weaver in *I'll Give a Million* will do real matrimonial service, as well as reel service. Because after shooting on the film was done, Marjorie presented the dress to her stand-in, Judy Parks. . . . And when Judy marries United States Navy Ensign Thomas Starr King, Jr., in a few weeks, she'll wear it at the altar.

[*Continued on page* 16]

Wally Beery tips Charlie Ruggles off on a sure winnah at Hollywood Park races. And Charlie drops his glasses for a look

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

HOPE I'm in time to warn you about too much legs tan this summer. If you're already a couple of shades on the dark-brown side, you better hunt up a good skin bleach. Because this Fall and Winter you're going to want light skin! . . . I snooped this out after I had seen Ellen Drew, a Paramount cutie, shock half the gals of Hollywood at a nite club . . . Now it takes something special to shock *anyone* in Hollywood, and the special thing this time was black stockings. Yep. With a white chiffon evening gown, Ellen wore the sheerest of sheer black stockings and black moire sandals! . . . So the next day I called up this and that designer and asked how come . . . And their general verdict was that we are going to see and wear more of the grey and black shades on our legs this Winter than we have for years. So you'd better get the best wear possible out of those blushing-lobster stockings I saw you buy a couple of weeks ago . . . Of course the studios have always been against this idea of getting the color of a Malay native during the Summer. For various technical reasons concerning make-up and photography they have preferred to have their glamor ladies stay away from too much sun. Why, at the beginning of the outdoor season, M-G-M presented all its feminine players with sunburn oil!

I SUPPOSE it all ties up with the fact that clothes are becoming more and more feminine. I talked to Royer, the designer at 20th-Fox, and he told me that with the current run of costume pictures it is inevitable that designers all over the country will be copying the feminine silhouette and accessories such as are worn by Loretta Young in *Suez* and Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette* . . . As a matter of fact—Norma has already had some of her personal wardrobe copied after her Marie Antoinette gowns. I saw her at the Victor Hugo the same nite Ellen Drew wore her black stockings. Norma was dressed in a gown of black net, featuring a strapless, boned bodice. The skirt was layer after layer of the net that fairly billowed around her. Her only decoration was a cluster of two artificial red roses worn on her right wrist. And as she left the cafe, I saw her put on a cape of black net—the exact duplicate of one you'll see in the picture . . . And if there is anything more feminine than white shoulders above a black net bodice—you've got to tell the masculine eyes that were following Norma as she danced around the room . . . You might not have what it takes to wear a strapless gown such as Norma wore but it won't take anything but a little thought to add the feminine accessory touches that are so in vogue now.

LORETTA YOUNG stopped at our table and showed me the necklace she was wearing. Hanging on a blue velvet ribbon (which matched the color of her chiffon gown) was a large cameo pendant. An idea she got from the jewelry she wears as *Empress Eugenie* in *Suez*. I know you can duplicate that, because I've had an envious eye on your grandmother's collection of cameos for years . . . Or you might try wearing a black velvet bow in your hair, as Betty Furness did that night. Betty was wearing one of those new off-the-ears-and-neck hair-do's, that are in themselves feminine, and across the back of her head was a tiny black bow. It served to keep in place what our mothers called "scolding locks."

ORRY-KELLY, who designs those good-looking things the Warner stars wear, is trying to get his clients to wear corsets! Yep—you know—those things with bones, and lacings and everything else uncomfortable. It seems that Bette Davis and Anita Louise wear them under their costumes for *The Sisters* and they look so neat and well put together, that Orry-Kelly thinks all the girls should adopt them for the sake of their appearances.

ANN RUTHERFORD was wearing a bright-colored bolero in Sardi's that looked for all the world like a hooked rug. She told me she made it herself, hand-hooking it in yarn the same way a rug is made . . . I found that a lot of the accessories that make the costumes individual are designed—and often made—by the Hollywood gals in their spare moments . . . Lynne Carver was carrying the smartest-looking straw handbag. She confessed it was made from her last year's leghorn hat.

Mlle. Chic

ANN IS PRETTY—ANN'S EFFICIENT
WHY CAN'T SHE KEEP A JOB?

Mum would have saved her charm and her job. Mum prevents underarm odor

IT'S a miserable thing to know you're intelligent, efficient, attractive — yet never to *win!* Ann's jobs, like her dates, always came to grief, and she never knew why. She never thought it could be *underarm odor*—didn't she bathe each day?

So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come!*

Girls who are *really* smart play safe with their jobs—and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They *prevent* odor—with Mum. They *like* Mum—it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

MUM SAVES TIME! A touch of Mum under each arm and you're through. Keep a jar in your desk to use even *after* you're dressed. Mum is harmless to fabrics!

MUM IS SAFE! Try this pleasant cream deodorant even after underarm shaving. See how it actually soothes your skin.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Buy Mum from your druggist *today* and on your job, on your dates, you can be *sure* of your charm.

IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE—MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARM

I'VE A DATE WITH KEN RIGHT AFTER WORK, BUT I'LL STAY FRESH WITH MUM!
TO HERSELF: KEN ALWAYS THINKS I'M NICE TO BE NEAR—MUM'S PROTECTION REALLY LASTS
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins—*Thousands of women use Mum for napkins because it's so safe, sure. Avoid worry, with Mum.*

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 14]

A gala night was enjoyed by Hollywood at the broadcast and entertainment put on by CBS in honor of opening new studio

HOLLYWOULD Like to Know—If it's true that the Walter Pidgeons have stopped cooing?

■

HOLLYWOOD makes strange tourfellows!—Consider the sad situation of Ken Dolan, Hollywood agent, whose client is Frances Langford. Before she upped and married Jon (Beeooteeful Body) Hall, Frances was reported quite that way and even secretly engaged to Ken. They twosomed all around the town together, and there was no secret about Ken being certainly warmish about his lovely client. . . . Now, poor Ken had to make that personal-appearance tour along with Frances Langford and bridegroom Jon Hall . . . ! ! ! Imagine traveling around with your ex-sweetheart and her new hubby on their honeymoon! And do you suppose that's why Ken has just proposed to Shirley Ross?

■

WOULDN'T It Be Funny—If the minister got mixed up when Gloria Brewster has Twin Barbara as bridesmaid when she marries Claude Stroud with Twin Clarence as best man? Just THINK of the possibilities!!!

■

WOOSOME Twosomes: Director William Keighley and Genevieve Tobin—Florence George and Everett Crosby, who's only waiting for the final—Kay Griffith and John Howard—Lynn Howard and Claire Dodd—Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Mr. Adrian and Ona Munson—
Dates for dinner, tea and lunson . . . !

■

NEVER again will Dick Powell and Wifie Joan Blondell allow so much publicity about the when, where and what of storking. . . . So many fans invaded the privacy of the Powell home grounds, while Joan awaited the blessed event, that it made her so nervous that serious consequences were feared. Papa Dick was so worried that he, personally, made the rounds of the gentry who post themselves around Hollywood with "Guide to the Stars' Homes" signs. He asked each of them to please quit guiding people to the Powell menage until after the stork had arrived. . . . Most of them agreed. And so, by the time Joan went to the hospital to have her second baby, things had quieted down quite a lot, and the eight-pound-baby-girl arrived without trouble. It'll be a half-sister to little Georgie Barnes, Joan's previous child by Cameraman George Barnes. The youngster has been legally adopted by Powell, you know—meantime, Barnes (already married and divorced again since Joan divorced him) is stepping around town with a new galfriend, Melba Marshall.

■

HOLLYWOULD Like to Know—That it's not true that the Ray Millands are having Renotions.

■

CUPIDATA and Romanticipations: Is it lo-ho-hove between Rosemary Lane and Jeffrey Lynn? . . . Greg Bautzer, still simmering from Simone Simon, is now devoting himself sooooo to Lana Turner . . . while Simone's latest is Dick Cromwell . . . it's Jimmy Stewart and Ann Miller these days. . . . Mary Brian's latest is Robert Paige. . . . Gloria Swanson and Douglas Fairbanks Junior have sotch fon! . . . Dorothy Sebastian thinks Cameraman Eddie Cronjager is sooooonice. . . . Adrianne Ames with Billy Seymour at one nitespot and exhubby Bruce Cabot with Helen Meinardi at another. . . . Carole Lombard's ex-BF Hen Cooper stepping with Frances Mercer . . . the graph on Ken Murray and Andrea Leeds is at the top of the chart again . . . is Margot Grahame really headed for a Reno divorce and a New York marriage this time? . . . Lew Ayres and Jean Negulesco neck-and-necking in the race for Binnie Barnes' smiles, despite the rumors that she's thinking of remarrying London lawyer Joseph Samuel. . . . Nancy Carroll twoing with Cy Bartlett, formerly of Alice White. . . . Donald Briggs twosoming with Barbara Read. . . . an $800 transatlantic telephone bill in one month is Annabella's answer to any talk of rift between her and hubby-in-Paris Jean Murat. . . .

Streamliner Linda Yale has perfect figure, moulded that way by "star builder" Jim Davies, Hollywood's champ masseur. He fixed up the curves. Hold 'em Yale

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

SWINGIN' 'round the movietown after dark: . . . if you don't think La Conga has made the boys and gals rhumba-conscious, get a nite-club load of Dolores del Rio and Loretta Young and Cesar Romero on La Conga's postage-stamp floor! . . . Ken Murray and Andrea Leeds raising the temperature at the Brown Derby so they had to open all the doors! . . . all three Ritzes rhumba-ing with the Missusses that night . . . Bill Seiter and Marion Nixon taking a double fannyfall off their skates at the Rollerdrome . . . Louise Stanley and Georgia Youngblood and George Johnson among the customers goggle-eyeing while Golfer John Montague lifts people off their chairs to demonstrate his mukkles—at the Seven Seas . . . pet-spot of the Chico Marxes and the Bill Gargans seems to be the House of Murphy . . . and there isn't a nitery in town that hasn't seen writer Charlie Grayson and Nancy Carroll a-steam.

HAVE you heard about the Westwood Marching and Chowder Club, where they don't march and never have chowder? . . . anyway it's the latest social concentration of life in the Westwood Colony and the Bing Crosby's had 'em for a minstrel show in the Crosby backyard, with a big tent, real footlights, printed programs and ev'ybuddy in costume . . . other humbabies at La Conga the other night were Marj Weaver and Bill Davis, not to mention old-timer William Haines and Buster Collier . . . and over in a corner watching the jam session were Gloria Swanson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., making sotch sophisticated talk . . . and Walter Pidgeon stagging it, uh huh! . . . and for an international tangle what about the moment at the Russian Balalaika when the band played "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" when Czech Francis Lederer and Mexican Wifie Margo googooeyed? . . . Max Baer drinking soft drinks, honestly, at the Club Morocco . . . can't ever tell what you'll see next in Hollywood! . . . twosoming at Club 17, Virginia Field and Vic Orsatti, Tommy Guinan and Sally O'Neil . . . and Hedy Lamarr dining with Reg Gardiner, Hollywood's No. 1 Getter-Arounder, at the BevDerb, while the Jackie Coogans and The Don Ameches looked on.

THIS being summah, private parties are few and far between, but Joan Crawford, who lets neither summer nor winter nor rumor stop her, threw a night and played a new Hollywood trick when she had her butler hide behind things and shoot movies with a 16-mm camera and then, a week later, invited the same guests and showed them the reel titled "See Yourselves as Others Never See You" . . . and in it were Sonja Henie and Cesar Romero, and John Boles, Ray and Mrs. Milland, the Norman Fosters and Charles Boyer and the missus . . . a big hand at the Bali when the crowd discovered Rudolph Valentino's former wife, Jean Acker, there . . . Roland Young and Doug Fairbanks, Junior swapping talk at the Brown Derb . . . favorite dice-and-roulette-spot of the Hollywood wannagambles is the new luck ship Rex, anchored off the Santa Monica coast . . . Phil Regan goes for it . . . seventy-four guests helped the Eddie Cantors celebrate their 24th wedding anniversary . . . Mary Brian getting a farewell party at the Brown Derby with Ken Murray emceeing, just before she shoved off for summer stock.

SYLVIA-she-don't-like-Hollywood-Sidney taking Hollywood and liking it at the Ice Follies, and Sam Goldwyn there, too, for the fourth time . . . old-time memory: Conrad Nagel and Leatrice Joy two-ing at Clara Bow-and-Rex Bell's "IT" Cafe . . . first anniversary night at the House of Murphy and who was there?—Carl Laemmle and a gang, William Fields, *et al,* Al and Ruby Jolson . . . double hot-show at the BevWilshire co-stars Westwood co-ed Jean Eastwood and exotic dancer Franquilla while applause busts the hands of Cesar Romero and Bill Boyd and Grace Bradley and Tony Moreno and Mike Curtiz . . . Club Cercle is Dick Foran's pet staggery . . . Errol Flynn doing some stagging, too, at the Club 17, but later he goes to join Wifie Lili Damita who is being guested by Peggy Fears at the Bali . . . biggie names at the Ice Follies—Marion Davies, Edgar Bergen, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, Spencer Tracy and wife, Claudette Colbert and doctor-hubby Joel Pressman, Myrna Loy.

NO PIKER is Dorothy Lamour, who's having a 12-car parking space leveled off at her new home! . . . convalescent Bill Powell got 12 glasses of milk at a dinner party at Myrna Loy's the other night! . . . Clark Gable has hired the fellow who used to cook for Mex Bandit Pancho Villa, to prepare barbecues at Gable parties . . . light-opera *Roberta* was the send-off for an after-show party at the Troc, with Bob Hope hosting Brod Crawford, Rita Johnson, Ken Dolan, Shirley Ross, Fred and Mrs. MacMurray and others . . . and a night or two later, Fred (who used to play with the California Collegians in his saxophone days) hosted the Collegians after their bit in the show, at his home—and they made phonograph records after Fred dragged out the old sax again . . . sax or sex, Fred's got both . . . ; favorite summer hideaway for the filmisters and misses is Santa Barbara and it's a good chance you'll see Bill Powell there . . . and Genevieve Tobin.

AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN

could have told her!

Neglect of intimate cleanliness may rob the loveliest woman of her charm . . . Use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene

ONE lesson life teaches a woman is the need for complete *intimate* daintiness.

A man wants to think of the woman whose love and companionship he seeks as his dream of feminine loveliness . . . fresh and exquisite at all times. But, without realizing it, there are times when even perfumes, baths and beauty aids may fail to make you attractive—if you neglect the practice of feminine hygiene. Many experienced family doctors know that this neglect has wrecked the happiness of countless marriages.

Don't risk offending in this most personal way. Be *sure* of complete exquisiteness. Follow the "Lysol" method of efficient feminine hygiene.

Ask your own doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. He will tell you "Lysol" has been used in many hospitals and clinics for years as an effective antiseptic douche. Directions for use are on each bottle.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Six reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

•

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

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Send me free booklet "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

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A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME . . .
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE . . .
THAT'S SONJA NOW, *SO* DAINTY, *SO* DESIRABLE, *SO* INCREDIBLE!

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way — forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!

SONJA HENIE
and
RICHARD GREENE
in
MY LUCKY STAR
with

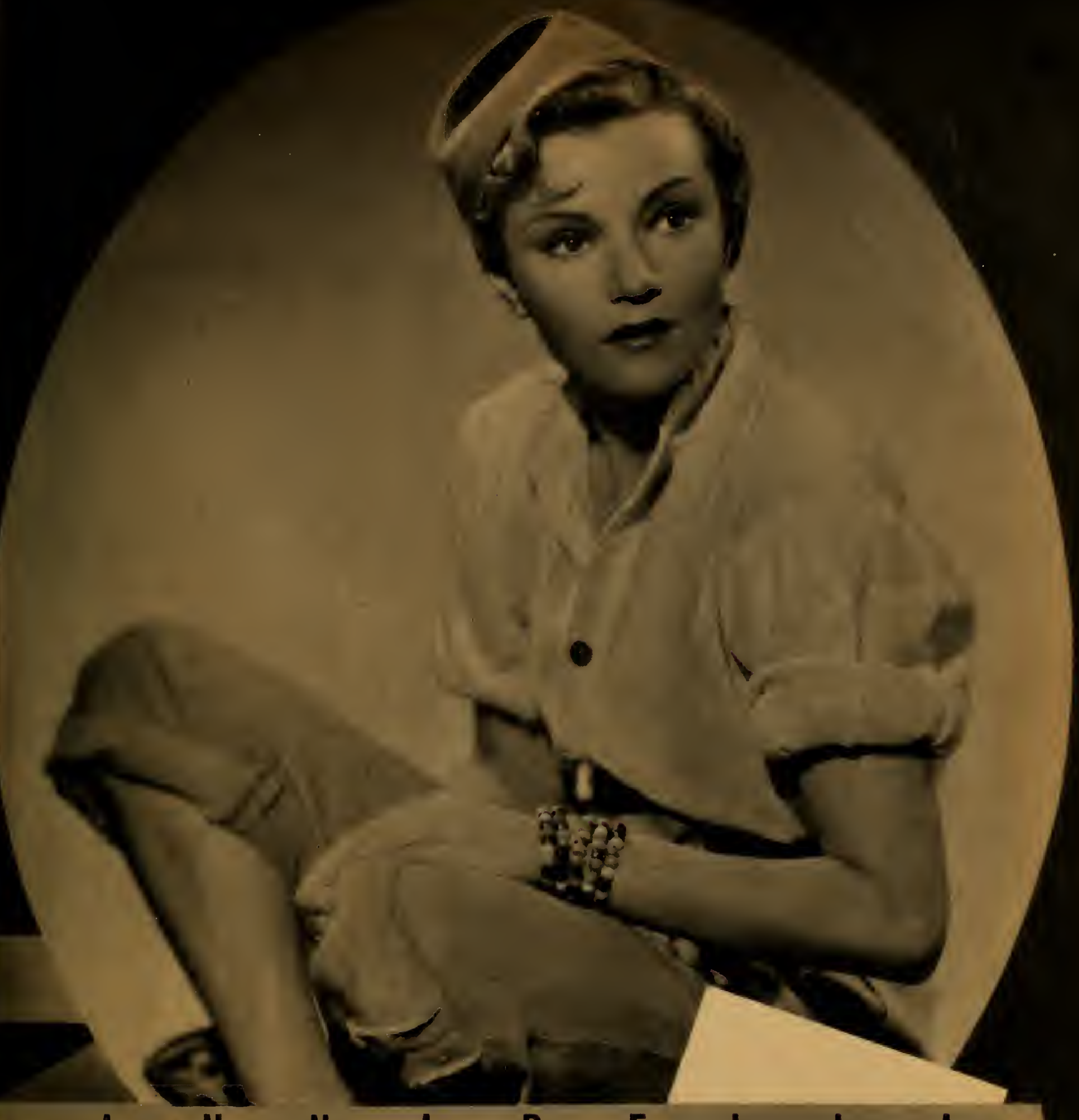
JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSEN
Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
a 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Snow-deep in the rhythms of Gordon & Revel!

"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
"Could You Pass In Love"
"The All American Swing"
"This May Be the Night"
"By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!



ANNABELLA

The glamor of Annabella, hidden more or less since gay Paree surrendered her to Hollywood, now envelops her in Suez. If they grow them like Mlle A. in the Suez country you can't blame boys joining the Navy or ships going East just to pass through the Canal

OUR OWN NEWS CAMERA

Below, left and around are Margaret Sullavan, hubby Leland Hayward and Helen Hayes at the get-together following Helen's stage performance on Coast . . . Lou Ambers, the lightweight champ, advises Bob Taylor how to polish off opponents in bouts for *The Crowd Roars* . . . Jane Bryan wears a gangster's expression when she shoots her camera . . . The Bill Boyds (Grace Bradley) give their hosses a drink at a big private trough on their ranch . . . Bob Montgomery dashes off a quick cuppa coffee . . . Joan Crawford powders up for the "mike" fans . . . And Jim Stewart hypnotizes the ball for a backhand stroke

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Below, right and around, our candid camera finds John Payne taking to a slice of pineapple as a freshener-upper 'tween shots . . . Louise Campbell gives a motherly or wifely or best girl touch in arranging Fred MacMurray's scarf (the boys like these lil attentions, girls) . . . Screen's top villain, Basil Rathbone, looks menacing while shooting it out with Jane, opposite . . . When it's feedbag time for Gene Autry's hosses they come and get it from papa . . . Danielle Darrieux purses pretty lips around a glass. Lucky glass . . . Frank Morgan accommodates an autograph-seeker-outer . . . Ginger Rogers reaches for a high one in winning film tournament at Los Angeles Tennis Club

Doug Junior shouldn't worry about a lil mosquito bite when right now he's Hollywood's fair-haired boy as champion escort to the glamour girls as well as their leading man. Hi there, Ginger, Paulette, Janet, Danielle, Hedy, Marlene, Norma and you, Merle!

OUR OWN NEWS CAMERA

Above Doug, across and down is Paulette Goddard, who, in her first speaking part in *The Young In Heart*, visits her desert home prior to joining summer stock at Cape Cod . . . Hope Hampton, now singing for Universal, is guided around the lot by a company cop . . . Boy can't help meeting girl Marie Wilson or, at least, seeing her a mile off when she wears a dirndl carrying a design of big wine-colored leaves . . . Far Westerner Wayne Morris takes a gander at Far Easterner Pat O'Brien who dons a turban to meet visiting maharajah. Latter has made himself invisible (an old Hindu trick) . . . Allan Jones gets ready to light up with favorite pipe mixture

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Virginia Grey passes up drive-in stands, swim pools, patios, the fights, commissary sodas, picking wildflowers, weaving daisy chains, premieres, nite clubs and other temptations to study scripts and become a star

Top, down and across are Myrna Loy and Clark Gable registering fatigue 'tween scenes of *Too Hot To Handle* . . . This is the way Budge would do it says Wayne Morris making forehand drive in daily tennis workout . . . Joan Fontaine gives her prize-winning collies a drink . . . Luise Rainer becomes playful with "mike" on *Great Waltz* set . . . Louise Campbell's airedale, Jerry, no likee rough water and has to be carried away from the rollers

HOW TO BE 'LOY-ISH'

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

DEAR Editor:

If you are really in earnest about wanting to help America's Girlhood in its crusade to be like Loy (Myrna), who is currently American Manhood's Belle Ideal, I think I can help you after my excursion into Metro-land where she is practically held captive, making one film on top of another. Willingly, of course, and very successfully, too.

After some weighty cogitation (thought to you, as if I need say!) and some ponderous discussion with various Loy colleagues (male, naturally), I am prepared to tell America's Girlhood that to be Loy-ish is to be romantic, unromantic, cosy, unapproachable, queenly, regal, hoydenish. And it helps to be five-feet-five-inches, with reddish hair, dark eyes that are shuttered by long lashes when she wrinkles her organs of sight for a laugh—which is often enough. It also helps, if you are absolutely determined to be Loy-ish, to have a saucy nose—*retrousee nez* (as the French say unless I have spelled it wrong again)—with oblique nostrils that dart forward when you wrinkle your nose in a traditional Loy grimace. Yes, it all helps. Sense of humor. Poise. Lack of coyness. But the funny thing to this investigator is that no two men, cornered, questioned, can agree on what it is that Loy has that 99 percent of the Girls of America haven't got.

Her counsellor of public relations (plain old press agent to you, Editor), by name Otis Wiles, goes into fairly restrained paeans of praise, for that's his business, and writes (for a price, of course), "Myrna Loy is an idealist without the stultifying illusions of the romantic." Somebody else says she is a realist, with a mind that is stripped of sentimentalities.

Then up bobs Laurence Stallings, the virile gentleman who filled a New York stage full of cuss-words when he wrote *What Price Glory* (he's writing on the current Loy-Gable-Pidgeon opus, *Too Hot to Handle*) and says, when asked firmly, "She's at heart a sentimentalist. And she's a hard woman to write dialogue for. She doesn't stand for anything that sounds like an ingenue. Wrinkles her nose and says 'Uh uh. It isn't my type.'

"Sometimes I get disgusted with her, standing on the sidelines. She doesn't do a thing with the lines that I've fed her. Just reads them. Full of repression. I say to myself, 'Gosh, if she'd just *chew the scenery once*. Just *once*, Lord! Let herself go. Give the stuff the gun!' And she doesn't. But when I go into the projection room to see the finished film, there is Loy with a jewel-like performance. Everything that she has underdone, in my estimation, stands out like a cameo. She's turned in another swell performance." Stallings snorted. Stamped away. Came back. "I will say that she works like a horse, though," he said, in touching tribute. Myrna raised her arched eyebrows. Smiled her Mona Lisa Loy-like smile. Said nothing, which she also does pretty consistently.

SO IT looks, Editor, like we are going to have to add the word "sophisticated"—overworked as it is—to the complete description of Loy. Sorry.

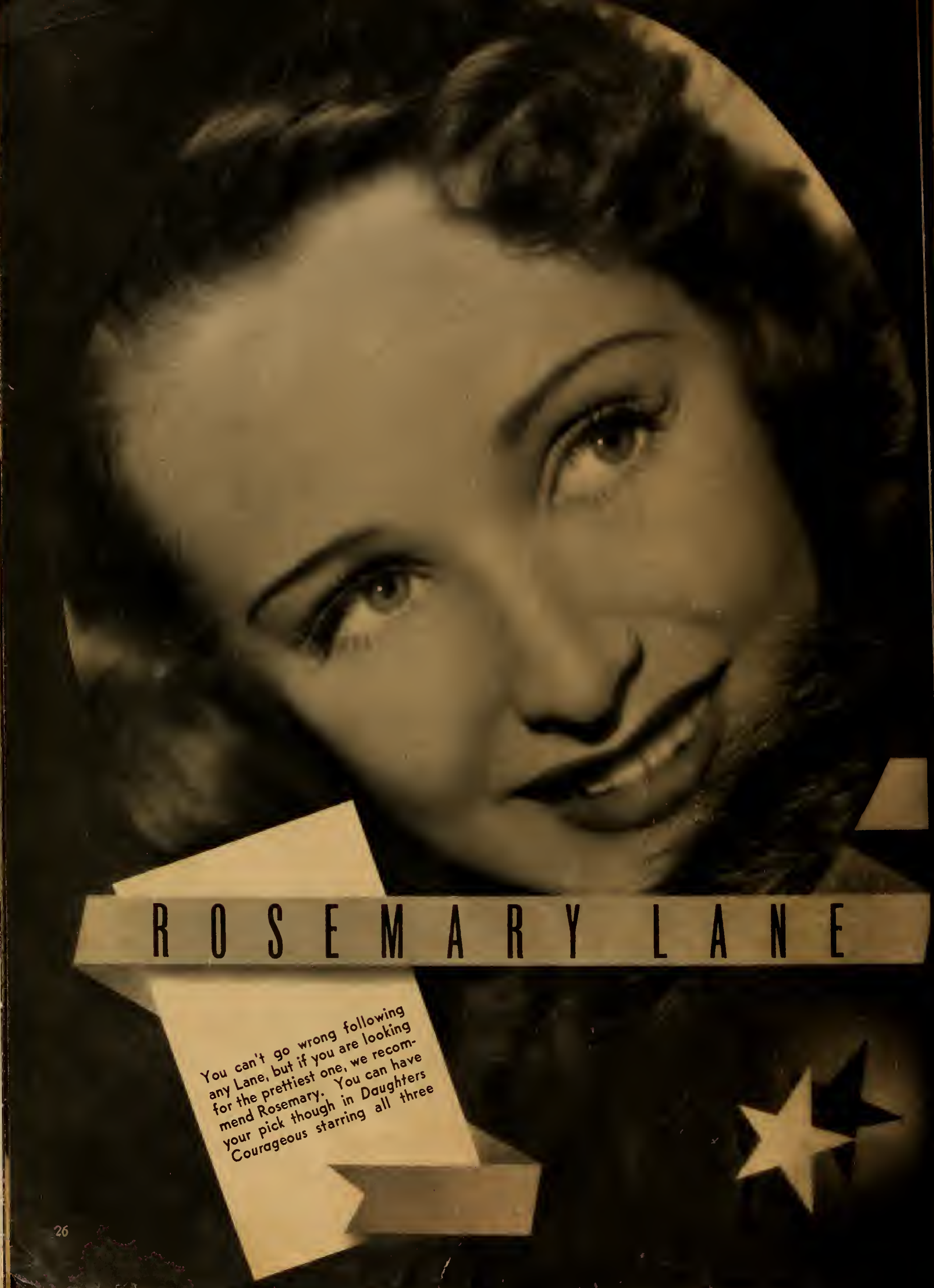
The way it all started, as you know, is that some Loy-worshipper, a lexicographer, added a new word, an adjective of all things, to the smart world's private dictionary. The word was *loy-ish*, and denoted a state (fem.) of utter desirability. If you were "charming" in 1937, you are "Loy-ish" in 1938. To *La* Loy (born Williams) of Helena, Montana, it's pretty much of a surprise. Confronted with the evidence, she made an abbreviated comment: "Really?" The Williams, silent

[*Continued on page* 70]

MYRNA'S THE MODEL, STREAMLINED AMERICAN SWEETHEART OF 1938. HERE'S AN EXPOSE OF THE FINER POINTS ON HOW TO BECOME THE NEW STYLE, SMOOTHER-THAN-SILK FEMME IDEAL

CLARK AND MYRNA

Taking up with Clark Gable where she left off with Bill Powell, Myrna Loy comes out in *Too Hot To Handle*—which carries on their romantic and dramatic interludes so pleasantly started in *Test Pilot*. Only this time ML is a round-the-world aviatrix and Mr. G a daring newsreel cameraman. Look for thrills and smoother-than-silk love-making



ROSEMARY LANE

You can't go wrong following any Lane, but if you are looking for the prettiest one, we recommend Rosemary. You can have your pick though in *Daughters Courageous* starring all three

TEN MILLION DOLLAR BABY

IF THEY'RE CALLING TYRONE POWER THE $10,000,000 BABY IT'S BECAUSE IN ONE YEAR HE HAS CLIMBED TO THE MALE STARRING ROLE IN FOUR SUPER-PRODUCTIONS. THAT ISN'T BAD (IS IT?) FOR A YOUTH OF 24

By KAY PROCTOR

THE "ten million dollar baby" they are calling Tyrone Power in Hollywood these days. The most valuable male property on the 20th Century-Fox lot, according to the wise boys. And yet less than two years ago the studio so little suspected his possibilities as to fail to even give him screen credit in his first picture, *Girls' Dormitory*. Another newcomer, Miss Simone Simon took all the bows in that one.

The $10,000,000 tag is a matter of simple arithmetic figured in this fashion: in the one year of 1938 young Ty will have had the male starring role in four super-productions, each one of which will have cost a tidy little two-and-one-half million good, round dollars!

Two of the pictures, *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and *Marie Antoinette* already have been completed. Ty is now working on the third, *Suez*, and the fourth, *Jesse James*, is scheduled for Fall production.

Not bad for a kid of twenty-four. Not bad at all.

The angle on the thing that I like best, however, is the graceful way Ty is wearing that sensational success; it would have been so understandable if it had impressed him as much as it has the rest of Hollywood.

"Why kid myself?" he asked bluntly. "I've been lucky, darned lucky, and I know it. And I'm not apt to forget it in a hurry. Particularly when things like that trunk business keep popping up ever day to remind me of how supremely unimportant I was to everybody but myself and my mother only yesterday."

A couple of weeks ago, it seems, Ty got an unusual fan letter. It was from a former landlady of his in Hollywood. She had read of his fine success and wondered politely if, maybe, he wouldn't like to reclaim that trunk he left in her basement in lieu of the $22.50 rent he owed her. He must have left a good many of his possessions packed in it, she went on, because it certainly was heavy to move around.

"At first I had quite a time remembering exactly what basement she was talking about," Ty said.

One of those unpleasant things his memory conveniently had blotted out perhaps?

"Not by a darn sight," Ty [*Continued on page* 53]

The four super-pictures which have Ty as the $10,000,000 baby are *Alexander's Ragtime Band, Marie Antoinette, Suez* and *Jesse James*, the latter set for Fall production. Which is some climb since he played a bit in his first film, *Girls' Dormitory*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

The little horsewoman is back on the job, having completed a transcontinental tour. While East she was a guest at a certain house on Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., and at a certain estate at Hyde Park, N. Y. In this triumphal trip she proved herself America's Sweetheart

IS THE TEEN AGE DIFFICULT?

By GLADYS HALL

DEANNA DURBIN TAKES UP THE PROBLEMS OF THE TEEN AGE THAT HAVE PUZZLED EDUCATORS, PARENTS AND GROWING DAUGHTERS SINCE HECTOR WAS A PUP, AND SOLVES THEM WITHOUT ANY FUSS OR FLURRY

SEZ I to young Deanna, coming to the point at once, "Is the teen age difficult? I mean, do you have problems about clothes and boys? Do you hate to grow up or want to? Do you wonder about love and marriage and all that? Haven't you—ah—growing pains or something?"

I must say, right here, that even as I asked these questions I could tell by the cool and competent composure of young Deanna that she would have no difficulties about anything, that if she does have problems she also, without fuss or flurry, just simply solves them.

And how right I was! For "no," said Deanna, pleasantly but matter-of-factly, "no, I haven't any difficulties. I really haven't. I haven't any—what did you call them—growing pains? What are they, anyway? And I haven't any problems. I mean, I haven't any problems in my private life. Of course there are problems about my work now and then. But I just iron them out. I always think of 'problems' as having to do with arithmetic or algebra, you know. And if you have a problem in arithmetic you just sit down and figure it out, don't you? Or if it's too big for you why then you ask someone to help you. One way or another, you solve it. And then that's all there is to it.

"I think," said Deanna, "that some people sort of make problems for themselves, don't you? Like all the books and articles that are written about the boys and girls in their teens and how the teens are the difficult and dangerous age and all that. I don't think the teen age is difficult at all, if you just figure it out. I think the trouble is, if there is any trouble, that boys and girls in their teens don't have enough to do. At least, they don't have enough to interest them a lot."

As Deanna talked I fancied that her eyes reminded me of a pair of shining scales, weighing the pros and cons of just about everything. Rejecting whatever is unsuitable, accepting whatever is inevitable. Such an old wisdom in such a a young person.

"If any age is difficult," Deanna was saying, "I should think that it would be around twelve years old. That's sometimes hard because when you're twelve you don't quite know what to do. I mean, you want to play with dolls and yet you feel a little self-conscious about it. You like to be with grown-ups and yet you know that you don't really quite belong. But even being twelve didn't bother me," smiled Deanna, looking back at that tricky age from the vantage point of three-and-a-half years, "because I was just about to begin singing on Eddie Cantor's radio broadcast and I had so much to do I didn't have time to think much about *me*. If people can't think too much about themselves they can't get all snarled up, that's what I think."

Deanna, and I were lunching in the commissary on the Universal lot. Deanna was fresh off [*Continued on page 73*]

BEAUTIFUL

IN HOLLYWOOD, the city of beautiful legs, there is a star or player who has the most beautiful legs of all. Who is she?

An intriguing question, isn't it? How would you like to help us solve this problem and at the same time have loads of fun and a chance to win one of the many valuable prizes offered to participants in this contest? It's simple and amusing, and if you're lucky you may win first prize—a free trip to Hollywood, plus a week in the glamor city as the personal guest of Martha Raye.

As you probably know there is no city in the entire world that has as many beautiful legs as Hollywood. Some stars have even built their reputations on their lower extremities. But there are others who have been too modest or have been overlooked by press-agents and even by you. But, sometimes, very unexpectedly a discovery is made. The legs have been there all the time, but the camera just didn't find them.

This happened only recently over at Paramount studios while filming *Give Me a Sailor,* co-starring Martha Raye and Bob Hope. Suddenly the camera shifted its focus from one extremity of Martha's to the other. For, accidentally, they had discovered that the vivacious Martha had a pair of stems that were far superior to many highly publicized limbs in the film colony. As a matter of fact, this is the central theme of *Give Me a Sailor.* In this picture, which will be shown at your favorite theatre soon, Martha, quite unexpectedly, wins a beautiful legs contest. We say "unexpectedly" because all the time Martha thought she was an entrant in a cooking contest.

BUT, we won't go into this now because how this situation arises is something you will appreciate when you see the picture—and you do want to see it. And now we have a little confession to make—it was Martha Raye's experience in *Give Me a Sailor* that inspired this Beautiful Legs Contest.

This is how it happened: We, on MOTION PICTURE's editorial staff, were discussing the fact that although Martha

IF YOU CAN FIND TEN HIDDEN NAMES IN THE SLOGAN "GIVE ME A SAILOR IS PARAMOUNT'S ROLLICKING, MIRTHFUL COMEDY STARRING MARTHA RAYE AND BOB HOPE" YOU CAN ENTER THIS CONTEST

LEGS CONTEST

Raye has been in pictures and on the stage for several years—and all the time possessed those beautiful legs—not a word about them appeared in the fan magazines or newspapers. Why even the fans, themselves, seemed totally unaware of Martha's prize beauty asset.

And so it is the purpose of this contest to discover just who has the most beautiful legs in Hollywood. It might be Martha Raye. It might be Claudette Colbert. It might be Ginger Rogers, or one of many others. You are going to decide the winner.

Because we mentioned the above names does not mean that we think any of those stars has the most beautiful legs. We leave that entirely up to you. You, the reader, are going to make that choice and Hollywood is waiting for the name of the winner.

But the question you want answered now is: How do I win a prize for myself and at the same time help select the most beautiful legs in Hollywood? Here's what you do.

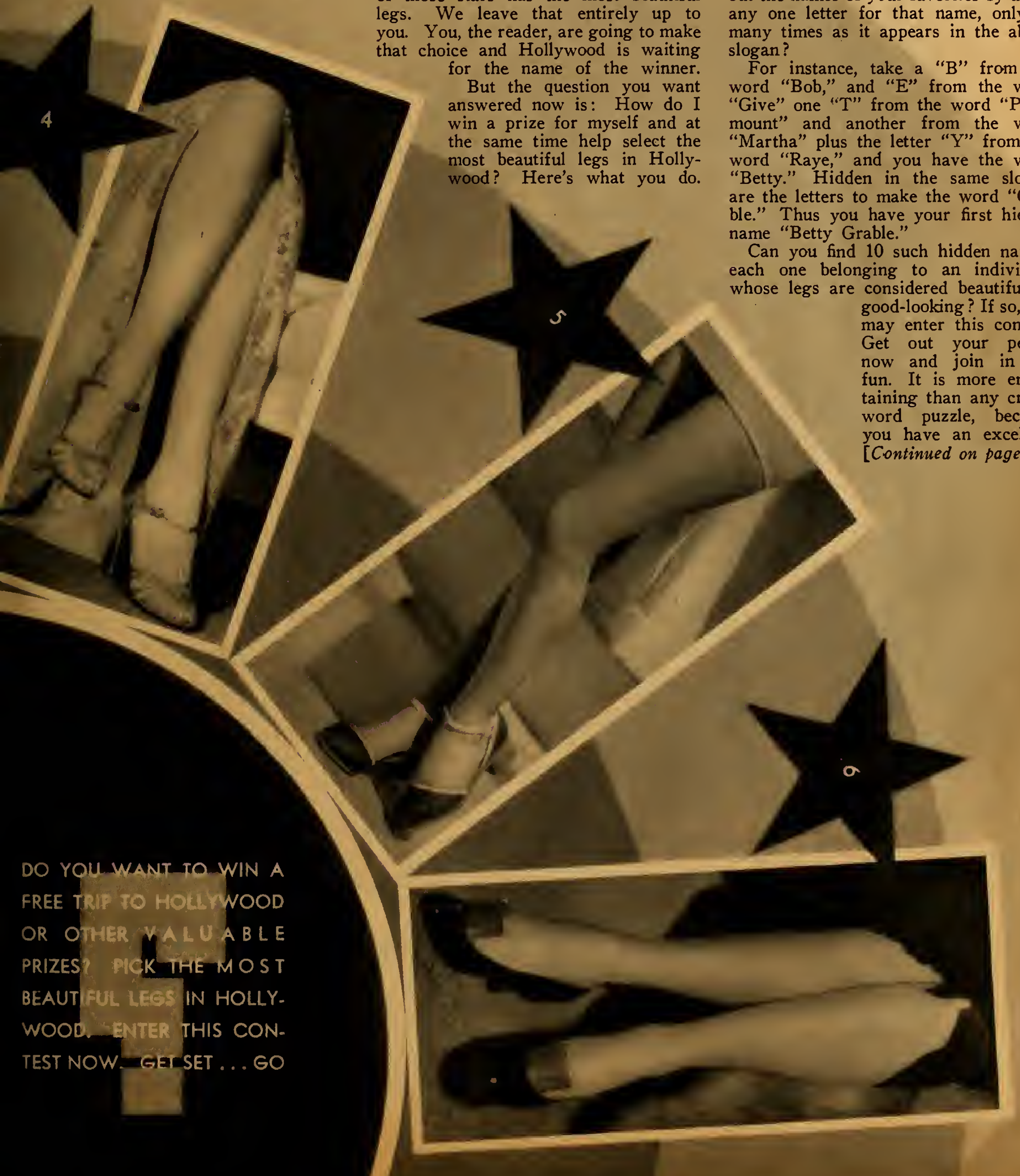
Look carefully at the following slogan —"GIVE ME A SAILOR" IS PARAMOUNT'S ROLLICKING, MIRTHFUL COMEDY STARRING MARTHA RAYE AND BOB HOPE.

How many names of your favorite stars or players who have good-looking legs can you find in that slogan spelling out the names of your favorites by using any one letter for that name, only as many times as it appears in the above slogan?

For instance, take a "B" from the word "Bob," and "E" from the word "Give" one "T" from the word "Paramount" and another from the word "Martha" plus the letter "Y" from the word "Raye," and you have the word "Betty." Hidden in the same slogan are the letters to make the word "Grable." Thus you have your first hidden name "Betty Grable."

Can you find 10 such hidden names, each one belonging to an individual whose legs are considered beautiful or good-looking? If so, you may enter this contest. Get out your pencil now and join in the fun. It is more entertaining than any crossword puzzle, because you have an excellent

[*Continued on page* 75]



DO YOU WANT TO WIN A FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD OR OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES? PICK THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LEGS IN HOLLYWOOD. ENTER THIS CONTEST NOW. GET SET . . . GO

By DAN CAMP

THE ORIGINAL CLAM OF HOLLYWOOD

Colman grew his own set of whiskers (beaver to you) for *Villon* in *If I Were King*

RONALD COLMAN IS THE MOST SINCERE PUBLICITY-HATER IN HOLLYWOOD. BUT UNLIKE MANY OTHERS IT'S NOT AN ACT. YOU WILL KNOW HIM BETTER HERE

FROM a cute little blonde with an unlisted telephone number in Beverly Hills, I'm borrowing for this story the best title I've ever heard for Ronald Charles Colman.

It seems that this gal, who eclipses that swimsuit poster on every curve and billow, had been trying to contact Ronnie for quite some time. She wanted to interview him on a perfectly legitimate matter for publication. Even without a good excuse, any ordinary man would have been only too glad to hang a few extra etchings on his parlor wall, and have the front door wide open. . . .

But after two-and-a-half weeks of trying to crash in on Ronnie Colman, via every conceivable introductory method known in Hollywood, this blonde gave up.

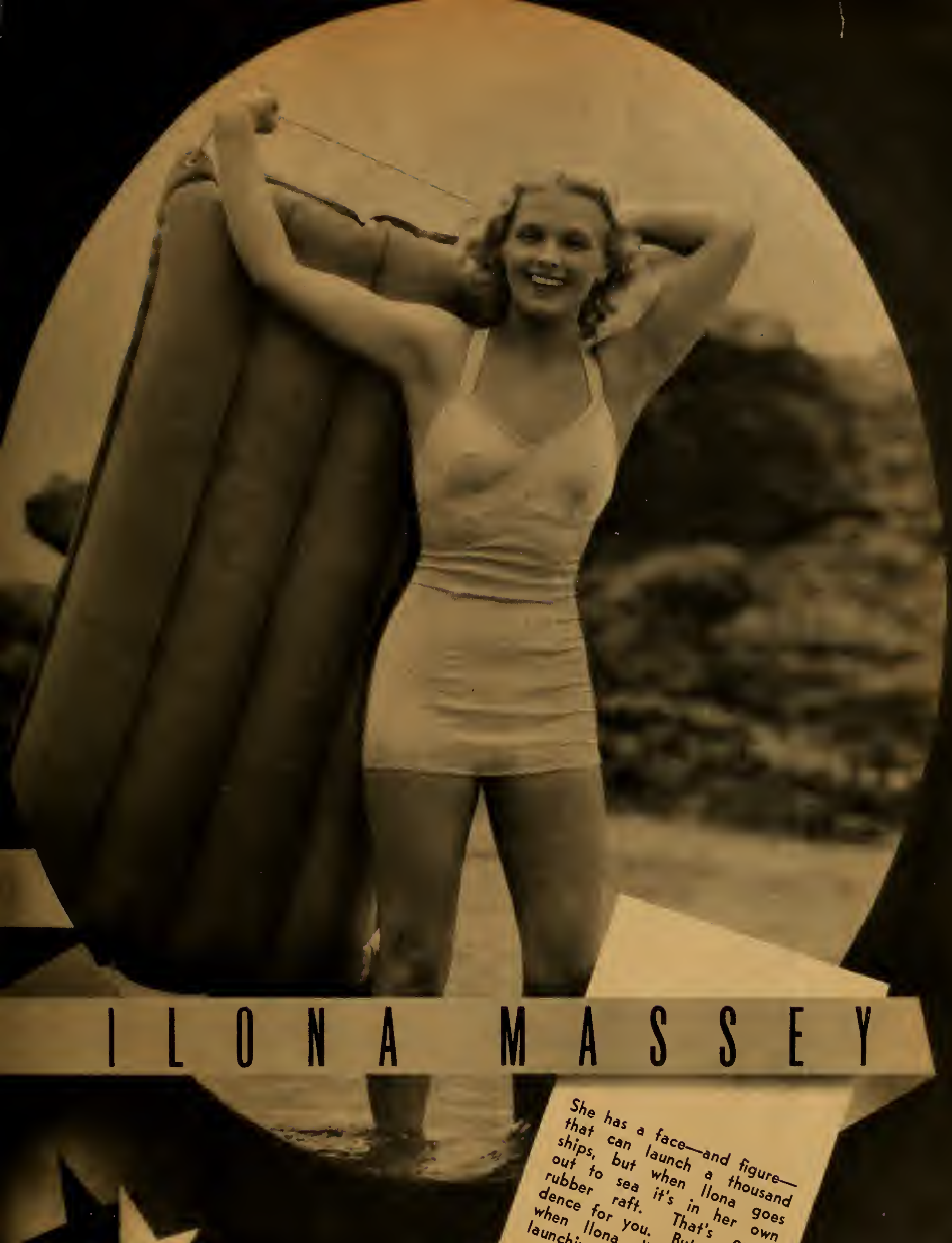
"Blank-blank Ronald Colman," she said; "he's *the original clam of Hollywood!!!*"

And that, as far as I'm concerned, is the title for this story, too—"THE ORIGINAL CLAM OF HOLLYWOOD."

In more than ten years of intimate Hollywood reporting, of seeing the wheels go 'round and 'round inside each other in movieland, of watching the great and the near-great and the never-will-be-great try to make the grade, of seeing everything (and I DO mean EVERYthing!) committed in the name of publicity, I hand to Ronald Charles Colman this recognition: *He is the most sincere publicity-hater in Hollywood.*

With Ronnie, it's not an act. Like Garbo's, I mean when Garbo dodges publicity, she dodges it in such a fashion that it's bound to garner buckets of publicity. With Ronnie, publicity-dodging is real. He doesn't like people; he doesn't like to see endless lines of type about himself; he positively cringes when he reads gooey gush about Colman. He's that rarest of all things: an actor who is NOT an extrovert.

In a topsy-turvy town where hardly anything is done without an eye on the columns of the newspapers and the trade papers and the [*Continued on page* 60]



ILONA MASSEY

She has a face—and figure—that can launch a thousand ships, but when Ilona goes out to sea it's in her own rubber raft. That's confidence for you. But why not when Ilona did so well in launching her screen career?

"CHARLIE

CHARLIE McCARTHY, AMERICA'S GREAT LOVER, REVEALS HIS LOVE-LIFE WHILE MOWING BERGEN DOWN. FOR CHARLIE GETS LOVE LETTERS AND BERGEN JUST GETS BILLS

CHARLIE straightened up from the trunk full of letters into which he'd been delving, and fixed me with a bright brown eye.

"Before I tell all, lady, would you clear up one point? Is it me and Bergen you want? Or just me?"

"Just I," said Bergen.

"Just *you!* Say, Bergen, fun's fun, but why push a jest out of bounds?"

"I was merely correcting your grammar, Charlie. Far be it from me to horn in on your interview."

"Well, that's big of you, considering I get eighty per cent of the mail. (He can *have* the other twenty per cent. They're bills). Look at that photo, f'r instance. 'To my dearest sweetheart, Charlie, with all the love in the world, from your Dottie.' Can you tie that, can you even come anywhere near it, Bergen?"

"Well, after all, Charlie, you're a mere child. You could hardly expect Dorothy—"

"Don't quibble, Bergen. Facts must be faced. (Especially when the press is around). Captivatin' Charlie, that's me—(so they tell me, and who am I to say them nay?)—Sound Effects Bergen, that's him, he—oh, pick out your own adverbs. But I'll tell you one thing, my fine-feathered friend—"

"Now what does that mean—'my fine-feathered friend?' Is that supposed to be funny?"

"Just my delicate way of giving you the bird, Bergen, but let it go, let it go. As I was about to remark, if I got the breaks you get, I wouldn't muff 'em, no, not I. Here these nice people out at *Universal* put you into *Letter of Introduction* with a girl like Andrea Leeds—ah, me!—and who gets her? Do you? No—"

"Do you?" inquired Bergen pointedly.

"No, but I might if you'd have me wired for sound and go mind your own business once in a while. Besides, let me remind you that I'm a mere child and doing all right. By the way, how old are you, Bergen?"

"Don't you think you'd better get on with your letters, Charlie?"

"Don't-I-think-I'd-better-get-on-with-my-letters-Charlie?—Bergen, you slay me, you're that subtle. All right, *aw-w-l* right, I'm getting on with 'em. (Just excuse me while I snicker a minute, will you?)" He dived into the trunk, snickering, and emerged with a letter. "Please notice I didn't play eeny-meeny-miny-mo down there. I don't have to. Far be it from me to brag, but everyone of those letters says 'Charlie, I love you'—more or less."

"COME, come, young man, don't be an utter egotist—"

"Whazzat, whazzat—?"

"An utter egotist is one who thinks too well of himself."

I LOVE YOU"

"Oh, but you wrong me, Bergen. *I* didn't write those letters to myself. Sa-a-y, is that what you do?"

"Charlie, suppose you cut the comedy—"

"Yeah, suppose I cut the comedy, and where would you be? Back in the five-a-day—"

"And where would you be?"

"Just where I am now. Condemned to a fate worse than death. I take it back, I take it back, I take it back, but how would you like to be glued to a man's knee for the rest of your life? Don't you know any lady ventriloquists? Maybe we could make a trade—"

"Charlie, the lady wants a story about your love letters. If you won't talk—"

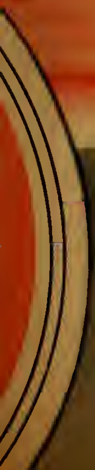
"If *I* won't talk—! Have I ever failed you yet? (Don't rush me, Bergen. Can't you see I'm trying to act modest and shy?")

"I'm afraid it's too late for that—"

"Well, I don't like the smell of that crack, but maybe you're right. Here goes. 'Charlie darling—' That's what it says, you can see for yourself. 'Charlie darling—' My, my, why was I born irresistible? 'I am a blonde, eight years old.' Children cry for me,

[*Continued on page* 68]

BY
IDA
ZEITLIN



Charlie, who admits he's a butterfly at heart, wears sports clothes when walking with Edgar Bergen—the better to slay 'em with. Way over he looks over his mountainous mail from girls who think he's just dandy. In circle the Great Lover kisses sweetie Andrea Leeds in *Letter of Introduction*

GARY COOPER

That Montana rancher and cowhand is back in the saddle again and sorta reckons he feels at home. He aims as how he'll wait at the fence till Merle Oberon gits along. They'll be gittin' along swell in love, tew, in *The Lady and the Cowboy*

"I'M NOT UNDRESSING MY PRIVATE LIFE"

By
JAMES
REID

DOROTHY LAMOUR TALKS UP ABOUT PRIVACY. SAYS SHE—"AS MUCH AS IT'S POSSIBLE FOR A GOLDFISH IN A BOWL TO HAVE A PRIVATE LIFE, I'M GOING TO HAVE ONE!"

I MAY still have to strip down to sarongs on the screen," said Dorothy Lamour, "but, off the screen, I'm determined to have a little mystery left. I'm not undressing my private life."

She smiled as she said it, but there was a candid glint of defiance in her blue-grey eyes, an upward tilt to her chin.

"I don't know what people expect," she added, shaking her head. "Some of them seem to have the idea, from the sarongs, that I want to be an exhibitionist. That I *like* self-exposure That I'm dying to reveal all I can of myself—not stop with epidermis, but go on to emotions, and thoughts, and private life, and Bare All. Hide nothing. But those people are awfully, awfully mistaken. I've got other ideas. As much as it's possible for a goldfish in a bowl to have a private life, I'm going to have one!"

I had heard that Dorothy, one of the most amiable girls in the movies had lately staged a rebellion against invasions of her privacy, and I had asked her if she would talk about it.

Would she? To talk about it, she had broken her promise to herself that she would let nothing except her Sunday radio program interrupt her first movie vacation. To give this one and only vacation interview, she had come all the way into town from her new home in Coldwater Canyon, and we were having lunch in an alcove in Lucey's, which offers good food in an old world atmosphere, quiet and seclusion.

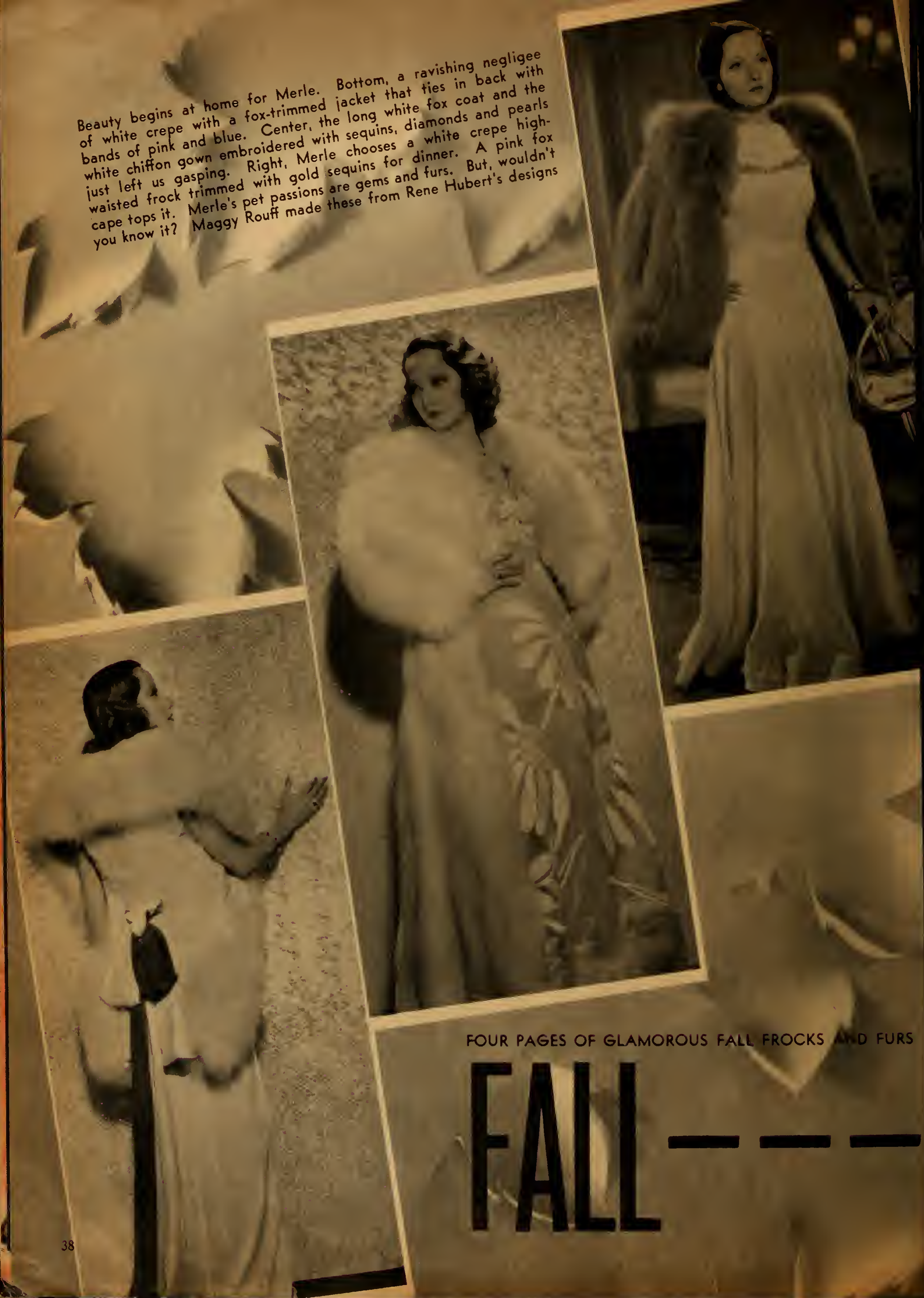
She was wearing navy-blue slacks and a short-sleeved, dusty-pink sweater, neither of which did too much damage to the Lamour contours. On her head she wore a pastel-blue scarf, peasant-fashion. She apologized for her garb, her lack of make-up. She "expected" that she "looked a sight."

She *didn't* look like a glamor girl, languorous and sultry and—fully conscious of her public. She looked as she might if she were still a salesgirl in Marshall Field's, Chicago, and having a vacation. She looked comfortable, even relaxed. Off-guard. Natural. Normal. I told her so. And she said: "Being normal may not be glamorous, but it's fun."

Removing the scarf, uncovering those coils of dark brown hair (which made her look even more natural), she added, "And what's the percentage in being in the movies, if you can't have

[*Continued on page* 67]

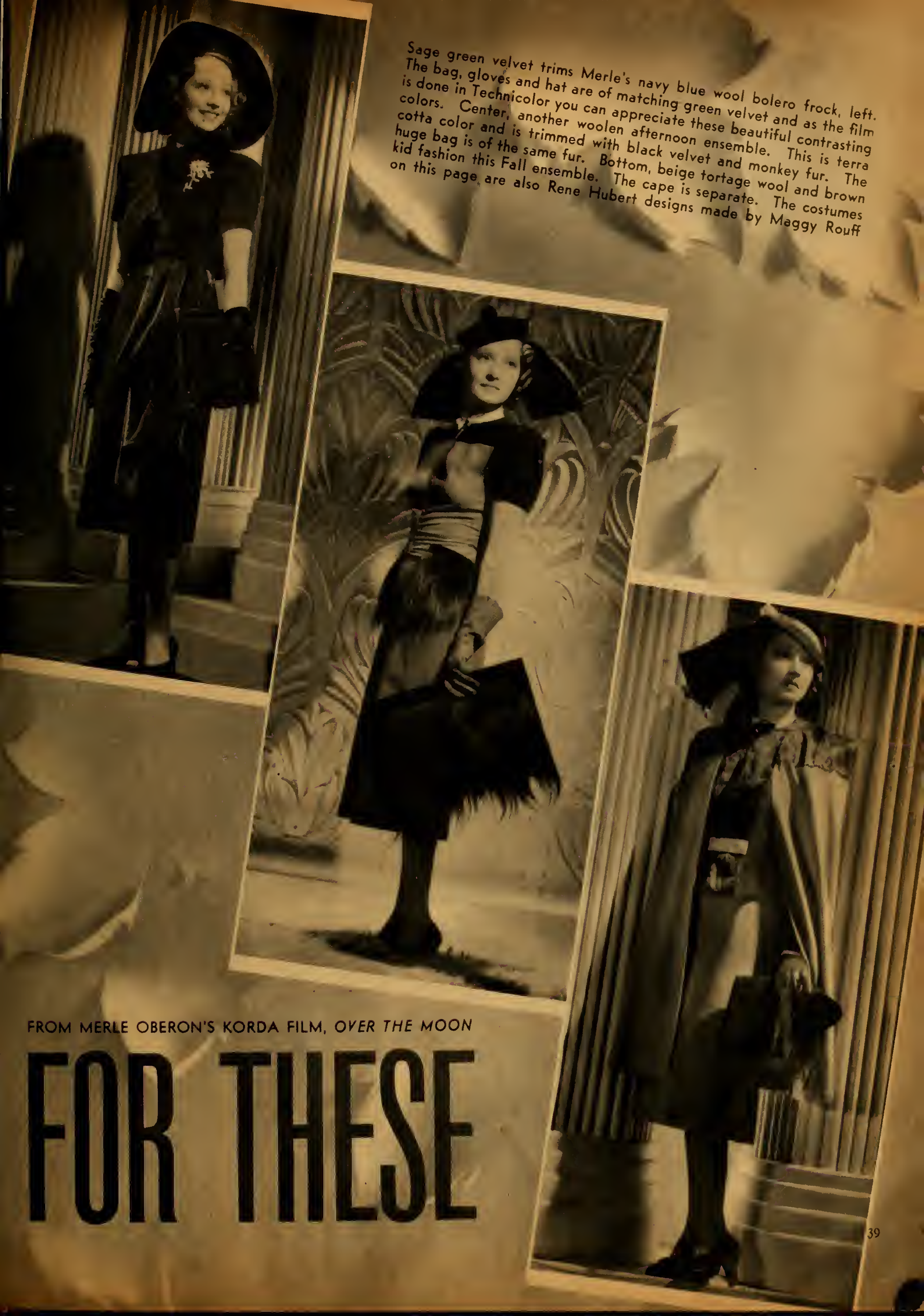
Dorothy interrupted her first movie vacation to discuss her private life. She appreciates publicity but doesn't want it to trespass on her privacy. Her next films are *Spawn of the North* and *St. Louis Blues*



Beauty begins at home for Merle. Bottom, a ravishing negligee of white crepe with a fox-trimmed jacket that ties in back with bands of pink and blue. Center, the long white fox coat and the white chiffon gown embroidered with sequins, diamonds and pearls just left us gasping. Right, Merle chooses a white crepe high-waisted frock trimmed with gold sequins for dinner. A pink fox cape tops it. Merle's pet passions are gems and furs. But, wouldn't you know it? Maggy Rouff made these from Rene Hubert's designs

FOUR PAGES OF GLAMOROUS FALL FROCKS AND FURS

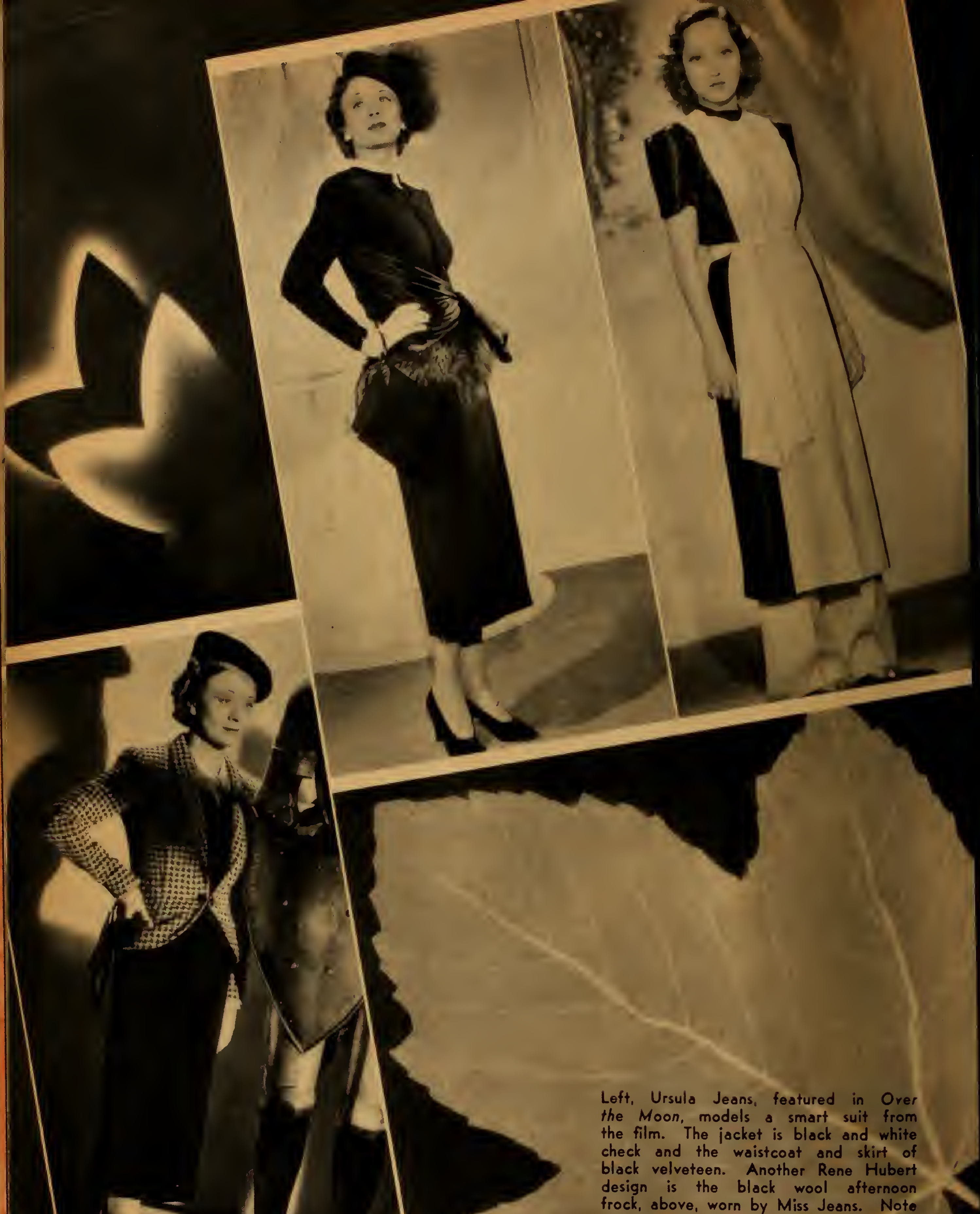
FALL———



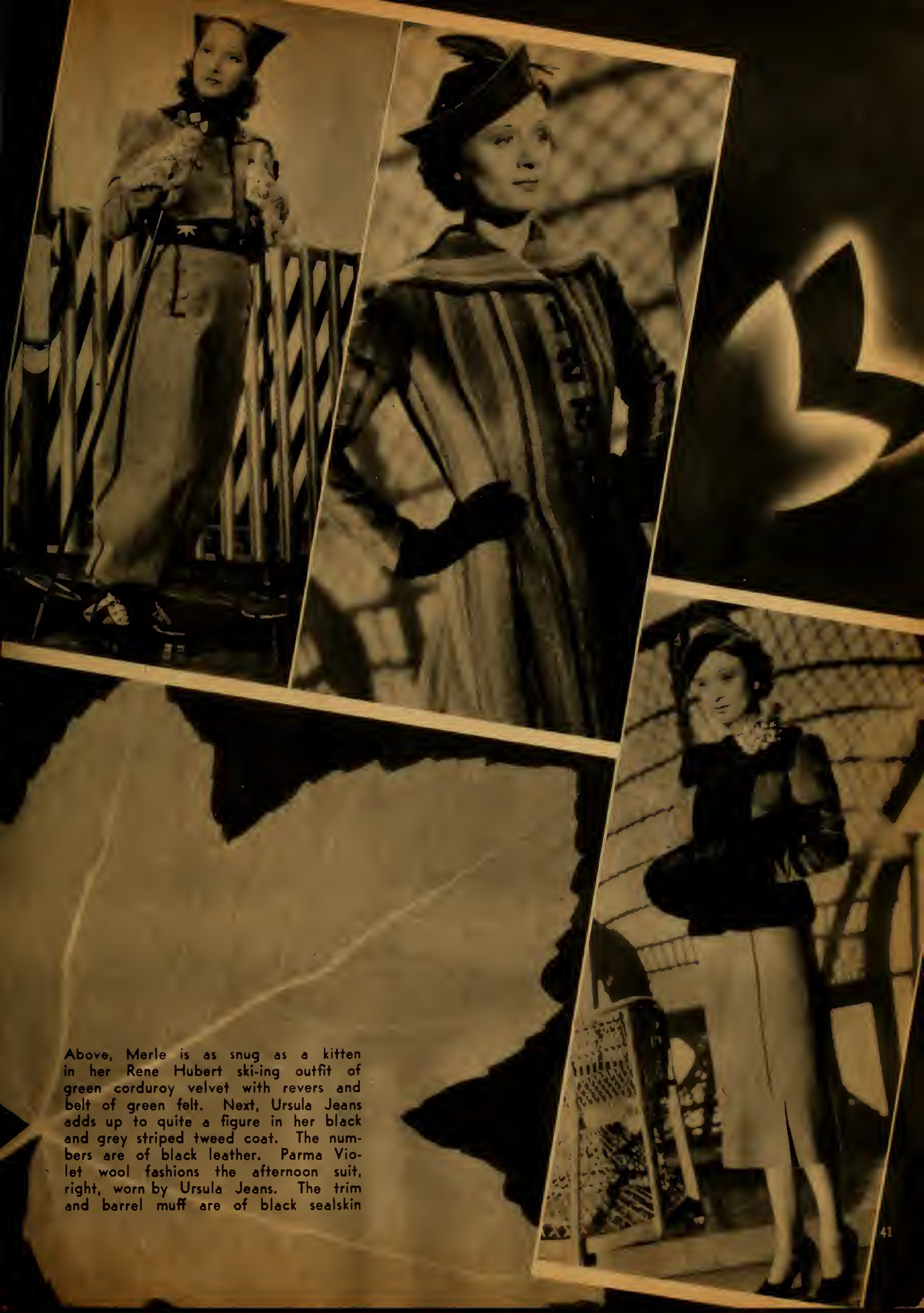
Sage green velvet trims Merle's navy blue wool bolero frock, left. The bag, gloves and hat are of matching green velvet and as the film is done in Technicolor you can appreciate these beautiful contrasting colors. Center, another woolen afternoon ensemble. This is terra cotta color and is trimmed with black velvet and monkey fur. The huge bag is of the same fur. Bottom, beige tortage wool and brown kid fashion this Fall ensemble. The cape is separate. The costumes on this page are also Rene Hubert designs made by Maggy Rouff

FROM MERLE OBERON'S KORDA FILM, *OVER THE MOON*

FOR THESE



Left, Ursula Jeans, featured in *Over the Moon*, models a smart suit from the film. The jacket is black and white check and the waistcoat and skirt of black velveteen. Another Rene Hubert design is the black wool afternoon frock, above, worn by Miss Jeans. Note the wide satin fox-trimmed sash. And top right, Merle Oberon in a stunning lounge suit of ivory and black satin



Above, Merle is as snug as a kitten in her Rene Hubert ski-ing outfit of green corduroy velvet with revers and belt of green felt. Next, Ursula Jeans adds up to quite a figure in her black and grey striped tweed coat. The numbers are of black leather. Parma Violet wool fashions the afternoon suit, right, worn by Ursula Jeans. The trim and barrel muff are of black sealskin

JAMES STEWART & JEAN ARTHUR

Who said you can't take it with you? Here's Jim Stewart about to take a kiss from Jean Arthur an' the way both line up for it indicates they like this thing called love. They play the non-screwy characters in Frank Capra's film version of stage hit, *You Can't Take It With You*

LAST WORD ON OLIVIA

Olivia had the gossipers buzzing in a big way when she went to England on a vacation. But she fooled them. So far she is content to carry on with her film work and romance can wait till the Right Man comes along

IF YOU THINK OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND IS KEEPING SECRETS FROM YOU, THEN YOU HAVE ANOTHER GUESS COMING. SHE TELLS ALL

By IDA ZEITLIN

LAST Spring Olivia de Havilland went to England, and the newspapers had a picnic. She was traveling incognito. She was fleeing a persistent Romeo here. She was rushing to the arms of an ardent suitor there—a titled blue-blood whom she'd promised to marry and who'd never let her come back to pictures.

She can see the funny side of it now. Her mother carefully kept all papers from her till she *could* see the funny side.

"Look," she said, with a kind of humorous despair. "I know reporters have to have news. I know, when there is none, they have to make it up. But I *did* think there had to be *one* grain of truth in the chaff. This is the truth. I was fleeing from no one. There was no one to flee from. There was no one to flee *to*. I *did* change my name because I wanted to stop being a movie actress while I was away. That proved a mistake. We'd forget what name we were using and changed it again. We changed it five times and got so mixed up that we lost half our mail. Mother'd go to inquire for letters. 'The name, madam?' 'Heaven help me, what *is* the name?' she'd mutter and scurry away. I'm sure they thought we were counterfeiters or something, just a jump ahead of the police.

"I went to England for one reason and only one—because I wanted to go, because it's been my dream since I was a little girl. I have an English name and an English heritage. To me England was a kind of promised land, all shimmering with romance. *And I don't mean men.* I mean the romance of history and story books—the thought of touching ground that's soaked in tradition, that maybe another de Havilland had touched before me. Except for my immediate family, I've never had an immediate relative in my life. Maybe that's why the dead-and-gone de Havillands mean so much to me.

"Anyway, I saved up for over a year, so mother and I could make the trip. Also I worked [*Continued on page* 71]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Cheese

■ Gift-of-the-month, in Hollywood, was the one presented to Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, as an official governmental recognition of something they'd done. . . .

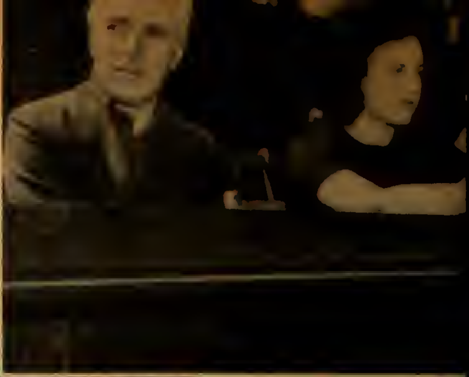
The "something": a ballyhoo for Switzerland, in *Swiss Miss.*

The government: the Swiss Federation.

The gift: a 200-pound CHEESE . . . ! !

No Out-Gabling Gable

■ Chuckle-of-the-month is the studio order to John Howard to shave off his moustache for good . . . Reason: it made him look too much like Clark Gable.



Have you wondered if Chaplin and Goddard are married? In recent golf tournament she entered as Mrs. Chaplin

The prize romantic team in pictures are Richard Greene and Sonja Henie—whose next is *My Lucky Star.* Love? No! Jus' palsie-walsie

Out-glamoring all Hollywood's glamoritas is Vienna's Hedy Lamarr—the niftiest number to come from Europe since La Dietrich

McCarthy By A Landslide

■ Irked because the other San Fernando Valley towns near Hollywood have big-shot movie figures for their mayors—like Mayor Andy Devine of the city of Van Nuys, and Al Jolson in Encino, the various residents of Toluca Lake have upped and asked Edgar Bergen to build himself a house there.

"If you do," they've promised, "we'll elect Charlie McCarthy mayor!" And are Jolson and Devine burned?!

Sh-sh-don't tell Bill Fields

■ Talking about Charlie McCarthy, do you know how he's billed in France? No?—well, on the Paris billboards, it reads:

EDGAR BERGEN
and his
DOLL!

Disillusionment of the Month

■ Last time Jimmy Cagney, the films' wise-guy-of-the-underworld, visited New York, he was pocket-picked of $10!

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Charlie has to do his daily dozen to mow Bergen down . . . He squawks that it makes him stiff and sore keeping Bergen in trim

When and if THAT picture is made, Gable will play *Rhett Butler,* Walter Connolly will play *Gerald O'Hara, Scarlett's* pappy

Woo Woo - - WOW!

■ Cocktail-of-the-Month on Sunset Boulevard is called the "Hugh Herbert Cocktail."

The idea is that after one of them, you go "woo woo. . . . !"

And Donny

■ Move over, Sneezie an' Grumpy an' Dopey, et al!—make room for Don Ameche. . . . !

On account when they took some publicity pictures the other day, of Don and Arleen Whelan and Binnie Barnes, why, Binnie and Arleen had to kick their high-heeled shoes off so they wouldn't be taller than Ameche in the pix!

Marlene Kelly

■ Talking about names, they've got a new one for Patsy Kelly, now. "Patsy" used to be a perfectly fitting name for the comickess. Now and then, they even went further and called her "Fanny" occasionally.

But that's all off, now. The Kelly gal has gone glammy. She's stripped pounds off the chassis, believe it or not. And so now, they're calling her Marlene Kelly.

Carrying Torch For Torchy

■ Smartest business - trick - of - the - month was pulled by Warners, when they decided to make some more *Torchy Blane* films. Without giving the reason to the players, the studio called Barton MacLane, Tom Kennedy and Glenda Farrell. Not until all three were there together was the plan for more *Torchy* pictures revealed, and the stars signatures put on the contracts. The studio feared that otherwise one of the players might learn of the plan and stage a holdout that would cost the studio plenty shekels.

Bring on your "furriners"—here's Arleen Whelan, Hollywood girl who made good. She turns on the come-hither in *Ellis Island*

Why Hollywood Loves Disney

■ Not only Hollywood's most-admired and respected producer, but its best-loved boss as well, is Walt Disney. He is famous in movieland for his extravagant gestures of thanks to his co-workers and recognition of their work. Examples: his granting of a five-hour day and a two-weeks-vacation-with-pay to all his employees, even before they asked for it; his split-up of a fat profits-melon out of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* so that everybody who worked on it got a free gift of about three months' extra pay!

Latest Disney gesture: because he has two features in production, and because any injury to himself would work havoc with that production, and throw a lot of people off the payroll, Disney has agreed to quit playing polo, and has offered his 16 polo ponies for sale!

Squelcher

■ Basil Rathbone has squelched those rumors that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor would be the Rathbone house-guests when and if they ever come to Hollywood. Explains Basil:

"Our social position does not entitle us to entertain the duke and the duchess at any time or any place in the world!"

With a kerchief around her head and a wrapper-coat around her body, Merle Oberon bucks the sun

Cream and Butter

■ Hollywood's having diet-trouble again. Its glam-gals are getting downright skinny. Wonder what marks the line between svelte and skinny, anyway? Chief trouble seems to be on the Warner lot, out Burbank way, where strict orders have been issued to top-ranking femmes Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan and Marie Wilson to quit thinning down!

Statistics: Bette needs eight pounds, says the studio; la Sheridan is 12 pounds under; not until Olivia adds another eight pounds will she have the poifect figger, while Marie Wilson is only six pounds under what the discerning male wants. . . The gals are on a cream and butter diet, now.

Old Shoes and Superstition

■ Talking about Ginger Rogers—or, are we running ahead?—ever since Phyllis Kennedy picked up a pair of Ginger's old abandoned dancing shoes, and wore 'em herself, and promptly graduated from the chorus-gal ranks into first-class roles, there's been an awful yen on the part of other superstitious extras for a pair of the Rogers old shoes. . . .

And so, the other day, when RKO's wardrobe department announced it was selling a lot of them, the rush on the *Carefree* set was simply stupendous. . . And now, every one of the dozen or so hoofers who bought a pair expects to become another Garbo or Lombard overnight. . . . !

The beauty of Sigrid Gurie takes on new appeal in her role of a dark, pashy, jealous sweetie of Charles Boyer in *Algiers*

THE TALK OF

One of Paramount's Younger Set is Dolores Casey—who since she left chorine and model ranks in New York, has made good OUT THERE

In dis cornah is Battlin' Bob, the Taylor mans, who tells Maureen O'Sullivan how he'll win in *The Crowd Roars*

Swedish Slapstick

■ Garbo—that reminds me. Paste this in your "what-to-expect" book:—When Garbo resumes Hollywooding, watch for her to be cast in a real, low-down comedy role, for a change!

Don't Forget to Bring Teacher an Apple

■ Hollywood expects any sort of temperamental outburst, ever since Max Reinhardt announced the opening of his school for acting, and listed his faculty. On the list are the following, among others: "Walter Huston, Instructor in Acting; Paul Muni, Instructor in ADVANCED Acting."

It's always been a good subject for Hollywood argument as to whether Huston tops Muni or vice-versa, as a thespian technician. . . . Apparently, Max Reinhardt has his own idea, and no hesitancy in publicizing it.

Can-You-Believe-It?

■ Sally Rand, who dances with small fans, refused to do the Can-Can for *Zaza.* "It's too suggestive," she protested.

So Claudette Colbert will do it, instead.

Apropos

■ With that last name of hers, it seems distinctly apropos that as her first offscreen business venture, Judy Garland has bought a part-interest in a Beverly Hills florist shop.

Punkins Parker, Texas lovely, shows what the well-dressed cowgirl wears in Paris for *Artists and Models Abroad.* Some punkins!

Lucille Ball gives you her new personality—chestnut hair and all—going dramatic in *Affairs of Annabel.* Do you like?

Crawford Sings!

■ For months, in this column and just about everywhere else, you've been reading about Joan Crawford's voice, and how she was going to outpatti Patti and make the original Jenny Lind sound like a peanut-stand whistle, almost any day now. . .

Well, before the year's out, you'll have your own chance to hear La Crawford's pipes. For the first time in a big way, on the screen, Joan's going to give out with that sultry, throaty voice of hers, and it'll be when she plays one of the many big roles in M-G-M's forthcoming *Ziegfeld Girl.* It's a bit of a comedown, in a way, for all the ballyhoo has been to the effect that Joan's voice was simply so good that nothing short of grand opera could take it. But anyway, in *Ziegfeld Girl,* Joan will play a hash-slinger who rises from white-topped tables into the glorified ranks of the late Flo Ziegfeld's shapely wenches. Joan has the figure and the legs to go with the role—as you've seen in her bathing-suit pictures in this, your favorite magazine. Now you can hear with your own ears whether or not the voice ranks, too.

Joan will have no small-time competition in *Ziegfeld Girl.* There are three other glam-gals in the film—Margaret Sullavan, Eleanor Powell, Virginia Bruce.

[*Continued on page* 63]

Talent, like murder, will out, and Fay Bainter, gifted stage actress, scores acting hit of the season in *White Banners*

HOLLYWOOD

One way to be Loyish is to take it easy like Myrna—who relaxes in playsuit on diving-board of her swimming pool

HE CAME UP FROM THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR

By
ROGER CARROLL

THERE ARE MOVIE FACES WHO NEVER LEAVE THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR. BUT NOT JAMES ELLISON'S. HE SHOWED 'EM HE HAD ENOUGH ON THE BALL TO CARRY HIS FACE AND PHYSIQUE UPWARD AND ONWARD

James won success the hard way, via the cutting-room floor. Well known as cowboy actor, he now plays leads opposite such stars as Ruby Keeler. Below, leaving his home to attend party with his wife, nee Gertrude Durkin. He is a lot of man—6 ft. 3 in.

IF AT first you don't succeed, keep on trying for about nine years more.

A nice cheerful little slogan, that. If James Ellison had heard it back in 1929, he would have done one of two things: (1) He would have scoffed at its hard-bitten irony with all the cocksureness of nineteen, or (2) he would have said, "Well, I can't wait that long to amount to something in this business. I'm getting into something else."

Back in 1929, Jimmy had his first movie ambition. No one tried to tell him, at the time, that he would be an overnight sensation. On the other hand, no one tried to tell him that he would have to struggle along until 1938 on small rations of success. But nine years did fade in and fade out before anyone tried to tell him that he had a big screen future.

RKO is trying to tell him that now, since his hits in *Vivacious Lady* and *Mother Carey's Chickens.* And—Jimmy's trying hard to believe it.

"I've been the face on the cutting-room floor so long," he says with a grin, "I don't believe in Santa Claus."

Life hasn't soured him. He has a swell disposition. [*Continued on page* 58]

Dates More Dates Re-dates!

...ALL FOR THE GIRL WHO KEEPS SKIN THRILLING

NEXT DAY
LET'S MAKE IT A STANDING DATE, DEAR

SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" *INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE **

WHEN SKIN LACKS VITAMIN A, THE 'SKIN-VITAMIN', IT GETS ROUGH AND DRY— WHEN "SKIN-VITAMIN" IS RESTORED, IT BECOMES SMOOTH AGAIN

Men fall for *soft, smooth* skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets *harsh* and *dry*. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary *"skin-vitamin."*

I ALWAYS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO MY SKIN BY USING POND'S COLD CREAM... IT HELPS PROVIDE AGAINST LOSS OF THIS NECESSARY VITAMIN FROM MY SKIN
POND'S

MARGARET BIDDLE
Philadelphia Deb

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an *Extra Supply* against possible *future* need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

● All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." ● In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. ● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same *grand* cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* *Statements* concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S
POND'S COLD CREAM FOR Cleansing
AND POND'S IS THE SAME GRAND CREAM. ITS USE HELPS GIVE SKIN A SOFT GLOW— MAKES MAKE-UP THRILLING!
Margaret Biddle

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THE KELLYS ARE AT IT AGAIN!

By

E. J. SMITHSON

NANCY KELLY, FAMOUS AS CHILD STAR (SHE'S NOW 17) IN SILENT FILMS AND WHO WAS AMERICA'S MOST PHOTOGRAPHED YOUNGSTER, COMES DIRECT FROM THE STAGE TO BEGIN SECOND CAREER IN MOVIES

FOR a brown-eyed, vivacious girl of seventeen, Nancy Kelly, fresh from a spectacular role in *Susan and God*, one of the smash hits of the 1937-38 Broadway season, has threaded her young life with more than her share of the bright beads of theatrical adventures and thrills. . . And what's more, she's in Hollywood, now, ready to add a few more as she begins her second career in motion pictures at 20th Century-Fox.

When we say her "second career" we mean just that. You may not believe it but this young lady has 52 pictures to her credit. All of them in the silent era. And all filmed on Long Island. And in all of them she appeared as a child star opposite such players as Warner Baxter, Jean Hersholt, and Gloria Swanson, just to mention a few.

Now she's in Hollywood and it's more than likely she'll again be playing opposite Baxter and Hersholt and other famous carry-overs from the silent days before her contract is ended.

"According to my parents and birth certificate," smiled the 17-year-old star, "I was born on Good Friday, March 25, 1921, in Lowell, Mass., and ever since then everything nice that has happened to me has happened on a Friday. For instance, I took tests for my first big silent picture, *The Great Gatsby*, starring Warner Baxter on Good Friday, the 13th. That very same day I was notified that the tests had been accepted. After John Golden had selected me for the role of *Blossom* in *Susan and God* I signed my contract on a Friday. But that isn't all. Mother and I left New York for Hollywood on a Friday and it was on a 'California' Friday that 20th Century-Fox notified me that I had been assigned to play in *Wooden Anchors*. I can only hope, now, that all the Fridays to come will be as lucky."

Two months after Nancy was born her parents moved to New York where her father became a theatre ticket broker.

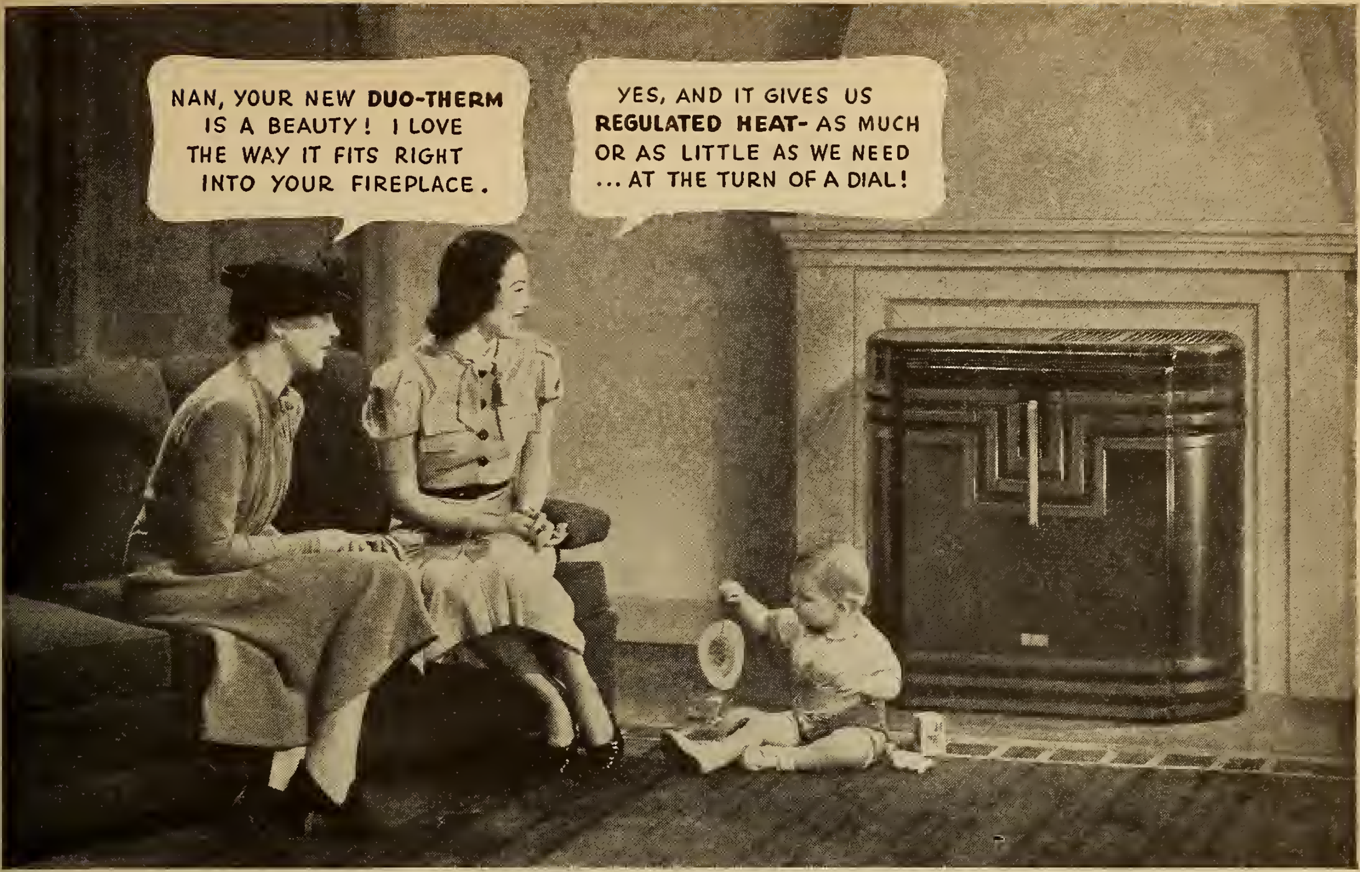
17-year-old Nancy is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 113 lbs. Has appeared professionally since she was four. Played Gertrude Lawrence's daughter in B'way hit, *Susan and God*

Her mother, who had had some theatrical experience, wisely decided to give up whatever desire she had for the footlights and devote her time to her first-born. Whatever talent she had had the mother hoped would be carried over to her daughter and she began to look for signs of it even before Nancy was a year old.

Nancy was four when the signs her mother had been looking for began to manifest themselves. Advertising agencies began to bid for the youngster's services as a model, and before she was five she was known as "America's most photographed child." There is no record of the number of times her pretty little face and figure illustrated advertisements but hundreds, no doubt, would be a conservative figure.

With all this publicity it was a good bet that before long the Kelly home would be contacted by motion picture studios. But it wasn't until Paramount edged into the

[*Continued on page* 52]


NAN, YOUR NEW DUO-THERM IS A BEAUTY! I LOVE THE WAY IT FITS RIGHT INTO YOUR FIREPLACE.
YES, AND IT GIVES US REGULATED HEAT- AS MUCH OR AS LITTLE AS WE NEED ... AT THE TURN OF A DIAL!

END HEATING TROUBLES WITH THIS AMAZING NEW TYPE HEATER!

DON'T go through another winter with old-fashioned heating! Burn cheap fuel oil in a Duo-Therm heater—and enjoy an entirely new kind of heating comfort!

An amazing new heater! The new Duo-Therm "Imperial"* has a revolutionary design that keeps heat lower—gives warmer floors—keeps heat down where you need it most—gives more even, uniform heat throughout the whole house. It is easily installed in any fireplace, and its lower, more modern, more compact design—its handsome new finish—make it a beautiful piece of furniture you'll be proud to own!

Always just the right amount of heat! You can regulate the heat in your home by turning the dial! Get a flood of moist, healthful heat for zero weather—or throttle your Duo-Therm down to a "candle flame" for mild days! You don't burn lots of oil when a little will do!

Most efficient burner made! Duo-Therm's patented Dual-Chamber burner gives you more heat per gallon—because it always burns cleanly, silently, from pilot light to full flame! And Duo-Therm's Co-ordinated Controls give you correct draft settings at every stage—insure perfect combustion!

Keeps more heat in your home! Duo-Therm's "Floating Flame" doesn't rush up the chimney! It "floats" against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm's special "Waste-Stopper," it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Mail the coupon today! Get all the helpful and money-saving facts about this new type of heat! The Duo-Therm comes in nine models, two beautiful finishes. Designed to heat from one to six rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer or write us.

Dealers: Ask us about the Duo-Therm franchise!

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Easy payments—ask your dealer!

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The heater with the famous Dual Chamber burner

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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Please send me information on the Duo-Therm Circulating Heaters.

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I would also like to know about:
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The Kellys Are At It Again

[*Continued from page* 50]

battle for Nancy that the Kelly family got interested. Gloria Swanson wanted to see her. It was possible that the child could have a part in this star's picture, *The Untamed Lady*. It might be possible—and it was! All that Gloria needed to select Nancy for the part was one quick, expert look.

After *The Untamed Lady* was completed picture after picture followed in rapid succession. First at Paramount, then First National, and later at the old Fox Company with the little child working with famous stars. Among the major successes that came her way were *Say It Again, Glorifying the American Girl, The Girl On the Barge,* and *The Great Gatsby.*

"A great and lasting friendship sprang up between Warner and me," Nancy says, "during the making of that film. And later, when he left for Hollywood he used to write me letters. When he returned to New York after finishing *Mismates*, he and his wife 'borrowed' me from mother for a full day. They took me to luncheon where Warner introduced me to his friends as his 'future leading lady.' That was a great day and one I've never forgotten. I was eight, then, and I never saw him since until just the other day when we met for luncheon at the Fox commissary. It would be funny, though, if his introduction so many years ago proved true and that I do have an opportunity to play opposite him as his 'present leading lady.'"

When Nancy reached the ripe old age of six, so Mrs Kelly told us, the family went into a huddle to choose between fame and fortune for their child star and an education. Being far-sighted as well as practical parents, education won and Nancy was given her three R's and a higher learning in various New York schools.

"Occasionally as I grew older," Nancy declares, "I'd manage an excuse from my classroom work long enough to parade before the footlights, such as the time I got a part in the Charles Hopkins' production, *Give Me Yesterday*. That experience was a lot of fun. That is, up until the time mother installed a private tutor in my dressing-room to see that I didn't neglect my studies."

WITH the "teen" age came the awkward age and the Kellys wondered how the child could escape it. As luck would have it, it was Nancy, herself, who put an end to all worry. "Why," she told her parents, "can't I hide behind a microphone until I'm over being awkward?" Father and mother thought that question over for a while—and radio it was.

Nancy feels mighty proud of her success over the air waves. She became the first and only ingenue on the March of Time program and, according to all other records, the first dramatic star of her age in radio. Not bad.

"I practiced hard on dialects," she says, "and in time got along so well that I could take almost any part of a script where dialect was written in. I could change my voice, too, so that over the 'mike' I did everything from Freddie Bartholomew to Princess Juliana! Radio work was a lot of fun, and I'm sure it offered me enough theatrical training to help me win the role of *Blossom*, Gertrude Lawrence's daughter, in *Susan and God*."

Now winning this most coveted of all ingenue roles on Broadway during the 1937-38 season was much tougher than modest Nancy lets on, radio work or no radio work.

John Golden had listened to a long parade of young, ambitious beauties during the wearisome period of casting for the play, and he had become pretty hopeless about obtaining the girl he had in mind for the *Blossom* character as he listened to the cultivated, dramatic-school trained voices.

And then, toward the end of a long, tiresome day, along came a tall, slender, brown-eyed girl who walked across the stage with so much naturalness that, for once, Golden showed a faint spark of interest. When the girl began to speak her lines he leaned forward in his chair, eyes shining with excitement, and before she had finished he was on his feet shouting to Rachel Crothers, the author: "That's the girl! That's the girl!" And so she was.

[*Continued on page* 55]

HERE'S LONESOME LOU
KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO
—SHE THINKS THE BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!
ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?
DON'T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT--AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S....
IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

Ten Million Dollar Baby

[*Continued from page 27*]

answered promptly. "I lived in exactly eleven different places in twelve months. One jump ahead of the sheriff, as it were, and I was trying to figure out which of the eleven it was!"

Well, he went back to get the trunk and give the good soul her twenty-two bucks fifty. As he strolled up the path in the court of wooden bungalows painted a hideous brick red, the handy man around the place glanced up from his weeding to nod a casual hello. He recognized Ty all right but not as a famous movie star. To him the tall, dark young man was only the nice youngster who had lived in the court until the landlady gave him his walking papers.

The landlady greeted him effusively. Wasn't it all just too, too thrilling! Imagine, her former tenant so rich and famous now! She'd always said, mark her words, that young man would go far!

"Yes," Ty kidded her. "You yourself started me going once—without my trunk!"

She ignored that one. Didn't he want to open the trunk right away to be sure all his things were in good condition? He said no, he didn't think so, and besides, it was locked and he had no key. Pooh, that was nothing, she answered. Joe, the handy man, could open it in no time at all. Ty said don't bother and she insisted it was no bother at all. Eventually Joe was called and pried the lock open.

Eagerly peering over Ty's shoulder, the landlady looked down upon all the possessions young Mr. Power had left as rent bail. They consisted of three stacks of old magazines and newspapers and one frayed tie!

THE trunk, incidentally, now rests in the basement of the beautiful home in which Ty lives with his mother in Brentwood, the fashionable Hollywood suburb. He wouldn't part with it now for a good many more than twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

In his wallet Ty carries another reminder of the lean days so short a time ago. It is a thin slip of paper which was his card of admittance to Universal Studio when he was working in *Brown of Culver*. It misspells his name as Tyronne, and is marked dressing-room X; wardrobe X; make-up X.

X meant zero. In other words, no dressing-room, no wardrobe, and no make-up! The "ten million dollar baby" didn't rate any of them.

In Los Angeles there is an apartment house called The Tyrone. Its rooms are tastefully decorated and furnished. There are stall showers of gleaming tile and the roof boasts facilities for sun bathing. Yet the rents for the apartments are ridiculously low in relation to the comforts they afford. If perchance the lucky tenants have wondered why, they will know if they happen to read this story.

Ty lived in those apartments himself a little over two years ago. Only they weren't called The Tyrone then. They were the something or other Arms and were gosh-awful. The wall paper was a streaked, dark green, the light fixtures consisted of single globes hanging on the end of cords, and there was more of the horsehair stuffing of the furniture on the outside than in. The roof was a maze of tangled clothes-lines on which underwear, diapers and shirts fluttered in the breeze.

"For Pete's sake, why don't you fix this

HE'D BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN'T SO FULL OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY
HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'D SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA AND LET ITS RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!

EMBARRASSING? It certainly is—and then some—when people whisper about your clothes!

So why take chances with tattle-tale gray? Lazy soaps can't wheedle out every last bit of dirt—no matter how hard you rub and rub. There's one sure way to get all the dirt—use Fels-Naptha Soap!

Get whiter washes! Try it and see if you don't get the snowiest, sweetest washes that ever danced on your line! See how much easier and quicker its richer *golden* soap and *lots of naptha* make your wash!

Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

PEPPIEST FLAKES EVER! TRY FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS, TOO!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

TEST
Thynmold
for 10 days
. . . at our
expense!
GIRDLE OR
BRASSIERE
may be worn
separately

Appear
SLIMMER
. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

BEFORE . . . A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle

AFTER . . . Sizes Smaller . . . No Bulges . . . in Thynmold!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustrated folder

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 1310, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name...
Address...

place up?" Ty would ask the building's owner. "If it was mine I'd make it fit to live in! I certainly would!"

He could not protest too vigorously however; the agent was "Uncle Frank," his late father's attorney, and he was a guest of the house, as it were.

His finances were particularly strained about that time.

One day recently, Uncle Frank handed him a legal document. (He now is handling Ty's business affairs.)

"All right, bright boy," he grinned. "You own the apartments now. Go ahead and fix 'em up with all that fancy stuff you were raving about."

TY WAS as good as his word. And that's how those lucky tenants happen to be getting so much for their money.

When he visited in Detroit on his vacation a year or so ago the movie editor of one of the Detroit papers asked him as a special favor would he come down to the newspaper office for an interview. He realized it was a bit irregular, particularly for a star of Ty's importance, he said, but the truth of the matter was, the girls in the business and editorial offices had made him promise to try to wangle it. They wanted a good, close-up view of their screen heart-throb. Good sport that he was, Ty agreed and went to the paper.

A young riot broke out on his appearance and he was beseiged for autographs and pictures.

In the course of the interview he mentioned casually that he had played in Detroit a year or so before in the Katharine Cornell production of *Saint Joan*.

"Of course, I remember," the editor said. "You were very fine. I said so in my review. Outstanding work. I remember saying so." Ty thanked him but there was a funny little smile around the corners of his mouth. He, too, remembered. Then the editor suggested they look up in the files exactly what he had said about Ty's debut in the Michigan city.

The review was located and read by an amused Ty and a red-faced editor. Every name in the cast had been mentioned except Ty's; he was referred to only as *"and others!"*

On that same trip Ty revisited a greasy hamburger joint where he had eaten many a meal while playing in that same production. It had been within walking distance of the theatre and its 10 and 15 cent menu was the best he could then afford.

This time, however, he was driven to its humble door in a sleek and expensive car put at his disposal in Detroit by an eager dealer, and escorted by a corps of motorcycle cops with sirens noisily heralding his approach.

It was a little-boy stunt, of course, but I for one don't blame him. After all, it's no fun to eat hamburgers because you have to!

ANOTHER little story of contrasts between Ty's yesterday and today happened just last week out at the studio. But more than just pointing contrasts, it reveals so much about the man himself.

When he signed his first contract with 20th Century-Fox back in 1936 (and didn't count enough to have his name mentioned in a picture) Ty was driving a second hand Model A Ford. It would run, but not much more could be said for it. Now he drives a low-slung, sporty roadster that is the envy of every mechanic in town. The other day some minor gadget got out of adjustment and he called the agency for a repair man to put it in order.

When the mechanic showed up at the studio, by some strange quirk of fate he was driving Ty's beloved and battered old Model A. Ty greeted it like a long lost friend. After inspecting the roadster the mechanic discovered some difficulty that could be repaired properly only in the shop. The job would take a couple of hours and meantime, he said, he would leave the Model A parked at the studio. If, of course, Mr. Power had no objection. Mr. Power said he had none. Just let him know when his car was ready.

Two hours later the mechanic telephoned to say the roadster was in repair and that he was driving it out immediately.

"Say," Ty answered, "do you mind keeping it yourself tonight and letting me have the jaloppy? I've been having a grand time driving it all over the lot and I would like to take it home tonight to show to mother."

That's how much fame and riches have affected the "ten million dollar baby!" I wish as much could be said for some others I know in Hollywood.

YOU won't find anybody back in New York among his old associates either who will sneer "Yah, I knew him *when!*" "When and now" are synonymous as far as they and Ty are concerned. He won't have it any other way. When he was East recently, for instance, he was given the usual rush of swank invitations from celebrity worshipers. He politely refused every one to spend every hour of his free time with the boys and girls who were his pals when he was struggling with them to gain a foothold in the magic world of the theatre. Girls like the one who spent painstaking hours curling his wig when he was playing a bit in *Romeo and Juliet* with Katharine Cornell at the Martin Beck Theatre. Boys like the chap with whom he roomed over a second-hand furniture store and who was his sole ally in a bitter feud with the landlord concerning noise they made at night and noise other tenants made in the morning.

Even to Tony, a very remarkable, but little-known chef who cooks up fine pots of spaghetti to the melodic rhythms of a Mozart symphony, Ty is still just that young actor fellow who has a good ear for good music. Tony presides over the kitchen of a little Italian restaurant in a basement next door to the theatre and because Ty was a favored son, he was permitted to eat at a small table in the kitchen, itself, so that he, too, might listen to the music.

Ty sat at his usual kitchen table, covered with a coarse red-checked cloth, the last time he was in New York. His name by then, of course, was a byword with millions of moviegoers. Tony was presiding over the stove.

"Where you been?" he tossed over his shoulder at Ty. "Long time you no come here."

"I've been in Hollywood, Tony," Ty answered.

"So?" said Tony. "What you doing way out there?"

"I've been working in the movies," Ty said.

"Thassa good!" Tony pronounced. "You work hard, boy, and some day you be big actor fellow," he encouraged.

TY INTENDS to work hard. He is working hard now. After all, the daily grind of four super-productions in one year and a weekly radio show to boot aren't exactly child's play or a lazy man's life. But he hopes his luck holds too. His ten million dollar luck.

The Kellys Are At It Again

[*Continued from page* 52]

A FEW months later Nancy Kelly was hailed by Broadway critics as the most refreshing young actress to parade in front of the footlights in many a season. Nancy has proven to everyone's complete satisfaction that she could travel far on the legitimate stage if she were to limit herself to this field, and it won't be long before she proves the other half of the critics' prophesies. You'll see her soon in *Wooden Anchors* when she makes her second debut in motion pictures, and if she's but a quarter as good as her director, John Ford, says she'll be, she's going to be a very welcome addition to the screen.

"My success in *Susan and God*," Nancy ventures frankly—and wisely, it seems to us—"has nothing to do with whatever success I may be lucky enough to have in pictures. It's all new to me despite the fact that I was in 52 'silents.' Technique, direction, everything is absolutely new so far as I am concerned and I'll have to learn all over again. I know I'm going to get a lot of help from everyone connected with the making of *Wooden Anchors*—but I've been around, even if I am only seventeen, so no one can fool me. No one has to tell me that I'm entirely on my own so far as my second venture into films is concerned and that if I can't make good I'm headed toward New York and all points North, East and South."

That, as we like to put it in Hollywood slanguage, is saying the well-known mouthful. Nancy is taking nothing for granted. She's got a big job on her hands and she knows it. She also has a lot of determination and pluck, a lot of talent, a lot of experience, and better yet, a long-term contract—and all of which, when combined, should help smooth out the rough spots and detours on her second road to stardom in pictures.

She also has a very level-headed mother to guide her. And that will help, too. Not a stage mother, but a plain, good, old-fashioned mother who prefers the background that goes with her daughter's career.

Mrs. Kelly has been around stage mothers ever since Nancy made her first public appearance and she knows how some of them have acted where their offsprings' future were concerned. She knows that many a youngster's career has been wrecked by parental interference. Stage mothers, she says, sometimes get more ambitious than their children, they listen to poor advice, and usually get into everyone's hair. Mrs. Kelly is not worrying a bit about Nancy's progress in pictures. She knows that if a good story and a good director can't help her there's nothing she can do about it. She'll give daughter Nancy motherly advice and counsel—but away from all sound stages and motion picture people.

So far as romance and beaux are concerned, the child is too young, the mother says, and undoubtedly she is right. "But," she smiles, "she can fill the house with as many boys as she likes—and girls too, for that matter, because I like to hear the laughter of young people. And surely, that doesn't come under the classification of stage-mothering."

Nancy, by the way, isn't the only member of the Kelly family who is hitting the glory road to theatrical success. She has a brother Jack, aged 10, who has appeared in five Broadway plays. Then there's Carole, age six, who is also on the stage. And there's three-year-old Clement who, more than likely, will be doing his bit very soon.

She says she is practically free from superstitions of all kinds, but despite that she knocks on wood whenever she thinks she's getting a slight touch of conceit, refuses to walk under a ladder, and thinks that lighting three cigarettes from the same match is inviting dreadful misfortune. Outside of these little mental quirks she's like the 17-year-old daughter of your next door neighbor—friendly, and as lively as two crickets on your hearth—if you have two crickets and a hearth. She's 5 feet, 5 inches tall in her swim suit, and weighs 113 pounds after eating a porterhouse steak that would stop a farmhand. She's never set foot in a dramatic school, receiving all her training either at home from her mother, or before the camera and microphone in actual experience. She was, as her mother says, "born with stage presence."

Petal Smooth Skin MAKES A HIT EVERY TIME

EASY TO SMOOTH ROUGHNESSES AWAY.... FOR POWDER
IT ALWAYS WAS EASY TO SMOOTH AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—WITH ONE APPLICATION OF POND'S VANISHING CREAM
8:30 P.M.—LOOKS A MILLION FOR THE DANCE
3:30 P.M.—A KNOCKOUT AT THE GAME

..NOW SMOOTH IN EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN," TOO!*

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream supplies extra beauty care. It contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." When skin lacks this necessary vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now every time you use Pond's, you are smoothing some of this necessary vitamin into your skin! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

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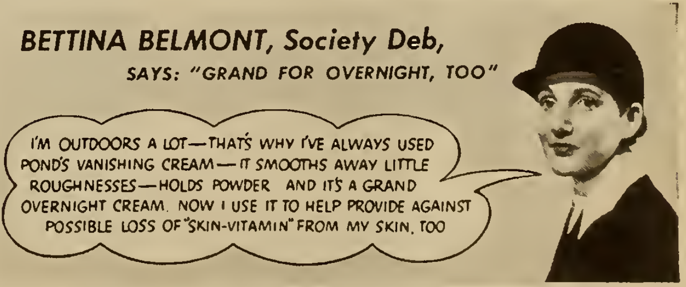
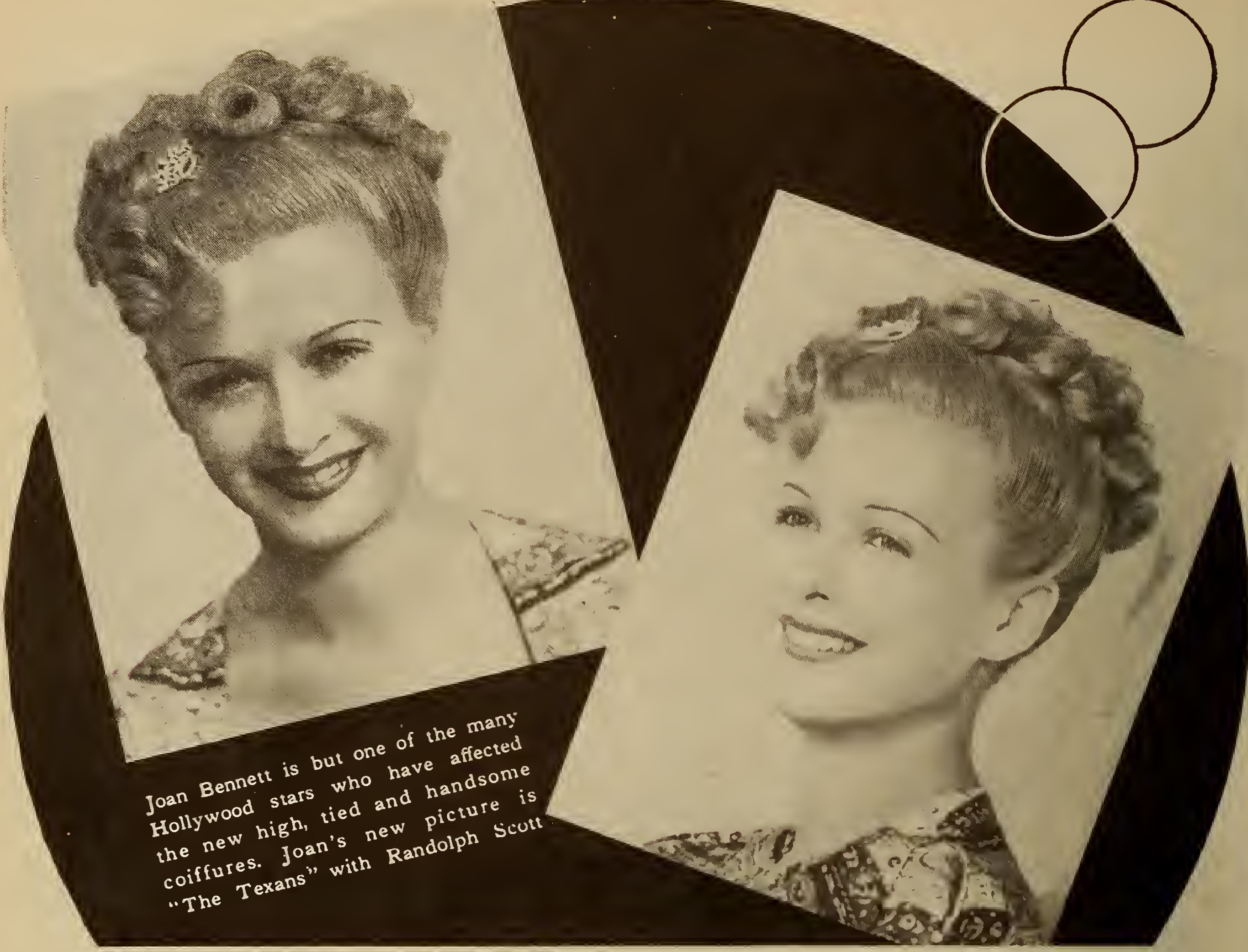
BETTINA BELMONT, Society Deb,
SAYS: "GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO"


I'M OUTDOORS A LOT—THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS USED POND'S VANISHING CREAM—IT SMOOTHS AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—HOLDS POWDER AND IT'S A GRAND OVERNIGHT CREAM. NOW I USE IT TO HELP PROVIDE AGAINST POSSIBLE LOSS OF "SKIN-VITAMIN" FROM MY SKIN, TOO

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.



Joan Bennett is but one of the many Hollywood stars who have affected the new high, tied and handsome coiffures. Joan's new picture is "The Texans" with Randolph Scott

HIGH, TIED AND HANDSOME

By **DENISE CAINE**

HOW TO GET HEADED RIGHT FOR FALL WITH TIPS ON HAIR CONDITIONING AND HOW TO BRING UP YOUR HAIR

AFTER summer's air conditioning, you'll want to get yourself hair conditioned for Fall. If your hair can't compete in perkiness, your coiffure in smartness, with your towering and be-feathered new hat, then take a tip from Joan Bennett, and get headed right for Fall.

Joan's coiffure, pictured here, is the newest of the new. The smooth, brushed-up hair, the massed curls, the tiny jeweled comb that keeps the forelock in place, are note-worthies. . . She brushes her hair up off the nape of her neck, too, uses rubber bands, bows and combs to tie it in place. . . Joan finds this hairstyle divine for lounging around the house in paisley house coat, dancing at the "Troc" in a low-necked dance dress. . . .

The lovely star of Paramount's *The Texans* told me that her hairdresser had left her back hair long, so it would reach all the way *up*, thinned out the upper layers of it somewhat so there wouldn't be too much bulk to hide the smooth lines of her shapely head. (And when she wants to let down her hair, she can still wear soft curls around her neck). . . She has a permanent on the ends only—so they will hold the curl. Waves *and* curls would be too-too—it's best to go in for one or the other, not both. . . You can use either sausage or rosebud curls for these gay nineties hairdo's. Joan's are rolled sausage-wise first, separated when dry so that her head is crowned with many, not few, curls. . . She ties a tiny bow to a plain comb when she's not feeling glitter minded.

The success of your hairstyle depends on your making up your mind what you want, what looks best on you, then sticking by it. If you want many tight curls, dampen your hair thoroughly, use a small strand to a curler, and many curlers to do the job. If you prefer large, loose or fluffy rolls, then the more hair, the less moisture, and the fewer wavers. Of course, the tighter you put the curls in, the longer you leave them up, the longer they'll last. Joan's hair got that way by means of a few curlers, large strands of hair wrapped around them.

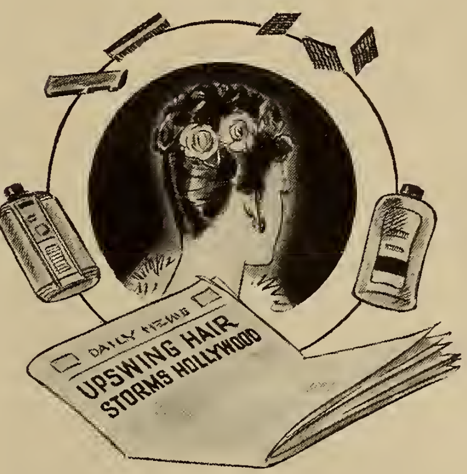
Joan is one of those lucky beauties who can wear the exciting new hairstyles. . . Some faces are too long and thin for that extra height. Some of us may find that our ears are too large, our hairlines too poor to be exposed to the public view, our necks too thin or too fat to be left out all by themselves. . . . The gals with oval faces or heart-shaped faces will take high piled hair in their swing. . . . If your face is quite round, your neck a bit short, experiment. You'll be amazed to see how much that high-piled hair will lengthen your face, how the off-the-neck line will lengthen your neck.

WHETHER you pile your curls high, or let them fall in soft clusters around your face, you'll be wise to give your hair a breathing spell, after its summer in the open, and get it in shape for Fall. If constant exposure to sun and water has dried out your hair, made it rival dry corn husks in its coarseness, treat it to a series of hot oil treatments.

Whether your hair is dry or oily, or just plain normal, you'll find *your* shampoo in one of two quick lathering liquids. I can't tell you what it is that makes them work—all I know is that they do, like magic. The foamy abundant lather rinses out all dirt and excess oil, leaves your hair clean and shiny! Gals with normal or oily hair will choose the regular type of the shampoo, those cursed with dry hair will want the name of its young brother, a special shampoo that leaves dry hair soft and manageable. They both come in ten and sixty cent and one dollar sizes. When using these shampoos, moisten the hair with luke-warm water, pour a tablespoonful of the golden-green liquid into the palm of your hand, and work the lather into your hair. Rinse twice—you're done!

SO MANY of you write me to ask if you can brush your hair after a permanent, and every time I answer yes. A good permanent will look all the better for five minutes spent with the brush each day. The best hairdressers always brush the hair into place after setting a permanent wave.

A word to the wise about permanents themselves. The straight-haired gal will need one, no matter whether she's wearing her hair up or down. Don't let yourself be fooled into thinking that a "scissors cut" will be the lifetime solution for you. It can only give you a wave, or accent your hair's natural tendency to waviness. It can't give you the curls so necessary for all coiffures now. You'll still have to have an end permanent, just as the girl with natural wavy hair (but not curls) does. So make up your mind to it, and get a good one while you're about it.



Behind the Headlines—and left to right —pale pink curling lotion, purse sized brush and comb combination, pin-type metal combs and quick acting shampoo

Of course you realize that there are permanents and permanents. The success of your next one depends on four things. The machine, the sachets, the solution, and the operator's skill. Leave out quality in but one—frizzy hair may be your reward. The glamor gals of Hollywood take no chances with their hair. They insist on a nationally advertised wave. They insist on seeing the sealed package of permanent waving pads that are to be used on their hair. They ask to see the bottle of permanent waving lotion. And last of all, they demand that the operator make test curls.

You'll find it easy to get quality in your next wave if you go to a shop that has the system used in most movie studios, one that is endorsed by the Motion Picture Hair Stylists Guild. The manufacturer of this permanent wave machine puts out his sachets or permanent waving pads in boxes of thirty—enough to give one complete permanent. These sachets are sold only in combination with the same manufacturer's waving solution. You'll recognize the individual pads by the cross on the package, the red star on the seal—you can break that yourself and so be sure that these pads have never been used, are the real thing. I'd love to tell you more about this permanent waving system.

[*Continued on page* 65]

New Glory for Your Hair

IT IS now unbelievably easy to reveal all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair. Glamorous natural radiance, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams.

Drene performs this beauty miracle because it not only removes loose dandruff flakes, grease and dirt—*but also removes the beauty-clouding film often left on the hair by other types of shampoos.*

Drene is so different from other types of shampoos, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide natural lustre. Nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. And because Drene contains no harmful chemicals it is safe for any type and color of hair.

A single application—and dirt, grease and perspiration are thoroughly washed away. Hair is left sparkling clean, naturally brilliant—without the need of vinegar, lemon or special after-rinses of any kind. So clean that the permanent wave solution can spread evenly, thus helping to give a soft, lustrous permanent.

And because different types of hair require a different type of shampoo to reveal full individual beauty, there are now two kinds of Drene—Special Drene for Dry Hair—and Regular Drene for normal and oily hair.

Ask for the type of Drene shampoo created to reveal the beauty of your individual type of hair—at drug, department or 10c stores—or at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home, or have it done by a professional operator, a single washing will thrill you with the new-found brilliance and glamorous natural beauty Drene reveals.

drene *Shampoo*
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair
SPECIAL for Dry Hair

This thrilling coiffure was attained after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. All the natural glamor, brilliance and beauty of the hair is fully revealed. Hair is also left manageable—right after washing. This is the beauty miracle of the amazing new Special Drene for Dry Hair.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Feminine Hygiene

Use a modern *method*

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, *greasy*, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—*dainty!*

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Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 4003 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

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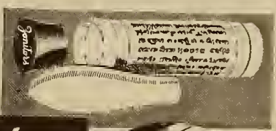

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Use Iodent No. 2 toothpaste or powder, the *only* dentifrice specially made by a Dentist—guaranteed to clean teeth sparkling bright or money back. SAFE ingredients remove most stubborn stains—even tobacco stains. Do as millions do—use Iodent today!

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NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER
NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

He Came Up From The Cutting-Room Floor

[*Continued from page* 48]

He'd almost have to have a swell disposition to be on speaking terms still with that erratic old miser, Opportunity, after watching him knock on other doors so long.

That's just one thing that makes your Mr. Ellison an exceptional young man. There are other things. He has, for example, broken the unwritten Hollywood law that sudden favorites must always be newcomers. And he has also fractured the rule that you need luck in Hollywood—that you can't win by just plugging away. For nine years . . . In short, he has a story.

You wouldn't, somehow, expect a movie hero to originate in a place named Guthrie Center, Iowa. But that was where Jimmy originated, on a farm, on May 4, 1910—the youngest of six children. And was christened James Ellison Smith.

He isn't, so far as he knows, any relation to either C. Aubrey Smith or Gladys Smith, better known today as Mary Pickford. So far as he knows, he has the first theatrical blood in the family. His father, Edwin Smith, was an Englishman converted to American citizenship and farm life in the great open American spaces. His mother, Ona Ellis, was a writer, Iowa-born. Jimmy wasn't named "Ellison" after her. Ellison happened to be the maiden name of his father's mother.

When Jimmy was six months old, the family moved from the great open spaces of Guthrie Center to the even greater open spaces of a Montana cattle ranch. When for a time he was playing the cowboy character *Johnny Nelson* in *Hopalong Cassidy*, the press-agents were wont to make much of his Montana background. As a matter of cold fact—which he admits with a cheerful grin—he didn't give up ridin' the range to have a fling at Hollywood. He was only six when he left Montana.

His father had died, and his mother, heartbroken, had lost not only her health, but her will to carve a little family empire out of Montana soil. She sold out and, gathering her brood about her, moved to a warmer climate and a new setting, where she went back to writing. The new setting was San Jose, California.

Then came the World War. Jimmy's two oldest brothers enlisted and were stationed at Camp Curry, San Diego. To be nearer them, the rest of the family moved south as far as Los Angeles, where Jimmy grew up and finished high school. And, despite the proximity of Hollywood, had never a thought of trying to get into the movies. What he wanted to get into was Stanford University—so that he could study law.

But, just before the rest of the country had its first view of the Depression, the Smith family had their own private preview of that cataclysm. Jimmy had to give up his Stanford plans. He had to go to work.

THAT was what led him to ask his older brother, Howard, to get him a job. Howard Ellis Smith was a writer at Warner Brothers Studio. Jimmy had visited him there and had liked the atmosphere of the place—its prosperous neatness and the camaraderie among the hired hands.

Howard managed to get the kid brother a job in the film laboratory—as third assistant (or maybe it was second assistant) helper in the stock room, at $20 a week. Jimmy must have gone to work with a will. For, five weeks later, he was working in the print room at $30 a week. And, about that time, Howard began wondering if the kid brother had designs on the head film technician's job.

Explaining what happened then, Jimmy says now, "Howard told me that if I planned to keep on in the movie business, I ought to try to become one of four things: a writer, a director, a producer, or an actor. 'Those are the only four jobs worth having—the only four with big futures,' he said. I thought it over and decided he was probably right. That's how I happened to take up acting." He shakes his head, smiling at the self-delusions of early youth. "I thought acting would be easy.

"And my first impression didn't chase away the idea. I'd heard a lot about the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and the opportunities for beginners there under the direction of Gilmor Brown. So I went out to Pasadena to see if I couldn't get in, somehow. Just before I appeared on the scene, the leading man—whose name was Robert Young—had been signed to do a play up north. Brown was looking for a replacement. I didn't know that when I went over. I still didn't know it when I read some lines for him. The first I knew about it was when Brown told me I had the leading role. I didn't keel over, but I did see black specks in front of my eyes.

"It looked as if I had the right hunch: acting was going to be a cinch. But I had my mind changed—in a hurry.

"In those days, the Playhouse was less of a school, more of a stock company. There wasn't such a waiting list of people trying to get in. I had a chance to be in every play. In one I might be carrying a spear, in the next one I might be the hero, and in the one after that I might be the heavy. Like everybody else there, I worked gratis.

SUCH ambition deserved to prosper. And Jimmy thought he saw prosperity rounding the corner when, one night at the Playhouse, a Warner talent scout—never suspecting that James Ellison, actor, was Jimmy Smith, a Warner lab boy—offered him a film test.

"My boss gave me a morning off, and I took the test. I did a scene from the play the scout had seen. I was twenty, but I'd felt I should look much older, so I had grown a mustache. Picture me with one. Also picture me chewing up all the scenery on the set, in my eagerness to show I could act. And you'll have an idea of what my test looked like. After I took it, I rushed back to the lab and was waiting for the film when it arrived. I developed it myself, ran it through the dryer myself, printed it myself. But"—Jimmy grimaces—"I couldn't fix the acting. When I saw the print, I had a great desire to burn it up. And I guess the talent department felt the same way.

"Nothing happened—but I kept on at Pasadena, still working daytimes in the lab. Several months passed. Then Laura Hope Crews hired me as juvenile lead with a Coast company of *As Husbands Go*. After that, I got a job as juvenile lead with Billie Burke in a road company of *The Vinegar Tree* and toured the country for nearly a year. Then I came back to Hollywood.

"I got a few bit parts, but that was all. Not that I didn't have a chance. I did—but I muffed it. The thing that ruined me was 'mike' fright. That, and not knowing how to de-emphasize acting, working in front of a camera. In my first picture, I had the character lead opposite Loretta Young. I was supposed to propose to her while dancing: that was my big scene. I was supposed to dance in a straight line a certain distance, then turn. I could do the straight business all right, but I'd be so concerned with my lines, I wouldn't make the turn at the right spot.

"The director was going crazy. They were shooting from the waist up, so he had an assistant lie on the floor and whack me on the ankles when I was supposed to turn. Waiting for that whack, trying to time my lines right, and trying to register the right expressions—well, I had worries, I'm telling you. And I was so anxious to make good, I was 'mugging.' I hadn't learned yet that acting wasn't all done with facial muscles.

"The scene was so bad, they cut it out. I started my movie career as the face on the cutting-room floor. I didn't know what acting was all about and, on top of that, I had the jitters.

"AFTER that first picture, things got so tough, my brother Howard gave me a job reading manuscripts, to keep me in coffee and cakes. Then I landed a stock contract at M-G-M, and I thought I was on my way. But I was lost in the shuffle.

"When my contract ran out, so did I. I took the money I'd saved and set out for Honolulu, where I had another brother. I thought I'd get some kind of job there. He told me it was a bad idea. Honolulu was a place to have fun, not work—and jobs were scarce. In five weeks I came home, broke.

"I thought of working in Sequoia National Park. I had a pal who worked there. I drove up to see the manager, only to learn that he was in Los Angeles. So I drove back again. My brother Howard told me that my agent—I still had one, though I didn't know why—had been frantically trying to locate me. 'Pop' Sherman was looking for a tall young actor who could ride a horse, look like a cowboy, and sing a little. So I went over for an interview. Two days later, I was playing in *Hopalong Cassidy*.

"'Pop' Sherman was swell to me. Not only in giving me my first real break, but in other ways. Six weeks after I signed with him, my mother died. 'Pop' did all he could to ease the blow.

"I did twelve *Hopalongs* for him. Then I took a test for the Buffalo Bill role in *The Plainsman*—and got the part over some more experienced actors, simply because De Mille wanted an actor who was big and still could look nineteen. After that, I did *23½ Hours' Leave*, then *Annapolis Salute*, then *The Barrier*. And then—*Vivacious Lady*."

In *Vivacious Lady*, he was a breezy playboy, quick on the flippancies, at ease with the girls. In *Mother Carey's Chickens*, he is a shy young man. And, in private life, he is more shy than breezy. He courted Gertrude Durkin four years, for example, before they eloped to Yuma on April 25, 1937.

They first met when a friend, Jimmy Bush, took him over to the Durkin house. Gertrude was in the kitchen, making orangeade and peanut butter-and-jelly sandwiches. Maybe it was the sight of an actress actually being domestic. Maybe it was the flavor of the sandwiches—a theory of Gertrude's, since Jimmy still asks her to make them. But, as far as Jimmy was concerned, it was practically love at first sight.

He claims that he asked her to marry him "dozens of times" before she finally said "Yes." They were married two days later—"before she could say 'No' again."

Gertrude insists that it didn't take her four years to make up her mind that she loved Jimmy. Hardly that. But she had grown up in Hollywood; she had seen, all too often, what two careers in a family could do to a marriage. She wanted to be sure that she could give up acting without a regret, when she did marry.

They live in a rambling Early Californian house, gray with blue roofs, surrounded with big sycamores and bright flowers, in one of the canyons on the north edge of Beverly Hills. Inside and out, it has the aspects of a house dreamed up by two young lovers.

"WE'RE pretty settled," says Jimmy, with satisfaction. "I used to be quite a night-clubber before marriage. I used to know some very interesting bartenders. But I've got past the point where I could imagine spending five nights a week on bar-stools, talking with them."

Jimmy isn't mapping out his screen future. "I'm saving myself disappointments; I'm letting the future take care of itself," he says. All he hopes is that he can become a good enough actor to be around, playing character roles, twenty-five years hence. Between comedy and drama, he has no preference. "Comedy is more fun, but drama is easier, because the timing isn't so difficult."

To sum it all up, Jimmy Ellison—six feet three, with gray eyes and dark brown hair and an ability to be smilingly natural, on-screen or off—is having a good time while he's young. Nine years of struggle haven't worn him out. He's just starting.

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Here at last is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the lustrous beauty, the alluring sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Whether you are light blonde, ash blonde, sandy or brown blonde, try this amazing Blonde Hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Get New Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with separate rinse—for sale at all stores.

The Original Clam Of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 32]

magazines, Ronnie remains true to his code. When he buys a yacht, nobody knows about it; when he buys a hideaway ranch, not a columnist learns the news; when he goes around the world, the first news one gets is when there's a dispatch about his nearly being killed by a bull in Spain.

And most extraordinary of all—when he has a romance, he does it like a gentleman and a gallant. And he does NOT talk about it, either for publication or for his own amusement. In Hollywood, that's amazing. Because in Hollywood, the great majority of the stars as well as the would-be-stars indulge their private lives half for their own entertainment and half for the public.

For nearly three years now (maybe more) Ronnie and Benita Hume have been "that way." To a few insiders who know the facts, it takes rank as THE realest romance in Hollywood—the truest, the squarest, the finest. But there's no ballyhoo about it. Colman, angrily, resents any attempt to discuss it—and he does it with that quiet, dynamically-effective force that is the hallmark of the real gentleman.

RONNIE and Benita live in Benedict Canyon, on adjoining estates. Ronnie's place is right across Benedict Canyon Road from the garishly-monogrammed entrance to Tom Mix's wild-westy grounds. Benita's house is right next door. Both places have high fences around them, indicative of the way they feel about the public. (Other stars' places frequently have the shrubbery cut away so the stars can be seen by the tourists, and vice-versa.)

But in the community fence which runs along the border between the Colman place and the Hume grounds, there's a gate. The hinges are NOT rusty.

Marriage?—I don't know. An acquaintance of mine, who has worked close to Colman for years, told me: "I wouldn't be surprised if Ronnie ran off with her tomorrow—or tonight, maybe—and came back married. But I wouldn't be surprised, either, if he never does." It's like that, you see. As a matter of fact, twice within the past year, there have been fairly definite rumors that he and Benita had done it: once last September, when the talk was that they'd been nautically-married at sea, aboard Ronnie's ketch *Dragoon* by the skipper (sort of like Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are supposed to have done it), but both Ronnie and Benita took occasion to deny that; then last Christmas eve, there was a rumor that they'd eloped. But that was a phony, too. They're still not married.

AS A matter of fact, I believe Ronald Colman is definitely wedding-shy. He got into it, once, and it was tough getting out of it. That was that early-day marriage of his to English actress Thelma Raye, as she was called, when she and the young odd-bits player on London's stages had the knot tied on September 18, 'way back in 1919. Ronnie soon grew away from that marriage—but it stayed with him for years after he and Thelma had parted. In 1926, Ronnie, himself, so far turned his back on his principles of gallantry as to file suit for divorce in a Los Angeles court. But he couldn't go through with it. And so not until 1935 was he freed. By that time, he had managed to settle all points between himself and the Thelma he had made "Mrs. Thelma Victoria Maud Colman" [illegible] years before. And in a London court, she charged "misconduct with an unnamed woman" to Ronnie, and on February 18, 1935, a London judge made Ronnie a single man again.

His intimates knew it had been a bitter experience, and a rather bitter parting and fight for divorce. But of that bitterness, there was no reflection when Ronnie was forced, by newspapermen's questions, to comment. All he said was:

"I'm glad. You see, we've been separated for many years, and since there was no possibility of reconciliation, divorce was the sensible and logical thing."

He added: *"I have no thought or intentions of a second marriage."*

I believe Ronnie meant that, and definitely, when he said it. And I think he still means it.

Since she's been his one love—and that's been years—Benita Hume has taken on much of the Colman attitude toward publicity.

OTHER women have been rumored close to Ronnie. Gloria Swanson in 1930, for instance. And a Betty Jewel, before that, was supposed to be wearing Ronnie's engagement ring. Ronnie, gallant, never said a word—but the ladies were forced to deny the rumors.

So there's the situation. Ronnie is no helter-skelter young squirt, any more. He's going on fifty—imagine! Nearly in the Barrymore range! Born in early 1891, he's going to be 48 years old next February 9. But he's still the romanticist, and still the gallant about it. And Benita undoubtedly knows she's lucky.

I've taken a lot of space to show you the interesting side of how Ronnie applies his nix-on-publicity theory to his love-life. But it's not on that field alone that he practices his press-shy business; he's that way about everything.

When other movie stars buy a yacht, they buy a gaudy white-and-brass affair, and see to it that reams of news and dozens of photographs are plastered around about it. But a couple of years ago, Hollywood learned, offhandedly, that Ronnie had bought a boat, and had done it so quietly that nobody heard about it. And what's more, it wasn't a "publicity yacht" but a real he-man's boat, built for real traveling. A black ketch, hardly beautiful except to the seasoned eyes of a man who knows the sea and boats. It's a practical boat; Ronnie could sail around the world in it. He probably will. He and Benita, and those pals of theirs—the Warner Baxters, Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess when he's here, Ruth Chatterton when she's here—use it. But there are no Hollywood whoopee parties on board. Colman and his gang don't go in for that sort of thing.

Like the boat affair was the purchase of that huge ranch Colman owns. When other Hollywoodians buy a ranch, they buy it in San Fernando Valley, and it's got a neo-something-or-other "farmhouse" on it that would make a farmer laugh himself to death. San Fernando movie stars' ranches are gaudy affairs which serve mostly for a background for publicity stories and pictures.

But Colman owns a ranch. There are thousands of acres of it. It's off the road, so that Colman had to build a private road into it. Cameramen don't know where it is; reporters and interviewers aren't welcome; only Ronnie's closest pals are. It's 'way up the California coast, in the wild "Big Sur" country, and when Ronnie and his guests get there, they're as far away from Hollywood as though they'd fled to the middle of the Sahara desert.

Don't misunderstand the idea I'm trying to put over. I don't mean that Colman is nastily vicious about dodging publicity. He's no boor. He realizes that as a movie star, the public wants to know him. But he draws a tight and definite line across the boundary where the Ronnie Colman of the public and the Ronnie Colman of the private life meet. He is courteous to interviewers—but only new interviewers in Hollywood, or stupid ones, waste time interviewing him.

He observes the amenities to a nicety—too nice a nicety, perhaps. The interviewer comes away charmed by his personality—and then looks over the notes aghast, and discovers that Ronnie, in answering all questions, has managed to say completely nothing . . . ! ! ! There is true artistry in that.

But there's nothing hi-hat about him. Those who work with him know him as "Ronnie." He doesn't star it around the lot. Over at Paramount, where he recently finished *If I Were King,* they're still talking about the fact that after three days of shooting, Ronnie knew everyone on the set—from Director Frank Lloyd right down to the errand-boy!—by their first names.

Some say he hasn't a sense of humor. But they betray their own lack of it. Ronnie has one, but it's one of those subtly-keen ones that aren't sensed by stupid people. He doesn't clown. Now and then, he plays a practical joke, but not with exploding cigars, or pools of water. On the *If I Were King* set, production was an hour late one morning. They couldn't find Colman. The director was in a fuming rage. "So he's going 'big shot,' is he?" stormed one of the assistants. Not until an hour after starting time, then, did they find out that Colman had been there all the time—quietly laughing at them while he walked around in front of their very eyes!! You see, it was the first production day on which he had to appear in his ragged clothes, bewhiskered make-up as Villon—and nobody recognized the tattered figure as Colman.

COLMAN, himself, would be the last to claim he is a great actor. What he does have, however, is a deep sincerity in his work; an underlying determination to make the character he plays seem real and honest. That shines through his every role so brilliantly, so strongly, that his portrayals are fine. He is no slipshod worker. For *If I Were King,* he grew his own set of whiskers, rather than wear a prop beard. To Colman, who loves to be immaculate, the growing of a set of whiskers—and it took six weeks!—must have been torture. Too, for many a night before shooting, Colman wore his costumes at home, to break them in, and also to break himself into feeling normal and natural in the medieval costumes.

And he has lasted. Despite his publicity-shyness; despite his abhorrence for many of the exhibitionistic things that are regarded as so-necessary in Hollywood, Colman has outlasted many another player. He's been one of your favorites for more than sixteen years, now! —did you realize that? He is one of the few who survived the change-over from silents to sound. Last year's government figures credit Colman with being second top-earner in movies—with an income of some $362,500 for the year.

Through it all, Colman has remained a British subject. To some short-sighted flag-wavers, that is something to howl about. Personally, I think they're howling unfairly and stupidly. Colman spends his money where he earns it—in America. He buys land here, yachts; he pays his full income tax—and Uncle Sam gets more from him than from many another citizen, even in Hollywood's top brackets. He intends to make America his home when he retires, as far as I know.

THEN why doesn't he become a citizen, you ask. Well, there is in Ronnie Colman a deep sense of loyalty. It is one of his fundamental characteristics—a part of him that contributes to the picture of the gallant gentleman; one of the few real gentlemen in Hollywood. Loyalty is part of that make-up. It is not an act; it is real, basic. To friends, to principle, to lovers, to country. Once he came all the way from Europe, by special reservation on a fast boat; by plane across the states, I believe—just to be with his old friend and countryman, Ernest Torrence, for two hours before Torrence died in a Hollywood hospital. That is the way Colman practices loyalty. You see, Colman was born an Englishman. He fought for England in the World War. He has every right to remain an Englishman, loyally and truly. That loyalty does not interfere in any way with his comporting himself in America as a man who lives and works here, and spends his dollars here. He's doing exactly what you'd expect a 100-per-cent-American to do abroad, isn't he?

Okeh, then. To Ronald Charles Colman, a gentleman in Hollywood as well as "the original clam of Hollywood," I doff my hat and scrape a low bow in recognition of an honesty, a sincerity and a gallantry that is, alas, too dam' rare in this here Hollywood!

THREE PARAMOUNT STARS

tell how to be

Beautiful

★ FRANCES DEE *in Paramount's* "IF I WERE KING"

★ FRANCISKA GAAL *in Paramount's* "PARIS HONEYMOON"

★ MARY CARLISLE *in Paramount's* "TOUCHDOWN, ARMY"

POWDER...

should be in a color harmony shade to add new beauty to your skin. You'll find a shade that is perfect for you in Max Factor's Powder...it imparts a satin-smooth make-up that really stays on for hours...$1.

ROUGE...

should give a natural touch of color without being obvious. There's a color harmony shade for you in Max Factor's Rouge that will look actually lifelike. Creamy-smooth it blends easily...50¢.

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should give an alluring color accent to your lips. You will find just the color for your type in the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Lipstick. Super-Indelible and moisture-proof...$1.

"ANY GIRL can be more attractive if she will learn Hollywood's make-up secret," say famous stars.

"If you are a blonde, the colors of your make-up should emphasize your own delicate colorings.

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This is the secret of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Powder, rouge and lipstick are in harmonized shades to accent the beauty of each type. *Note coupon.*

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ANNOUNCING!...Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream

...a perfectly balanced cream that will "agree" with your skin whether it is dry, oily, or normal. 55¢

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Samplet in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*......FREE
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ... ○	Blue ..... ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ○
Fair .... ☐	Gray ..... ○	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ○
Creamy ..... ☐	Green .... ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ○
Medium ..... ☐	Hazel .... ○	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ○
Ruddy ...... ☐	Brown .... ○	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ○
Sallow ..... ☐	Black .... ☐	
Freckled ... ☐	LASHES (*Color*) Light .... ○ Dark .... ☐	
Olive ...... ☐	AGE	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ○ Normal ☐		

New *Under-arm*
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Stops Perspiration

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2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
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Amazing $1 seller. Costs you only 50c. Take orders for latest sensation. "COPPER GIFT BOX" embossed on metal foil with 21 newly designed Christmas Folders. Nothing like it on the market. Tops all others in value and appeal. Many other assortments. Full line of **Personal** Christmas Cards with name imprinted. Just show samples and make big money. Write today.

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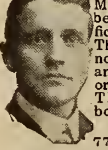
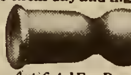
NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.


Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PICTURE PARADE

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—AAA½

Well, it looks as though little Miss Temple is going to retain her crown as No. 1 box-office attraction after all. She may have slipped a bit after *Heidi* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* but in *Little Miss Broadway*, Shirley returns as her old self—which is that of a grand little trouper with an ingratiating manner. Here you will find the Shirley Temple of old—the same unself-conscious little girl with the charming voice, terpsichorean talents and all. And surrounding the grand young dame is an excellent cast headed by George Murphy and including Jimmy Durante, Phyllis Brooks, Edna Mae Oliver and others too numerous to mention. Shirley is excellent and George Murphy scores as the talented tot's dancing partner, giving the Astaire-Rogers team its first serious competition. Jimmy Durante does a good job at drawing the laughs and the rest of the company uphold the acting qualities of the lead players. The story centers around a vaudeville boarding-house and offers all the entertaining ingredients of a Shirley Temple hit—plenty of good music, delightful dancing and an even balance of comedy and drama. This will appeal to all audiences.—*20th Century-Fox.*

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—AAA½

Every once in a while motion picture producers spring a surprise—not only on you but on themselves as well. And *Love Finds Andy Hardy* is an excellent example. For suddenly Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the producers, have discovered what it takes to make a good picture. When they started out a year ago to produce the *Hardy Family* series they were intended as fillers for double-program bills. They were to be modest productions produced under modest budgets with modest casts. They were not to be B (B for BAD) pictures because Metro doesn't produce anything but A's, but they were by no means to be on a plane with their regular product. Metro went right ahead with their plans but something went wrong with audiences—the *Hardy* films were being received with greater admiration than their extravagant films. And so Metro and you have learned through an unintended experiment that money isn't everything. And now that we have finished with our sermon let us add that you can be convinced, yourself—if you still have doubts—by going to see *Love Finds Andy Hardy*. The cast remains practically the same.—*M-G-M.*

[*Continued on page* 66]

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

Henie Highlights

■ LATEST This-and-That About Your No. 1 Box-Office Star: so impatient was lovely Sonja Henie to get started on that Norwegian vacation of hers that she didn't even wait to see the Hollywood preview of *My Lucky Star*. However, she did take with her hundreds of feet of 16-millimeter stuff, shot during production of the film. And when she gets to her Norway home, she'll have a sort of preview and inside-glimpse of her own, for the benefit of all her townsfolk over there. It'll even outdo the real film, because part of the 16-mm stuff is an entire color sequence of the startling *Alice in Wonderland* ice ballet—which you'll see in straight black-and-white.

Sonja turned down an offer of more than $50,000, to turn her vacation into a European personal-appearance tour.

"Nix," nixed the little Nordic; "when I take a vacation, I don't work. Fifty thousand?—poof!"

She can well afford to poof at $50,000. No star of stage, screen or sports world has taken in so much coin in a given length of time as has Sonja in her last year or so—from films, ice-ballets, personal appearances, endorsements and other sources.

She insists that on her Norwegian vacation, she's going to do nothing but loaf—wear old clothes and hike and fish and loaf on that place of hers near Oslo. BUT—your faithful reporter counted the trunks she took with her, and there were 14 of 'em—and that's not all fishing tackle and corduroys, I'll bet!

Two other items about Sonja: little is heard except how keen and shrewd a business woman she is. One might forget she has a heart, if it weren't that we learned that just before shoving off for Norway, la Henie discovered that one of the girls who skated in the film with her had had a lot of bad luck, and had to give up her dream of buying a cheap second-hand jaloppy for a summer vacation. Without fuss or fanfare, Sonja made arrangements for the girl to get the keys to Sonja's own little coupe during the Henie absence—plus a gasoline credit card!

Biggest disappointment of Sonja's Hollywood life came a few weeks ago—when she learned that Sol Lesser had bought the rights to the famed story of *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates* to star Bobby Breen. Sonja wanted to do the story herself.

Yam

■ I wonder if Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire were kidding, the other day, when they said that in *Carefree,* they were going to introduce a new dance, to be called The Yam, which they believe will replace the Big Apple and the Shag as No. 1 favorite of America's Satiddy-nite hoofers . . .?

"It's an easy, graceful thing," said Fred and Ginger, "and so smooth and simple and easy that we think it'll sweep the country, after the violent gymnastics of the other hot steps."

Your faithful correspondent fell for it, hook, line and sinker, and was about to tell all you dance addicts that Ginger and Fred were going to hand you a softie to do . . . but then your never-say-die reporter investigated a little bit deeper—and from the hairdresser for Ginger, what do you suppose developed?—this:

"That Yam ! ! !—oooooh, that YAM ! ! ! Simple and soft and sweet, huh? Well, they shot about a hundred takes on it—and it's so 'simple and soft and sweet and easy' that after each take, Ginger's hair was so shaken to pieces that it had to be done all over, afresh . . .!"

Heaven help the dance-hall foundations, that's all!

Coincidence

■ Jittery but true to the code that "the show must go on" was Dick Powell during the days when Wifie Joan was infanticipating. Kept ready at the door of the stage where Dick was recording songs for *Head Over Heels* was a fast roadster, to rush Powell to the hospital as soon as the word was flashed . . . And when the word finally did come, what do you suppose was the title of the number Dick was singing? "BEAUTIFUL BABY!!"

IN HOLLYWOOD FATIGUE IS TABOO!
CURTISS Baby Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!
5¢
IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE CANDY

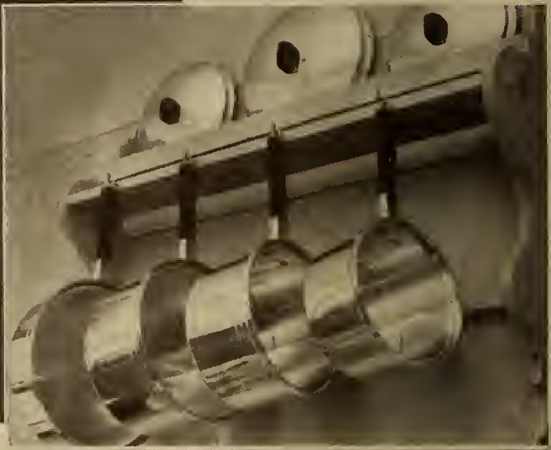
BECAUSE ACTING CALLS FOR ENERGY!

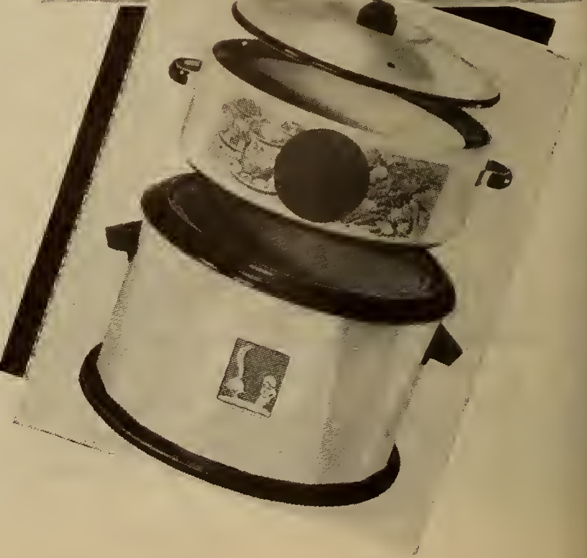
Life is strenuous for movie stars. After hours "on the set", they must still be alert, energetic. That's why, of all people, they must eat foods which fight fatigue, foods which fortify them with energy. Baby Ruth Candy is a concentrated energy food. It is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses for energy. To avoid fatigue, make Baby Ruth your candy. You will enjoy its energizing goodness.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
OTTO SCHNERING, President

A FLASH IN YOUR PAN

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK





Above, the new top-of-stove glassware skillet will keep you from getting dish-pan hands. Right, shining saucepots in graded sizes streamline the kitchen. Below, this teapot whistles while it works—just like Walt Disney's Seven Dwarfs. Bottom, you can plug this double decker electric casserole into any outlet and bake or roast a whole meal

YOUR KITCHEN NEEDN'T HAVE A DEAD PAN NOW—NOT WITH ALL THE NEW FLASHY POTS AND PANS

GOING shopping for a new suit this Fall? Yes, but a new suit for the kitchen!

And why not, since kitchens too, like everything else feminine, get tired of the same old dress, and need sprucing up with a bright, gay, more modern ensemble.

You may be thinking of "doing over the kitchen," which means putting on a new coat of paint, or renovating with one of the newer composition tile or similar wall covering. Today even linoleum, long an exclusive floor covering, is being used as a wall surface, and a good, tight, non-grease, non-moisture covering it is, too. Or, you may prefer to select one of the tile-like wall boards, which have all the gloss and color of a ceramic tile and yet which can be nailed on, in sheets, by an ordinary carpenter in a few hours.

You may plan to make large installation changes, and buy a new modern gas or electric range, a new refrigerator, or one of the beautiful shining monel metal sinks. Indeed a complete "kitchen modernization" plan is available to homes through the cooperation of such agencies as your local gas or electric light company, as well as that of other dealers in home furnishings.

But failing to be able to follow through on such a large program, what can you do to make your kitchen look as if it had an entirely new Fall suit? The answer is that you can do what every economical woman does on a limited budget—she wears the same dress, but puts new touches at the collar and belt, or buys a smart hat, purse or shoes.

So too, can you, for your kitchen, buy the little accessories at a small cost—the new smart pots, pans and kitchen conveniences which brighten up the kitchen as well as help make cooking an easier job.

No one can go shopping for pots and pans this fall without realizing that kitchens have gone smart and sophisti-

[*Continued on page 79*]

High, Tied and Handsome

[*Continued from page* 57]

YOUR permanent will last longer, will look better, if you do a little home work on it between visits to the beauty shop. You may not have to do up those curls every night—two or three times a week will probably do the trick. Especially if you moisten your hair with a pale pink curling lotion that has just come on the market. The lotion dries very quickly, keeps the hair in place longer than water will, gives the hair a burnished look quite different from the fuzz that results when water and a permanent wave get together. It's thinner than wave-set, not at all gummy, and of course it can't leave flecks in your hair. A three ounce bottle with pale blue label costs 10 cents—want the name?

Another aid to your hairdo homework is some green rubber curlers that are so pliable you can sleep on them. I found them slick for making all kinds of curls—even waves, if you want them. They're especially good for the kind of sausage curls Joan **Bennett** wears. Moisten your hair slightly with the waving lotion, slip it through the curlers, roll them up, button them over—and so to bed. It's but a moment's work in the morning to unbutton your curls and brush them out. Fifty cents buys a box of twenty curlers, or you can buy a card of four in the five-and-ten.

These new brushed up coiffures are just that. You have to brush them plenty to keep your hair looking sleek and glossy. Of course I know you can't carry your brush along in your handbag to the office, out on a date . . . But you can slip a tricky combination brush and comb into your purse, drag it out frequently to brush a wayward lock back into place. The five inch comb slides away from the brush so either can be used alone, both can be washed easily. To brush the hair, hold the gadget at a forty-five degree angle so that the bristles go through the hair *after* the comb has removed the snarls and tangles, give it a final polishing. The non-inflammable composition comb and brush comes in red, ivory, blue, amber, green and tortoise shell, and in a cool, clear crystal, and fits snugly into a protective case of the same color. Three dollars and fifty cents buys it.

DO YOU KNOW:

- —what hairstyle is most becoming to you?
- —what treatment will normalize your hair?
- —what makeup will bring out your assets?
- —how to choose your correct makeup shades?

If not, write Denise Caine for her answers. Tell her your beauty problems, or send a picture or description if you wish. The only fee for this service is a three-cent stamp (U. S. postage) attached to a self-addressed envelope. Send it with your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

If you're wearing your hair high, you'll want to investigate the advantages of combs to hold the mass of hair in place, to catch all the stray ends. I found some tiny metal ones—curved teeth lock them in the hair, and hold the hair in place. The metal is thin enough so you can bend the combs to fit the shape of your head, finished dull in brown, black, blonde and grey so they're invisible in the hair. Try tricking your pin-combs out with bows of gay ribbons, or tying a flower to them for an evening coiffure. You'll find the ten cent outlay for a card of two easy on the purse, even if you only want to pin a single lock of your casual hairstyle out of your eyes. Name please?

Most bob pins aren't supposed to be seen—but here comes news of some that practically scream for notice. They're colored, and they're high style news. You have your choice of six scrumptious shades—turquoise, canary yellow, blossom pink, aztec red, butterfly blue and glamour green. Match or contrast them to your fall woolens—you can have several colors because a card of eight-of-a-kind costs only a dime. Pin back your forelock with one of these—and watch your boy friend sit up and take notice.

The New Linit

COMPLEXION MASK

In Four Easy Steps

***1st STEP**
Mixing Takes a Minute

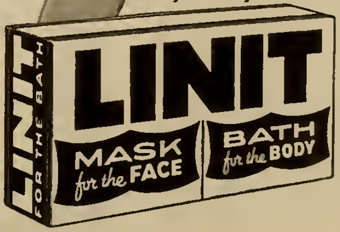
2nd STEP
Applying Takes a Minute

3rd STEP
Resting For 20 Minutes

4th STEP
Rinsing Off Completely

Why not try Linit Complexion Mask NOW?
All grocers sell Linit.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.



It costs so little!

Do This If You're NERVOUS

Help Calm Jumpy Nerves Without Harmful Opiates

If you fly off the handle at little things and at times feel so nervous, cross and jumpy you want to scream—if you have spells of "the blues" and restless nights—

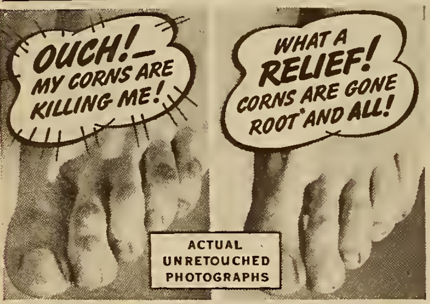
Don't take chances on harmful opiates and products you know nothing about. Use common sense. Get more fresh air, more sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic take a TIME-PROVEN medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots. Let it help Nature tone up your system—build more physical resistance and thus help calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living. Give it a chance to help YOU.

Tune in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed. and Fri. See your local newspaper for time. WLW Mondays through Friday.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

KEEP UP WITH CAROLE

Carole Lombard has not been giving interviews of late, but she TALKS for MOTION PICTURE in the November issue.


OUCH!— MY CORNS ARE KILLING ME!
WHAT A RELIEF! CORNS ARE GONE ROOT AND ALL!
ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPHS

DON'T MAKE CORNS WORSE BY PARING THEM!

Remove ROOT* AND ALL with double-action Blue-Jay

MILLIONS have found quick relief from painful corns with scientific Blue-Jay that relieves pain—removes corns root and all. They know that home paring only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the root to come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever.

Don't suffer needlessly. Get relief this safe, easy way. Blue-Jay relieves pain by removing pressure, then in a few days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is safe, easy to use. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

PICTURE PARADE

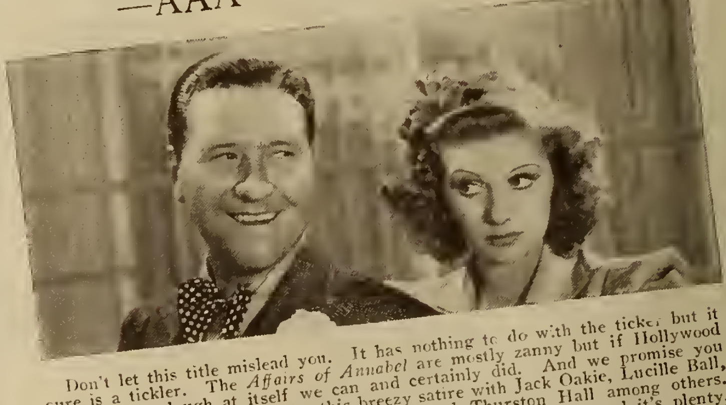
PROFESSOR, BEWARE!

—AAA—

If you like good, clean fun go to see *Professor, Beware!* starring Harold Lloyd and his horn-rims. It's refreshing to see Harold for here is one Hollywood comic whose brand of humor is natural and reliable. Harold after all these years still remains faithful to his particular style of comedy which is plenty of action and little talk and he doesn't make the slightest effort to be smart and sophisticated. He depends solely on story and comic situations to tap the laughs and considering the flow of audience laughter at the preview this is a fool-proof prescription for comedy. In this, Harold Lloyd is *Professor Dean Lambert*, an Egyptologist, whose dream finally comes true when he is commissioned to join an expedition to visit the tombs of the Pharaohs. But, before he can join the exploration the Professor must traverse 3,000 miles—from his home in Los Angeles to New York. During this journey he is beset by physical and romantic hurdles for believing his life parallels that of an old legend of Egyptian lovers, the *Professor* fears the pursuit of the girl. This calls for a long order of action and an opportunity for plenty of gags. Lloyd makes the most of these. Phyllis Welch is the girl.—*Paramount.*

THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL

—AAA—



Don't let this title mislead you. It has nothing to do with the ticker but it sure is a tickler. The *Affairs of Annabel* are mostly zanny but if Hollywood can afford to laugh at itself we can and certainly did. And we promise you that you will, too, when you see this breezy satire with Jack Oakie, Lucille Ball, Ruth Donnelly, Bradley Page, Fritz Feld and Thurston Hall among others. Lucille Ball shows you what she can do with a comedy role—and it's plenty, we assure you—and Jack Oakie although lighter in weight still carries a load of laughs. And if you know Ruth Donnelly and Fritz Feld—who doesn't?—you know that you can depend on them for loads of laughs. The story isn't much but the little there is is funny. It's a story about Hollywood's publicity methods and the leading characters in the plot are Jackie Oakie, a reckless publicity agent, and Lucille Ball, a falling star who is the victim of Oakie's resourcefulness to build her up. It's full of gags and funny situations and if you're looking for a laugh you can depend on the effectiveness of this farce. Good performances, excellent photography and expert direction and production combine to put this in the entertainment class.—*RKO-Radio.*

"I'm Not Undressing My Private Life"

[*Continued from page* 37]

fun—the normal kind of fun? Money and fame aren't everything. You won't get a movie salary forever, and you won't be famous forever, either. Some day you'll be back in oblivion again, living an inconspicuous, everyday life. And if you've forgotten how, you'll be a sad, sad case. A psychopathic case.

"I don't want to become something psychopathic. That's one reason why I'm not undressing my private life.

"The way I figure it, if I can take this—this excitement, and still live a reasonably normal life on the side, I'll be prepared when the excitement's all over. But there's only one way I can live a reasonably normal life on the side. And that is—to have a little castle in the goldfish bowl where I can go and stop being on exhibition.

"Don't get me wrong, please. I'm not trying to pretend that I'm too, too tired of The White Glare of Publicity. I know what it has done for me, and can do for me. Without it, I wouldn't be where I am. I wouldn't get very far. That's true of anybody, and everybody, in this business. But—

"IT WAS what I could do as a singer and actress that made me a candidate for publicity in the beginning; not anything I did in private life. It didn't matter to the public then whether my husband and I understood each other, or threw crockery at each other. And it still doesn't matter, really. If I started singing sour notes and giving sour performances, you'd soon have proof of that. People wouldn't go to see me on the screen on the grounds that they liked me *off* it.

"They're paying me to sing and act. And, because they are, they have a right to know all the intimate details of my life as a singer and actress—past, present and future. They're entitled to know how I'm doing, and what I'm doing, on the screen. But they don't have to know all the intimate details of my private life, or how I'm doing, or what I'm doing, off the screen . . . to decide whether or not they'll go to see me in *Spawn of the North* or *St. Louis Blues* or any other picture I might make.

"That's another reason why I intend to keep the shades drawn on my home-life. Heaven only knows what people expect me to be in private, or how I might disappoint some of them . . ."

Dorothy didn't smile. Thoughtfully, she dabbed at her luncheon plate a moment. Then, seriously, she continued:

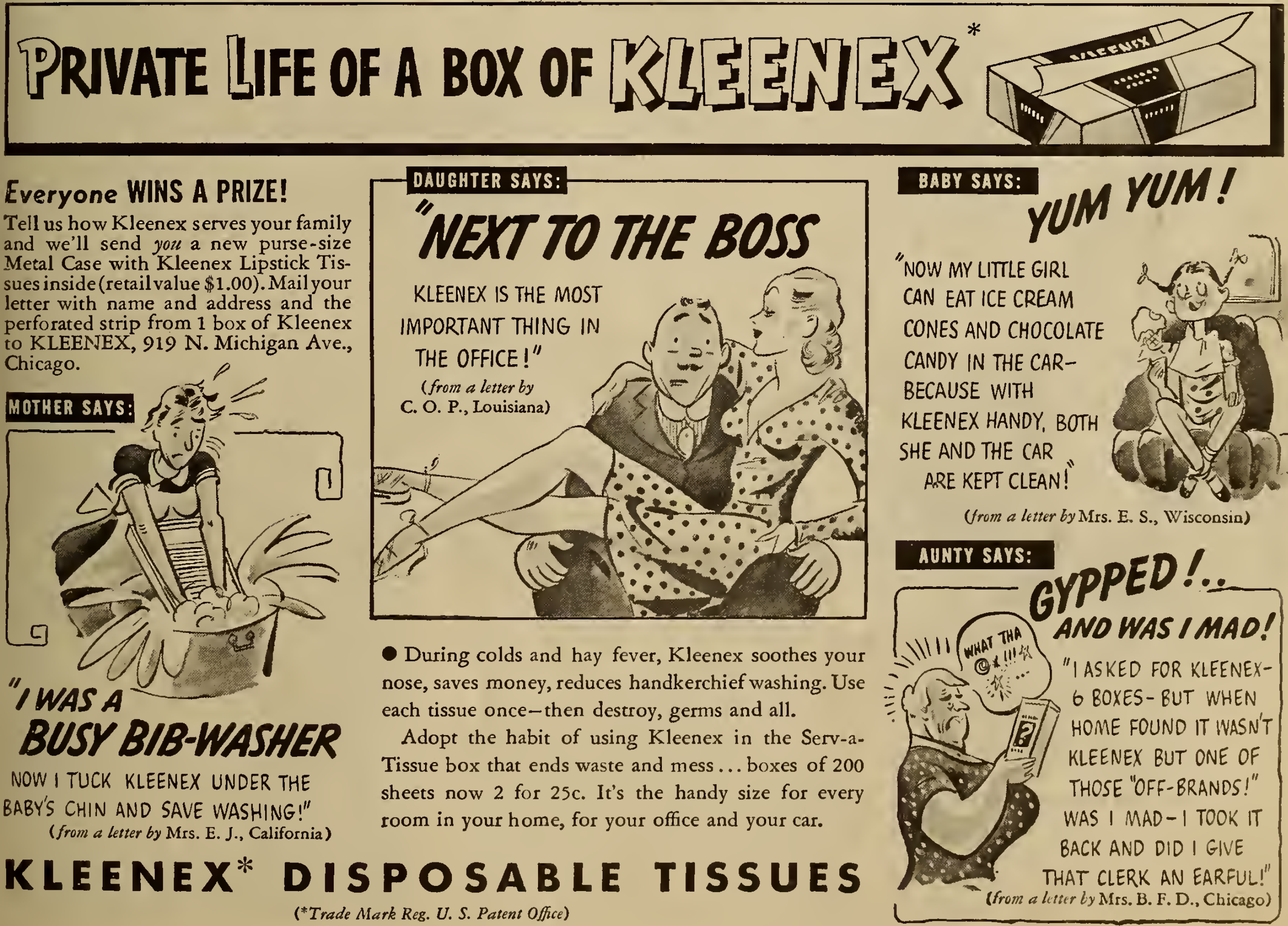
"Do you know what's the most terrifying sensation in the world? To go away from Hollywood, where you're just one of the gang, to some other town, where people have seen you only on the screen—and be mobbed by admirers, have your private life taken right away from you. I went down to Houston, Texas, to see Herbie—my husband, Herbie Kay. I didn't tell anybody I was going. This wasn't a public appearance trip; it was a purely personal trip, a sentimental pilgrimage. I didn't want anybody to know I was on the train, and I didn't think anybody did. I stayed in my stateroom.

"But a half-hour before my train pulled into Houston, Jimmie Fidler went on the air. He thought he was doing me a favor, after those silly separation rumors. He said something about how ridiculous the rumors must be, because 'in a few minutes Miss Lamour will step off a train in Houston, Texas, into the arms of her husband.' I didn't know about this at the time.

"I was expecting just Herbie to meet me. But here was this big crowd, and not a sign of Herbie. He couldn't get through. I had to get off the train, and the minute I did, the crowd rushed me. I was wearing a white hat with a veil. The hat was wrecked and the veil was torn to shreds. Somebody finally got me through the crowd, out to a car with seven people in it, that took me to the hotel. All, I discovered, were reporters.

"They didn't leave us alone until four a. m. And the next day they got mad when I said I was on vacation and didn't want to pose for pictures. I didn't want the newspapers mad at me, or at Herbie because of me, so I ended up by changing my clothes, making the pictures. That cost us part of our time together. Then, we couldn't move without people trailing us. We went up to

[*Continued on page* 69]



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(*from a letter by* Mrs. B. F. D., Chicago)

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"Charlie, I Love You"

[*Continued from page* 35]

Bergen. 'When I am eighteen, you will be twenty-one—' That's what she thinks. Shall I tell her my middle name?"

"What *is* your middle name?"

"PETER PAN of the Irish Pans. Now, none of your cracks, Bergen. (I sure left my pan wide open that time). Le's see, le's see, where were we? '—you will be twenty-one. Then we will marry.' Nothing like the direct approach. 'Please leave Bergen home.' You asked for it, Bergen. 'With love, Baby.' Shall we wait for Baby, Bergen? No, I thought not. This one's from Leona. Dear Leona. Remember Leona, Bergen? Down in Houston, Texas? That night when the magnolias were in bloom? We kissed 'neath the stars, Leona and I while you sat on the porch with only a mosquito for company, and threw your voice (not to mention a fit). Ah, Leona! Ah, Houston, Texas!—Well, let's see what she says. 'Dear Charlie, maybe I should have done this two years ago because it was leap year.' Were we in the money two years ago, Bergen? You wouldn't suspect Leona of being a fortune-hunter, would you?"

"No, Charlie, not on your allowance."

"Well, she could be an optimist. She doesn't know you as well as I do. Leggo of the lapple. So help me, if you don't leggo of the lapple, I'll mow you down. (You shouldn't have done that, Bergen. Next thing you know, the papers'll be saying: 'What broken-hearted ventriloquist is carrying the torch for what brilliant, redheaded, Irishman with a monocle, who lifted him to fame for a quarter a week?)"

"Let me worry about the papers, Charlie. You stick to the story."

"Oh, sure, sure. And you'll stick to the dough. All right, but next time you want to go double-dating with me, it'll cost you a buck. Where were we, Leona? 'A few days ago I said to my brother, "I'm going to propose to Charlie McCarthy. Do you think it's a good idea?" He said: "Fine. As one dummy to another—" 'Dum-de-dum-de-dum-dum—that's a pretty tune, don't you think so, Bergen?"

"To the best of my recollection, you were reading a letter, Charlie, not singing."

"Oh, no—no, no, no, no, no, no—I finished that letter long ago—*long*—long ago, *long* ago. I was a little disappointed in Leona, Bergen. After all, you may have had the best of it, sitting up there on the porch with your mosquito. Now here's a letter. 'Sweetheart Cottage, 2 Honeymoon Lane, Lady Love City, New York.' Dear, dear, what won't they think up next? 'Dearest Charlie Boy,' she says. Did anyone ever call you dearest Ed-gie boy, Bergen? No? Tsk, tsk, tsk, you still have something to live for. 'Alas, alas, what shall I do? For want of a husband, I come to you.' It's poetry, Bergen, so help me, it's poetry.

'You may be surprised that I propose,
But 1940 is very close.'

I get 'em coming and going.

'Get the license, get the ring,
For marriage is a wonderful thing.
If you think there's no chance for me,
Let me know and I'll drown in the sea.'

Touching, isn't it?

'I'll bet you a kiss you cannot guess
Who sent this proposal to your address.'

"And she signs it 'Your everlasting Wildflower.' Maybe I ought to take her up on that, Bergen. Sounds like the hand of destiny or something. Wood and wildflower. Get it?"

"I WOULDN'T be hasty, Charlie. Once you're married, you know, you'll have to give all this up. No more letters, no more proposals—"

"No more doting demoiselles. Say, that's a good one, Bergen—doting demoiselles. I'll sell it to you for your next broadcast—"

"Never mind that, Charlie. It's your marriage we're talking about."

"Marriage. Ah, yes. The tie that binds. The ball and chain that cramps your style. Oh, but definitely. Maybe you're right, Bergen. After all, I'm a butterfly at heart. I flit, I float—from Dottie to Andrea, from Andrea to—let's stick around with Andrea for a while, what say, Bergen?"

"Besides, Charlie, aren't you a little young to marry? You're still in high-school—"

"(That's what he thinks)—"

"Wouldn't you feel a little silly, kissing your wife goodby in the morning?"

"And having her say, 'Well, dear, I hope you pull off that deal in geometry—"

"Yes—"

"And me phoning at three to say, 'I'll be late, honey. Skinny Dugan and me, we're detained for a conference on spitballs, when not to throw 'em—' Leggo of the lapple, Bergen, I'm just being whimsical. Can't you take a whim? You know, it's you I'm really thinking of, Mr. Bergen."

"That's nice of you, Charlie."

"Yes. I may hector you now and then, but it's all in a manner of speaking, if you know what I mean. At bottom, I'm fond of you, Mr. Bergen—*very* fond of you—"

"You're breaking my heart—"

"Well, it's your *back* I'm thinking of. You've never done a lick of *real* work since the day you were born. I'd hate to send you out with a pick and shovel at your time of life. How's if we write Wildflower a little pome of regret:

'Alas, alack, my wildflower true,
I fear I cannot marry you.
If you must drown in yon blue sea,
I trust, as you drown, you'll think of me.'

That ought to cheer her up."

"WHAT'S that letter you're hiding behind your back, Charlie?"

"This? Why, where did this come from? Must have stuck to my hand when I wasn't looking. 'Dear Charlie, I think Bergen is a lou—lah, la, la, la, lah, la—"

"Bergen is a—what?"

"'Bergen is a lou'—a lout, that's what it says—funny I couldn't get it the first time—little black specks in front of my eyes. 'I think Bergen is a lout not to give you more money. When you get tired of him, come to our house. We love you.' But I'm not going, Bergen. We McCarthy Pans, we stick to the death. One for all and all for one and how about a little more for me? Couldn't we make a deal?"

"What kind of deal, Charlie?"

"Well, it's this way. You pay me a certain sum for benefits received—meagre, 'tis true, 'tis pity yet 'tis true. (Shakespeare, Act four, scene three). Now, suppose I benefit you more. Would you pay me more?"

"And just how do you propose to benefit me?"

"Look, Mr. Bergen, there's nothing actually *wrong* with you. You've got a face and

[*Continued on page* 80]

"I'm Not Undressing My Private Life"

[*Continued from page 67*]

the far end of the beach, to be alone, and they followed us even there. A friend of Herbie's took pity on us and invited us to dinner in a cafe out at the end of the pier, and kids swam out to take candid-camera shots. People even found out our room number and kept knocking on the door, asking for autographs. Herbie kidded me. 'So you're going to be a housewife—?' he said.

"We had so little privacy that, when I left, Herbie rode with me as far as San Antonio—a five-hour trip, which meant another five-hour trip back to Houston for him. Just so that we could talk a *few* personal things. We couldn't say *everything* before the public."

Dorothy admitted, under pressure, that it was pretty flattering of Houston not to want to leave her alone. But she still insisted that the experience had its terrifying aspects, too.

"I kept saying to myself, 'You're just like these people. Why should they look up to you?' Asking myself that, and not knowing the answer—that was the terrifying part. Yet there are movie stars *I* look up to, to this day—without analyzing why. Carole Lombard is one. Joan Crawford is another. I like them instinctively, seeing them on the screen. I don't know anything about their private lives. I don't need to know. If they keep on being as they are on the screen, that's good enough for me . . . And if *I* feel this way about stars I like, other people must feel the same way about stars they like.

"That's another reason why I want privacy. I can do much better work as an actress, do more to please the people who really like me on the screen, if I don't have to act twenty-four hours a day. If my private life isn't dramatized."

She laughed.

"Not that there's anything particularly *to* dramatize. My private life now isn't any different from what it was before all this happened, except in material surroundings. And except that it's harder now to have a private life. An everyday couple could go to a cafe and have a fist fight, and nobody would care, except to throw them out. But when you're a movie star, you can't go to a cafe and not hold hands with your husband all during the meal, without having people say, 'Uh-huh, they're cooling.' When you're a movie star, people expect you to air all your private emotions in public. And I insist that they have no right to expect that.

"Writers have asked me questions about my private life and my private emotions that they wouldn't think of asking their best friends about theirs. And their defense has been that I'm 'in the public eye'—and that, therefore, I'm an object of public curiosity and gossip. That people *want* to hear something sensational about me. Maybe that's true. Human nature has a liking for gossip. But human nature has a liking for hero-worship, too. And, that being true, I won't expose my private emotions and private life for the sake of headlines. I don't want headlines. I'd be scared stiff if I ever got them.

"The public has a right to know that I'm married. It's part of the record of my career. But the public doesn't have a right to know any of the intimate details of my married life. How many times a day I kiss my husband, or he kisses me. Whether we sleep in a double bed, twin beds, or separate rooms. What we talk about when we're alone. How we arrange our household budget. All of these things are purely personal, private concerns of ours. To drag them out for display in the public prints would be like taking off my sarong in full view of the camera. Like going nudist.

"The public has a right to know that Herbie is in Houston with his orchestra and that I'm in Hollywood, working, and that we won't be sharing our new house till Fall, when he'll be out here again. But they *don't* have a right to know how we reconcile ourselves to our separations. It's a funny thing. Herbie has been away as long as this before, and there haven't been these rumors before. I suppose the rumors are a hopeful sign, in a way. Apparently I've been getting somewhere in my career, just these past few months. I'm a target for rumors now, where I wasn't before.

"But rumors are dangerous, harassing things. 'He's divorcing her. . . . She's

[*Continued on page 76*]

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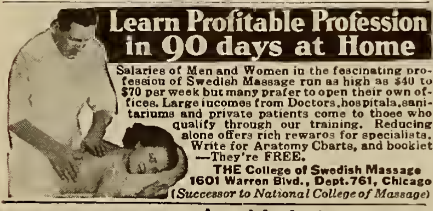

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How To Be 'Loy-ish'

[*Continued from page 24*]

Scotch, restrained Welsh, Swedish, are not given to splashing words about, wantonly. "Really," she said.

"How do you do it?" I asked her, Editor.

She looked in the long mirrors of her portable dressing-room. Reflected at her was a trim young thing in khaki-colored whipcord. An aviatrix's costume. "I don't know," she said. Any other answer would have been sheerest vanity. If she had launched into a description of how she applied cold cream, smoked cigarettes, said her prayers backwards three times a night, and was especially endowed with what-it-takes because of three pixies attendant upon her birth, she would have been guilty of bad taste. Loy has never been convicted on that count.

It was then that Stallings, Esq., came in handy. He was followed by Walter Pidgeon. Roguish Walter had his ideas about why Loy was Loy-ish. "Myrna's attractive because she's queenly and regal," he said, like Ye Knight of Olde. "Then, too," and a look came into his eyes, "she's so unapproachable. I've been trying to make progress with Myrna for ten years and never got anywhere." Loy giggled. Wrinkled her nose . . . Aw, Editor, *you* know how she does it. Gable was nowhere to be seen. I wanted to ask him what it was that Loy had.

As a matter of fact, to be Loy-ish is to evoke from men folk that I'd-like-to-take-you-in-my-arms-you-big-beautiful-doll-but-I-know-you-belong-to-someone-else feeling that seems to be a remnant of medieval chivalry. Come to think about it (Metro's been thinking about it all along, no doubt), perhaps that explains the popularity of the Gable-Loy films (they've made five together, including *Parnell*, *Wife vs. Secretary*, *Test Pilot*). Gable personifies the aggressive male; Loy the unattainable—at least at first—female. It's the old battle of the sexes, waged on celluloid.

Of course, back in 1910, when Myrna was five, and enjoying a carefree, tomboyish childhood within a block of where Gary Cooper lived, she didn't dream that one day she would bring life and meaning to a new word in the dictionary. Nor did she know that she would change the feminine ideal of a nation from something simpering and *naive* to something forthright, honest, "smooth." Mr. Wiles (that man's here again) says she is a "very modern woman—slim, smart, intelligent—and humorous." And he's right.

Out of her smartness, Loy has been able to gather about her in the thirteen years she has been in films, a successful career, a few honest friends, a distinguished producer-husband (Arthur Hornblow, Jr.), and enough worldly goods so that she doesn't have to skimp on the meat order. She was married two years ago, on June 28, 1936. The studio points with pride (and so would Myrna, but ladies don't point) that gossip and vile innuendo have never touched its titian-haired temptress.

She has a five-and-one-half acre estate with a Monterey-style house, filled with polished copper kitchen utensils, potted geraniums, Mexican glass, California furniture, a Capehart phonograph that plays endless records without bothering to have anyone change them. And there are endless records—symphonies, operas, chamber music, arias, tangoes—to play. "We have it fixed beautifully now," says Myrna, with enthusiasm. "The cabinet has been removed and the machine is in a little room by itself with outlets all over the house. We merely snap a button and music floods the room."

Always introspective—don't forget the Welsh blood—the Loy-ish Myrna doesn't read the heavy tomes that she once did—books on Oriental philosophy, et cetera. "I read them because I did so many Oriental parts," she says. "I've played Chinese, Malayan, Hindu, Japanese, Polynesian, Indian, in my life. I read those books because I wanted to understand the Oriental character; how they thought, so I could portray them better."

"But wasn't it, too, because you were lonely, Myrna?" we asked. "Now in your happy marriage, you don't need the companionship that books then offered."

She readily admitted it was so. "But I am still fond of poetry," she amended. As for her husband, the Paramount producer (see *Tropic Holiday* about which they are both pretty proud), he is regular. Witty, too and talented. Just the sort of man that *La* Loy should have. But there's a stockade of silence about their home life. The tabu which says "no photographs" of their Hidden Valley dwelling, extends to cover their conjugal bliss. *La* Loy's Arthur is a gay and diverting companion. Never, like many spouses, bringing home the "office troubles" for the little wife's sympathetic ear. "On the contrary," she says, pleased as punch, "I have to worm them out of him." He makes crepes Suzette on the electric griddle that his wife bought him. And, on cook's night out, *Frau* Hornblow broils steaks.

Not given to small talk, Loy makes silence a virtue. And she tosses out a good marriage maxim at the same time: "A wife can be awfully tiresome if she is continually calling attention to herself." She says she learned this from the many *Joans* to film-*Darbys* that she has played; most importantly in those laugh-classics of Director Van Dyke's, *The Thin Man* and *After the Thin Man*. She thanks her husband for helping her to step out of the Oriental characterizations. He gave her one of her first "straight" parts in a Colman film, *Devil to Pay*. This was more than several years ago. E. H. Griffith, Rouben Mamoulian, W. S. Van Dyke, are other director-knights who helped rescue her from exotic roles.

To get back to American Girlhood and how to be Loy-ish, Editor, it seems that the prototype of the new model, streamlined American Sweetheart of 1938 is a woman devoid of hobbies (sorry about this, too); she is lazy—probably because she works so hard; likes showers instead of tub baths (first hot, then cold), eau de cologne, night blooming jasmine, dance recitals (she once studied with Ruth St. Denis). She does not like radio crooners and refuses to walk near street curbs. She collects old prints (what's this? Thought she had no hobbies!), water colors, antiques, brasses, porcelains—says the re-appearing Mr. Wiles. She has a brother, younger, whom she put through art school, and now he's a *mood moderne* decorator.

La Loy, she says, would rather be a good wife than a glamor girl. And that poise that she radiates so devastatingly isn't that at all. It's just a trick of relaxation that she learned long ago, which smacks to us of Yogi and some of that Oriental philosophy stuff that she absorbed in her twenties.

Last Word On Olivia

[*Continued from page* 43]

like mad, to get the necessary time off—result being that I got myself into a state of complete nervous exhaustion. I was anemic, underweight, drained of vitality. Maybe some of those things overlap, but they all add up—I can give you my affidavit—to one very frazzled female. At the last minute we had to cancel our reservations because of a broadcast. Then the broadcast was cancelled. By that time I didn't much care whether we sailed for England or Hackensack. But somehow mother hauled me onto a boat before I collapsed. I slept for three days. That's literal. I'd open my mouth at mealtimes, food would drop in, and back I'd flop.

"From the boat we went straight to Hampshire. I was still pretty shaky. I spent most of the time outdoors, lolling at first, then as I grew stronger, walking. I got such a thrill out of seeing the places I'd read about —Beaulieu Abbey, for instance. The tingle that goes up your spine when you see with your own eyes the ruins of something King John built more than seven hundred years ago! that's the kind of thrill I went for, believe me—and oh, it was worth going for!

"Then we'd climb into our dirty, dusty, green Ford, and just go where fancy led us. Once we stopped for tea at a place on top of a hill, overlooking the blue sea. It was so beautiful, and the Devonshire cream was so thick and the biscuits so golden that we stayed a week."

A SUDDEN chuckle escaped her. "Only one person acted like a fan, it turned out she was, but not mine. A girl at Lyme Regis told mother she knew who I was, but promised to keep it dark. On our last day she asked me to go to the gatehouse where she lived, she wanted to show me her room. In I walk, without a thought of Hollywood, under the delusion that I'd shaken its dust from my feet, and there was Errol Flynn, staring at me from every wall. It seems he was the one love of her life, and she'd recognized me because I'd been in a picture with him. I asked her if she'd like an autographed photo of him, and I thought she'd faint. Oh, yes, I sent it. Just as soon as I got back.

"That was the extent of my personal contact with the British. As for men, I didn't meet one, I didn't see one, I didn't talk to one—" she lifted her hand in pledge, "—this do I swear. Mother saw that idiotic item in the papers and hid it from me because she knew, poor lamb, I was in no condition to hit the ceiling. Later, when I began feeling human, she showed it to me. I'd never even heard of the man. I'm sure he'd never heard of me. I felt like apologizing to him. He probably felt like wringing my neck."

A tough-skinned newspaper man who takes his movie stars because he has to and would rather leave them alone, once stumbled in my hearing on the subject of Olivia. It was funny to see his granite features melt against his will. "She's the kind of kid you'd like to have running around your house," he growled.

You'll detect a similar note of tenderness in the general attitude toward her. Eyes soften, faces smile. Her twenty-one years and bewitching prettiness may have something to do with it, but only by the way. There are actresses in Hollywood younger and just as pretty, who don't produce the same effect.

Maybe it's because people find in her more than they expect to find in youth. Endowed with all its pleasanter attributes, she seems somehow to have missed its callowness. Unsophisticated in the worldly sense, she seems to meet life with a child's eagerness and gayety, yet with a wisdom beyond her years. How she came by this wisdom remains one of those mysteries of personality that defies solution. It gives her a sense of balance and an understanding for others, and frees her of that shell of egotism in which most young people wrap themselves against the world. Her soft, dark eyes are as quick to kindle in sympathy as in laughter. As a matter of fact, it's her sensitiveness into other directions that makes her what she is. A gleeful appreciation of the absurd keeps check on her emotions. A warm heart keeps her humor sweet.

HER eyes widened a little accusingly, but she answered with complete serenity a question I had no business to ask. "Of *course* I've been in love. Wouldn't I be a queer fish if I hadn't! We were both sixteen when he told me how he felt about me. I'd always adored him. Three weeks later he went away to school, and when he came back, I adored him more painfully than ever. Yes, I mean painfully or blissfully or whatever you want to call it, one's part of the other. I couldn't bear to have him go away again, I lived only for his return—so I thought. When he came back the second time, he'd changed so that I didn't recognize him as the same person. He must have been disappointed in some things about me, too—" Her face turned dreamy, as her thoughts went far away. Then she shrugged. "Maybe we were too young. Maybe if we'd stuck at it, we might have got somewhere. What's the use of speculating?

"I don't believe in theories. I have none now about love and marriage. I don't know what I'm hunting for, only that I'll recognize it when I find it. All I know is this—that when the time comes, I'm going to be faithful and honest to my personal life first. And by my personal life, I mean my life with the man I marry. I have no idea what that will entail. It depends on the two people involved, and what they fulfill in each other's lives. But I do know that if I loved a man well enough to marry him, happiness with him is what I'd want most. I don't say nothing else would matter, but it wouldn't matter enough to interfere with that."

Meantime she's content to work hard and live quietly, walking, swimming, lying in the sun, spending as much time as possible out of doors. Like any girl, she loves to dance, but she's not one of those who can stay up till two in the morning and rise, dewy-eyed, at seven, for a long day's work at the studio. Realizing this, she refuses to burn the candle at both ends. She's a little weary of having people rush up and condole with her on her rumored illness. "I feel as if I ought to tuck myself up with a hot-water bag just to please them," she murmurs. She was worn out when she went away. She's perfectly well now, as her softly-rounded face and glowing eyes will testify.

SHE and her mother and sister Joan live "in a little house with a little garden on a little hill." The house is all covered with ivy, and there's a mint patch under the back faucet. Mother wanted to move it, but was repulsed by the Japanese gardner. She still feels she should have her own mint patch where she wants it, but daren't tell him so.

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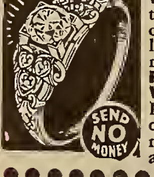

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"We have a tree and a square lawn, where I take sunbaths and read. You might mention that the lawn's enclosed by a very high hedge. On the other side of the hedge, we have two pianists, who practice all day, and I love it. I hope they never stop. We have six pigeons on the roof, and two of the neighbor's cats come over to visit. I'll be removing my make-up at the bathroom mirror and there, two floors above the ground, will be a catface staring at me. It's startling, but nice. They sleep on a Duncan Phyfe sofa in the garage. No, we didn't exactly buy the sofa for them. Joan saw it in a shop and thought she loved it. Once she got it home, the legs looked so short and the tummy so fat, that we stuck it in the garage and threw a sheet over it. Joan doesn't love it any more, but the cats do."

Olivia had hit her stride now. Her eyes were dancing. I cocked an ear toward the stage, where they were setting up a scene for *Head Over Heels*, trembling lest the director's call interrupt her fine flow of fancy. She prattled blithely on.

"Mother manages the household for us, and takes French lessons. She likes to fancy herself practical. Actually, she's about as icy as they come. I'll say: 'Mother, will you please have this dress sent to the cleaner's?' One bright morning, about a year later, mother will come in from the garden. 'I've been spraying the roses. Livy dear, didn't you say something about a dress that needed cleaning?' And maybe a year after that it'll come back clean.

"We've had a feud about bureau drawers since I was nine. I decided mother's were a disgrace, cleaned them out, and put some roses on top of the bureau as a kind of encouraging pat. She thought that was lovely. But did she reform? Not she! I go snooping and sneering, and she says: 'Nonsense. They're as neat as can be.' Me: Look at those shoe-laces, look at those bits of ribbon. Mother: (sweetly) When you need a shoelace or a bit of ribbon, darling, whom do you come to?

"You must understand, of course, that it's not always mother who's being picked on. We're a family of pouncers. Joan and I pounce on her, she and I pounce on Joan, she and Joan pounce on me. We love nothing better than to point out each other's failings. *I* am opinionated, it would seem, and I love to lecture, it would seem, and it also would seem that I've never grown out of my high-school debating days. They'll break through a conversation to announce: 'Miss de Havilland will now take the platform.' Or they'll discuss me in stage whispers. 'Do you suppose we could get Livy to change her mind?' 'Well, if we start casually now, and just casually keep dropping little words about six feet apart, why, a year from now a great light will burst on Livy, and she'll think she thought the whole dazzling idea up herself.' But for the complete silencer, you should hear my mother, when she thinks I'm getting a bit above myself. She goes Cockney on me. 'Omigawd,' she squeals. 'Hit's the grite de 'Avilland.' And the grite de 'Avilland crumples, giggling."

Charles Winninger hove into view, his white hair like an aureole round the head of an elderly cherub. At sight of Olivia, he opened his arms. "Where were you this morning, honey? I missed you so, I couldn't remember my lines."

She ran to greet him, calling back over her shoulder, "This is for publication. Mr. Winninger and I are having a romance."

"You bet we are," he roared. "Put this in your magazine and smoke it. I love Olivia. Anyone who doesn't should have his head examined."

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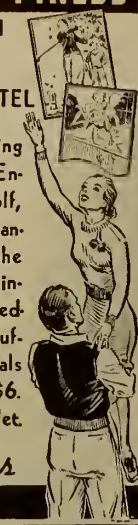

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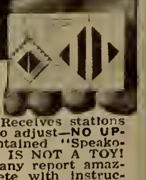

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Is The Teen Age Difficult?

[*Continued from page 29*]

the set of *That Certain Age*, in which Irene Rich plays her mother, John Halliday her father, Jackie Cooper the boy who brushes her cheek with his lips, lightly—and Melvyn Douglas the "older man" with whom the girl, being at That Certain Age, imagines she is in love.

I said to Deanna: "Is it likely, is it normal and natural that a girl of fifteen would think herself in love with an older man?"

Deanna smiled at me, that understanding smile of hers which doesn't need experience to make it wise, "Why yes," she said, "I suppose it can happen, I suppose it does happen. But I don't know from experience because it has never happened to me."

"You've never had a crush, just a little crush on an older man?" I asked hopefully, thinking of the fascinating older men with whom Deanna has worked in pictures . . . Stokowski, Marshall, now Douglas. . . .

"No, *never*," said Deanna, firmly.

"Have you ever had a crush, been just a little bit sentimental about any boy of your own age, then?"

"No, I never have," said Deanna, again firmly. And there seemed nothing more to be said on the subject, which, we have been led to believe, occupies so much of the time and thought of the Terrible Teens . . .

WE WERE lunching, as I mentioned, in a commissary, in the small, inner dining-room where the stars and directors lunch. In the large, outer lunch-room the general public is admitted. Universal is the only studio in Hollywood to which the public is admitted to the commissary. Which means that the g. p. spends most of its time, not lunching but standing in the doorway between the two rooms gawking at the stars. Now, many of the adult stars dislike this lunching on a midway and so eat off the lot or in their dressing-rooms. But not Deanna. She said to me: "If people come from all over the country hoping to see the stars it would be mean to disappoint them." And so Deanna's luncheon—a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk—was punctuated by various fans, mostly girls of her own age, who approached our table and, in various states of acute embarrassment and tongue-tied wonder, asked Deanna for her autograph. Deanna, at least fifteen times, graciously complied. And by the look in the eyes of one small girl who said, "I—I came all the way from the State of Maine just hoping that I would see *you*," one could gauge how other girls in their teens feel about Deanna . . . as a story-book heroine come to life . . . as their dreams of themselves come true . . .

I said, then, "Of course, your problems, if you had any, would not be the same as other girls of your age . . ."

"No," said Deanna, "that's just it. That's why it's a little difficult for me to know what to say. The work I do makes it all different for me, of course. And much better for me, I think. Because I do think that girls of my age should have some very special work or interest of their own, even apart from their school work. They should be doing something that they just love to do, the way I love to sing and be in the studio.

"BUT I guess," said Deanna, eyes a little mischievous, "that the main problem of fifteen could be called: How Not To Be Ridiculous."

"For instance?" I asked.

"Well, clothes, for instance," said Deanna, "I have to be very careful about my clothes. I have to be careful not to over-dress and I have to be just as careful not to under-dress. I do all of my own shopping. Mother goes with me, of course, because I can't go anywhere alone. But I make all my own selections. And I have to be very careful that I don't buy things that will make me look sophisticated, too old for my age, because that would be ridiculous. I also have to be careful that I don't buy things that will make me look, well, twelve years old, because that would be ridiculous, too. And, of course, it's even more necessary for me to dress just right because I am on the screen than it would be if I were not. If a girl who is not in pictures makes a mistake about her clothes, why, maybe her family and a few friends will tell her that she looks too grown-up or too babyish. But if I should be seen wearing the wrong things lots of people are apt to criticize me. So I usually buy sports things, because if you wear sweaters and felt sports hats and low-heeled shoes you can't go very wrong. I have decided that I am not the frilly type, so even when I buy a dinner-dress I try to get it tailored and plain, with turned-down collars.

"I believe in girls of fifteen looking at themselves in the mirror quite a lot," smiled Deanna. "I don't have to look at myself to find out how I look because I can see myself on the screen.

"I guess the thing to do is to be your age, whatever it is. Girls in their teens are ridiculous if they try to look sophisticated. Old ladies are ridiculous when they try to look like girls in their teens.

"I've never been uncomfortable about growing up. I guess that's what you mean by 'growing pains.' I know girls who simply agonize because they can't wait to grow up. I know other girls who say that they never want to grow up, want to stay young forever. I don't feel either way about it. I'm happy right now, just at the age I am. I think that every age can be nice if we just make ourselves comfortable in it. Anyway, there's nothing we can do about it. Maybe," suggested Deanna, "if we could just learn to try to do things only about things we CAN do something about, and not struggle about things we can't possibly do anything about, there wouldn't be so many problems at all . . ." (I thought, again, such an old wisdom in such a young person!) "I think that to try to be or to act like some age you are not is like changing the clocks in your own house and trying to kid yourself that you have changed Time itself.

"I'VE had girls tell me that they cried when they had to put away their dolls. I didn't. Because when I put away my dolls I had other 'toys' to play with. I've heard girls say that they felt so sad when they put away their children's books like *Little Women* and *The Little Colonel* books and others. I loved them, too, but I didn't feel sad about not reading them any more because now I read books like *The Citadel* and *Northwest Passage* and *Gone with the Wind*—I've read *Gone With the Wind* three times . . . and Mr. Douglas just gave me a fascinating book, *My Life and Art*, by Constantin Stanislavsky, and so new books take the place of old books. I think that's the way it is about everything . . .

"It's just as much fun to begin to have grown-up things as it was to have kid things, I think. When I was making *Mad About*

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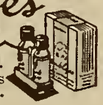

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Music I had my first silk stockings. That was fun. Though I do have an awful time," sighed Deanna, "keeping the seams straight. You never have to worry about seams when you wear bobby socks. Then I have my first compact, too. . . ."

I said: "Do you think it's all right for a girl of fifteen to use make-up . . . ?"

"Yes, I think it's perfectly all right," said Deanna, "if she doesn't make herself ridiculous by using too much. I use a little lipstick now. I have used lipstick for almost a year. I also use a little powder, not much. Lately, come to think of it, I haven't used any powder at all. I kind of like the look of a shiny nose. Joan Crawford and a lot of the older girls wear shiny faces. Anyway, Fifteen should have a shiny nose, probably, to be in keeping."

"Do you think," I asked (I was now asking advice of Deanna instead of giving her advice on her teenish difficulties, as was my original intention), "do you think it's all right for girls of fifteen to have dates with boys?"

"I certainly do," Deanna affirmed, positively, "I think it's perfectly all right for girls of fifteen to be friends with boys, to go out dancing with boys, to the movies, to the beaches. I would have dates with boys myself if I were not in pictures. But because I am in pictures, I can't. I just can't. Because in Hollywood there just isn't any such thing as a friendship between a boy and a girl. If I should be seen out with a boy, even once, it would be in all the papers that I was having a Romance.

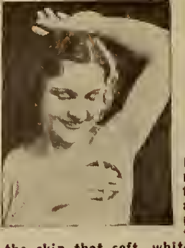
"So," said Deanna, but quite happily, "I've never had a date with a boy in all my life. I've never been out with a boy alone. Even when I went to the premiere of *Tom Sawyer* with Jackie Moran, Mother and Dad went with us. I had my first corsage from a boy that night, too. Jackie sent me a corsage of gardenias. He sent one to Mother, too.

"It's like all this talk about Jackie Cooper and me. Why, I read in the papers that Jackie and I had been seen at some nightclub, or somewhere. The night I was supposed to be out with Jackie I was at home, in bed. It's so silly because, until this picture, I'd only met Jackie once in my life. And that was when I was at M-G-M and someone introduced us, and that was all. I never saw him again until we met on the set the other day. He's never even called me on the phone. He's never been to my house. But that," sighed Deanna, still contentedly, "is the way it goes . . . it's like all the talk there was about how the studio was considering whether I should sort of begin to be grown up in *That Certain Age* . . . whether I should have a romance in the picture. There wasn't one word of truth in it. The studio never thought of such a thing as my having a sure-enough, grown-up romance in the picture. That's what I mean, some people make problems just out of their own heads."

"DO YOU care?" I wanted to know, "about not going out with the boys, I mean. Do you feel you are missing a lot?"

"No," said Deanna. "Anyway, the way I figure it is that for anything I am missing I am getting a lot more. I have a lot of fun, too, in other ways. I go to parties at the homes of my friends. Parties of boys and girls together. Mother and Dad always take me to the parties and call for me again when it's time to go home. But I have fun. I have boys at the house, too, not 'callers' but just friends. Jackie Moran comes over, Charlie Peck, too. He was the boy who played Jackie's friend in

[*Continued on page* 77]



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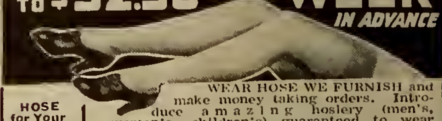

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WEAR HOSE WE FURNISH and make money taking orders. Introduce amazing hosiery (men's, women's, children's) guaranteed to wear without holes, snags or runs for as long as HALF YEAR or will be replaced FREE. Fords given as bonus. Grace Wilber earned $37.10 in 9 hours, received 3 new cars. Chas. Mills, Minn., earned $120 in a week and received 2 new cars. Mr. Poirer earned $127 in 6 days. Your earnings can start at once. Extra fine hosiery for your own personal use sent with outfit, no extra cost—send size. Send no money. Rush name on penny postal for Sample Outfit Offer. ACT NOW.

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EARN UP TO $5 DAILY Sell PERSONAL INITIAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Christmas Greetings

Newest Novelty. Season's fastest seller. Assortment of 21 Christmas Cards with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals. Retails $1. Costs 50c. Extra Bonus. Also name-imprinted Greetings, 50 for $1. Many other popular assortments. Big earnings full or spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for Samples

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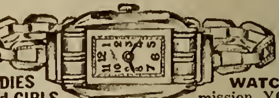
YES-KREMOLA

An M. D. Doctor's prescription makes your skin beautiful by solving your skin problems. MONEY REFUNDED if those adolescent purplish pits and distressing skin ailments do not go, revealing a clear white skin free from surface blemishes, pimples, blackheads or muddiness. Keeps dry skin moist! PLEASE put KREMOLA and Our Word to the test. A CLEAR-UP—NOT A COVER-UP. $1.25 at drug and department stores, or send direct to **KREMOLA, Dept. D-2, 2975 S. Michigan, Chicago.** *Send for FREE SAMPLE.*



GIVEN! TO YOU! Send No Money. 7-jewel Movement WRIST WATCH. Or big cash commission. YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE Pictures with famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE, used for burns, chaps, etc., sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. FREE GIFTS. Be First. Write today for order of Salve, etc.

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WILSON CHEM. CO., Inc., Dept. 50LW, TYRONE. PA.

Try White Cloverine Salve for chapped hands, face and lips, cuts, sores, burns, etc.

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Remove the hair permanently, privately, at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 56M, Providence, R. I.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1938, C.P. INC.

Beautiful Legs Contest

[*Continued from page* 31]

Here is the Roosevelt Hotel in the heart of Hollywood, which will be the home of the winner who captures the first prize (a free trip to the studio city and a week as guest of Martha Raye) in MOTION PICTURE'S "BEAUTIFUL LEGS CONTEST"

chance to win one of the many valuable prizes.

When you have found 10 names, fill them in on the coupon provided for that purpose on page 78.

That was fun, wasn't it? Now select the name of the one player contained in your list of 10 names. At the bottom of the coupon write in no more than 15 words, why you believe the individual you selected has more beautiful legs than any other individual as contained in your list. For instance, you might say, "Ginger Rogers is my choice. Her legs are artistically practical and beautiful." It is as simple as that!

Simply find the 10 hidden names of movie stars or players who have beautiful legs. Select the one player whose legs you prefer above the other 9 on your list, and tell why you prefer them, in 15 words or less.

Now for the balloting which has no bearing on whether you win a prize or not except that *each coupon must contain a vote for the best-looking pair of legs as pictured on pages 30-31.*

Undoubtedly you have noticed those attractive pictures as published on these pages. You will notice that each pair has a number—1 to 6. We want you to vote honestly for the pair of legs you believe the best-looking. Although you do not know the names of the owners of these legs you may be able to figure them out because the names of these individuals are also hidden in the slogan referred to above.

IT IS not necessary, however, that you identify the persons whose legs are pictured on these pages. You merely vote by number and it is an entertaining coincidence that the names of the owners of the six pairs of legs pictured on this page may be found in the slogan.

[*Continued on page* 78]

ELOQUENT EYES . . .

Kurlash makes eyes speak volumes . . . frames them in new, starry beauty! In 30 seconds, this wonderful implement gives you *naturally curly* lashes . . . longer, darker looking . . . expressing *your* personality. Try it — $1 at all leading stores.

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to *you* — how to apply them! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. D-19; receive—*free*—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
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Lustrous Color for
FADED HAIR
(Test Bottle **FREE**)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST ~We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
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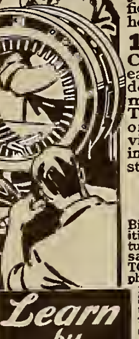
Name.................................
Street.................................
City.................... State..............
Color of your hair?.........................

TRAIN FOR ELECTRICITY 12 WEEKS HERE IN THE COYNE SHOPS
MANY OPPORTUNITIES IN THIS GIGANTIC FIELD



Mail coupon today for details of famous Coyne "Learn by Doing" method of practical shop training for your start for success in this big-pay field. Age or lack of money need not hold you back.

12 WEEKS' TRAINING
Coyne Training is practical, thorough, easy to grasp . . . you learn quickly by doing actual jobs on real electrical machinery right here in my Chicago Training Shops—NOT from books or printed lessons. You don't need previous experience or a lot of book learning. Expert instructors guide you every step of the way.

EARN WHILE LEARNING— JOB HELP AFTER GRADUATION
Big things ahead in Electricity means opportunities for steady jobs, good pay, and a real future in this fascinating "live" industry. Thousands of opportunities. Rush the coupon TODAY for **Big Free Book** containing many photos of the great Coyne Shops in Chicago, facts about Coyne Training. Free Employment Service... many earn while learning... additional instruction in **Diesel Engines, Electric Refrigeration and Air-Conditioning at No Extra Cost. MAIL COUPON TODAY.**

Learn by Doing

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
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Send me, without cost or obligation, your Big Free Book and details of your "**Plans**" to help me.

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CITY____________ STATE________

Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Puffy Eyelids, and feeling old before your time. Help your kidneys purify your blood with **Cystex**. The very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and soon may easily make you feel years younger. Under the money-back guarantee **Cystex** must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get **Cystex** (siss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

NEW DISCOVERY *Makes Silk Hose Run-Proof*
NO MORE RUNS!
Cut your hosiery budget in half by doubling the wearing quality of your hose. Simply done by ordinary dipping. No shrinkage or fading. 25c package will give life-time protection to eight pairs of hose of any texture. Money back guarantee. **SEND 25c IN COIN OR STAMPS TODAY!**
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SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* **DERMOIL**
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results also **FREE.**
SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE
Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores.
Lake Laboratories, Box 6, Northwestern Station Dept. F-35, Detroit, Mich.

"I'm Not Undressing My Private Life"

[*Continued from page* 69]

divorcing him.' You try to fight them off—and they keep coming back. You ask yourself, 'Why—*why?*' And the first thing you know, you have a worry on your hands. Before I went to Houston, I had reached the point—even though I heard from him constantly, talked with him by telephone and everything—where I wondered if Herbert *was* dissatisfied. I asked him. He said, 'I have no intention of ever divorcing you.' And I asked him if he was upset by the rumor that *I* was divorcing *him*. 'Why should it worry me? You write to me every day—tell me where you've been, and what you've been doing, whom you've been seeing. The gossipers can't tell me anything. I know you can't stay home all the time.' But I let that rumor worry me for two weeks before I saw Herbie—because of its possible effect on our marriage. I cried myself to sleep about it.

"That's another reason why I want to keep the public out of my private life. I want my marriage to go along as it has been, on the same understanding basis. In Houston, Herbie heard me talking to reporters, and the reporters saying, 'Yes, yes, Miss Lamour.' Afterward, he told me, 'Don't ever expect me to "yes" you like that. I'm your "no"-man.' And that's what I want him to be. I don't want to be a movie star at home. I want to be Mrs. Herbie Kay.

"And I intend to keep my life as Mrs. Herbie Kay private. When and if I do have a baby, I'm warning you right now, nobody's going to know till I *have* to tell. Something that sacred isn't going to be cheapened by publicity."

SHE was really warming to her subject now.

"I hope we've built our house where nobody can find it. At least, the rubberneck busses will never find it. They'd never be able to get up the hill that leads to it, and if they did, they couldn't turn around.

"And there's another way that being a movie star can complicate your private life—if you let it. And that is, when you go shopping. I consulted a landscape architect, for example, about the new place. He wanted $2,700 to landscape the grounds. I wouldn't pay any such figure as that. I happened to tell the manager of the Cocoanut Grove about it. He sent over Tony, one of the gardeners at the Grove, and Tony's doing the job—for far less than $2,700—and doing it very well.

"I didn't have a decorator do my house, either. I bought every stick of furniture myself. But I had to use ruses to get what I wanted, at a fair price. I'd go in an antique shop and find something I liked. I'd ask the cost. The proprietor would hem and haw, and say, 'I don't know—er—how much I could let that go for. Perhaps $110.' I'd send Mother or a friend back the next day to price the same thing, and the figure would be $65.

"I like to get dollar for dollar, or a dollar-and-a-half for a dollar if I can. I'm human. But, part of the time, to get the same values out of life that other people get, I *have* to go into hiding."

Dorothy smiled. And that was when she said what I quoted at the beginning. "As much as it's possible for a goldfish in a bowl to have a private life, I'm going to have one."

my **FEET ITCHED** so bad I could... **SCREAM!**

I got relief from **ATHLETE'S FOOT** with **HAPPEE** FOOT BALM
Greaseless, pure white antiseptic cream.
10¢ SIZE AT 10¢ STORES . . . FAMILY SIZE AT DRUG STORES

MY PLAN PAYS YOU EXTRA MONEY
"Old Reliable Kardman"
without investment or experience, paying you big money for showing my beautiful, alluring $1 **Box 21 Christmas Folders.** Not sold in stores. Different! Superior Features! Double Designs! Sells like magic. You make 50c a box. Many other Christmas, Everyday Card bargains—Gift Wrappings, Religious, Etchings, etc. Sure, quick, easy money for your spare time. Start at once. Write for **FREE Sample Offer.**
Chas. C. Schwer, Dept. J-10, Westfield, Mass.

A HIDDEN CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF NELSON EDDY

Again SCREEN BOOK Magazine uncovers a real "scoop" story about one of the screen's most popular stars—the golden-voiced Nelson Eddy. You'll be enthralled by the thrilling tale of Nelson as he was in the days before he became famous in opera, radio and movies, and get a truer understanding of the character that has lifted him to great height. Don't miss it!

Other exclusive stories in the star-studded October issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine will give you delightful glimpses of Carole Lombard, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman, Luise Rainer, Ann Sheridan, Bette Davis, Errol Flynn and many others.

10 CENTS

SCREEN BOOK

After eighteen long months, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are together again. And in what a picture! You'll love it! "Carefree," it's called. In the October issue of MOVIE STORY Magazine, you will find the thrilling story version of "Carefree," — generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the film itself. And there are twelve other grand stories and features for you to enjoy. MOVIE STORY is only ten cents! You'll certainly want to buy it this month.

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

10c

OCTOBER ISSUE ON SALE SEPTEMBER FIRST

Is The Teen Age Difficult?

[*Continued from page 74*]

Mad About Music, remember? We play ping-pong and play records a lot, swing music or symphony, depending on how we feel. Sometimes we dance to the radio. I have my girl friend, Adeline Craig, to spend week-ends with me. She is some older than I am so that I can go to the movies alone with her and stop in at drive-ins for hamburgers and wienies. We go swimming in the pool at my house and ride horseback and play records a lot and all that . . ."

I said—hope dies hard— "When you girls are together don't you ever talk about the boys? About how you will fall in love some day and what He may be like?"

"No, we honestly don't," said Deanna, "I don't believe that girls do talk much about boys and love and all that sort of thing these days. Of course, a lot of my friends are in pictures, too, and so we talk mostly about our work and pictures we have seen and music and what we hope to do in the world . . . it's hard to say exactly what we do talk about. But I do know that we *don't* talk about boys. I have never thought, either, about getting married.

"I guess I'm not very sentimental," explained Deanna, "before I was in pictures I never visited a studio. I didn't even ask to. I never collected autographs. I was just interested in the people I knew and was fond of. I don't think I care so much about what people do in the world unless I know what they are like themselves. It's what they are like that makes me like them. I have had the opportunity of meeting a lot of important people and that has been fun. But mostly because I liked them so much. Like Mr. Stokowski, we seemed to understand one another. And Mr. Menjou and Mr. Marshall and Mr. Henry Koster and Mr. Joe Pasternak and Mr. Halliday and Mr. Douglas—they're so nice and such fun. They would be nice even if no one had ever heard of their names. And then the crew on my pictures, the electricians and props and all. I know them as well as I've ever known anyone and I like them because they are such sincere people.

"But even on the set," said Deanna, "I am still Fifteen, I guess. When my teacher isn't on the set with me, Mother is. I don't stay much with the older people. There is always someone my age or, like in *Mad About Music*, a lot of young people on the set with me. And we always have a lot of fun playing soft ball or making dashes for ice cream or playing games of some sort. Then, for most of the year, school is in session on the set, too, you see. That takes care of a lot of the in-between-scenes time."

Deanna's lunch-hour was drawing to a close. Across the commissary from us Irene Rich was making a "come-Deanna" gesture . . . I said: "What age do you think you must be, Deanna, before you can go out with boys, have dates?"

"Eighteen," said Deanna, promptly.

"And when you look ahead to eighteen," I suggested, "and beyond eighteen, what do you see for yourself?"

"Opera," said this definite young person, definitely . . . "travel in Europe, too. I want to go to England, especially as I have aunts and uncles still living there. . . ."

"When you say 'opera,' I persisted, as we made our way to the set, "do you mean that you plan to devote yourself entirely to opera or want to do opera *and* pictures?"

"That will depend," said Deanna, "on how my popularity lasts on the screen."

EXCITING NEW WAY TO COLOR LIPS!

Gives them the thrilling enchantment of a South Sea Moon!

Here's the South Sea maiden's secret of irresistibly alluring lips. TATTOO! Luscious, transparent color instead of pasty lipstick. Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick . . . wait a moment or two, then pat it off, leaving your lips gorgeously tattooed with a stunning South Sea red. You'll thrill again when you *(or someone else)* discovers how smooth, how soft, how caressing TATTOO has made your lips! Don't wait. Make the most of every hour by TATTOOing your lips with one of the five captivating South Sea reds. But *be on your guard* . . . for your challenge to adventure may find more acceptance than you wish! The price, $1.00 . . . also a 55¢ size.

CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO YOUR LIPS *for romance!*

Free for Asthma

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 10-D Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St. Buffalo, N. Y.

*RED, VEINED, OVERWORKED

CLEAR SOOTHED

EYE SPECIALISTS' FORMULA *ACTS IN SECONDS!*

● New way to clear *and* soothe tired eyes. Eye-Gene acts differently. Contains six ingredients—one which clears red, veined, bloodshot eyes (*due to fatigue, late hours, glare, driving, etc.). 2 drops soothe, refresh tired, dull eyes like extra hour's sleep. Good Housekeeping approved. At drug, dept. and 10c stores.

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DON'T DELAY! SOFT, TENDER, BLEEDING GUMS ARE AN S.O.S.

SEE your dentist at first sign of soft, tender, bleeding gums. He can give you expert care. But he needs *your help*, too.

Forhan's Does Both Jobs

CLEANS TEETH • AIDS GUMS

Dentists advise daily gum massage to help prevent gum trouble and to help keep teeth brilliant. Use Forhan's Toothpaste and massage twice every day. Forhan's is *different*. It contains a *special ingredient for the gums*.

Brush Away **GRAY HAIR**

..AND LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, at home—you can easily, quickly and safely tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural-appearing color. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Sell 50 PERSONAL Christmas Cards $1

EARN up to $25 in a Week

Take orders for this big value! 50 Christmas Cards *with sender's name*, sell for only $1. Your friends and others will buy on sight. Just show free samples. You make big profit.

Extra Money for Spare Time

Our complete line offers you largest earnings. Sell Christmas Card Assortments—Religious Cards, Gift Wrappings and others, 50c and $1.00. Big profit to you on every sale.

FREE Samples Men and women—start earning at once. Write for FREE Selling Outfit.

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-302, Chicago, Ill.

For YOU! ... New EVENING ALLURE

MINER'S
Liquid
MAKE UP

Heavy date? Dress up with *MAUVE*, the new evening shade of MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. Gives you that movie star glamour and subtle allure that inspires romance.

Under soft evening lights, this captivating new shade lends irresistible enchantment to your skin. Imparts velvety smoothness and radiant beauty that needs no retouching.

Regular users of MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP can't afford to be without this new boon to evening beauty! Try *MAUVE* tonight!

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

50¢ at all drug and department stores. Trial size at 10¢ counters or mail coupon.

MAUVE.... ☐
PEACH .... ☐
RACHELLE . ☐
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MINER'S, 40 E. 20th St., Dept. M10, New York, N.Y.
Enclosed find 10¢ for trial bottle of Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
Name____________
Address____________
Check shade desired!

Beautiful Legs Contest

[*Continued from page 75*]

In making the selection of the six pairs of legs shown here, a competent jury, consisting of the editorial staff of this magazine and two unbiased judges of feminine beauty, selected first, the 50 most beautiful pairs of legs in Hollywood. The 50 were narrowed down by the judges after balloting, to the 6 pairs pictured here. It is the opinion of the judges that these are the six most beautiful pairs of legs in Hollywood. We want you, by your ballots, to select from these 6, the pair of legs to be officially known as "The Most Beautiful Legs in Hollywood."

It is part of the fun that although you are voting for the most beautiful pair of legs in Hollywood, you will not know the owner until the winner is announced in a later issue of MOTION PICTURE.

Prizes to contestants will be awarded for the most sincere and original statements as contained in the 15 words as to why you believe one of the stars in your list has more beautiful legs than the other nine in your list.

Remember, whom you vote for on your list of 10 names as found in the slogan has no bearing whatever on whether or not you are awarded a prize. Prizes are being awarded for the best original statements submitted on the coupon. However, be sure that the stars on your list may be found in the slogan. If not, your list is not correct in this respect and your entry is not eligible for the contest.

Then be sure to vote honestly for the most beautiful pair of legs among the SIX pictured in the layout on pages 30-31. This is just a poll to discover which of the six pairs of legs—chosen by MOTION PICTURE Magazine—really are the most beautiful in Hollywood. We will reveal the names of the stars and how they rank in this pool.

CONTEST RULES

1. Now below you will find a coupon. Fill this coupon out as instructed with the names of female players or stars having beautiful or better-than-ordinary legs. Each letter in the name of any player or star selected must be contained in the slogan—"GIVE ME A SAILOR" IS PARAMOUNT'S ROLLICKING, MIRTHFUL COMEDY STARRING MARTHA RAYE AND BOB HOPE.
2. In assembling any one star name, any individual letter may be used for that name, only as many times as it appears in the above slogan.
3. The prizes will be awarded to those contestants supplying a correct list of hidden names as taken from the slogan. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of the most sincere and original reasons for preferring the legs of one star in your list of 10 to the other 9 in the same list. Contestants must write or print legibly. A typewriter may be used.
4. Contestants may submit as many entrants as they desire but each entry must be made on a coupon provided for that purpose in this magazine.
5. The Editor of this magazine and his Assistants are judges. Decisions of the judges shall be final and no correspondence will be entered into concerning letters submitted to this contest. In case of ties, prizes of equal value will be awarded to each contestant.
6. No employees of Fawcett Publications or members of employees' families are eligible to compete in this contest.
7. This contest closes November 1, 1938. Entries post-marked later than that date will not be considered in this contest.

[*Continued on page 81*]

Mail this coupon to Beautiful Legs Contest Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Contest closes November 1, 1938.

In The Slogan:

"GIVE ME A SAILOR" is PARAMOUNT'S Rollicking, Mirthful Comedy Starring MARTHA RAYE AND BOB HOPE.

I have found the following ten hidden names:

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....
4. ....
5. ....
6. ....
7. ....
8. ....
9. ....
10. ....

Of the ten actresses with beautiful legs I prefer ....

(Write or print your reason or reasons for the ONE player whose legs you prefer above the other NINE on your list—in 15 words or less below)

....

....

This coupon must contain a vote for the best-looking pair of legs as pictured on pages 30-31. Each pair has a number—1 to 6. Vote for one of these numbers ....

My name is .... Street ....

City .... State ....

A Flash In Your Pan

[*Continued from page* 64]

cated. Skillets and saucepans, casseroles and cutlery, are all shining and streamlined. Designs have a military slimness, colors are strong and "high," with pale pastels quite out of favor. So let's look at the latest fashion news flashes for the kitchen.

What Makes A Good Kitchen Utensil? An efficient utensil must be well made, durable and comfortable to use and hold. That is, the pot or pan should resist denting; it should have a bottom that will stay flat and not warp; if there are handles, they should be sturdy and so designed that they really will conveniently carry the weight of the pot even when it is filled with hot food. Covers should have good firm knobs which can be easily grasped. The "lip" or pouring groove on a saucepan must really "pour." The handle should not weight the saucepan so that it tilts easily when quickly moved. Seams should be made so they won't collect dirt, and pan rims should be smooth finished.

What Kind of Ware to Buy? This question is much as if you should ask "what dress should I buy?" Are there not several kinds which you can't do without? A silk frock, a cotton housedress, a wool suit, an evening gown? What you need depends on the occasions to wear it, and on the weather! So, in the same way, your choice in kitchenware depends on whether you have informal meals, many guests, whether it is summer or winter, whether you like plain or elaborate foods.

You will certainly need several if not numerous pieces of ENAMELWARE, especially if your kitchen calls for color. For quality, good enamel is tops, and with reasonable care, its fine china finish will stand repeated knocks without chipping. Nothing is more smart and goodlooking than a shelf of enamelware saucepots in graded sizes, gay in such colors as mandarin red, delphinium blue, or cockatoo yellow. And for the lighter cooking tasks, enamelware may be exclusively depended on.

For heavier service-weight cooking, as it were, ALUMINUM utensils are a fine choice. Remember, too, that there are pots and utensils made from *sheet aluminum*, and also from *cast aluminum*. The former is of light weight, gives fair service, but has a tendency to dent, warp and become too easily misshapen. Cast aluminum is heavy, durable and comes in many sizes and types of utensils. The more use given to cast aluminum pots and pans, the better they become, and one such pot has been in a friend's kitchen for more than thirty years!

STAINLESS STEEL is a newer type of shining metal utensil which is also durable, easy to clean, and obtainable in many shapes and sizes. For skillets, heavy frying pans or the popular Dutch oven or roaster, it is an excellent selection.

TURNING now to utensils for oven cooking, the modern housewife should be happy that science has invented for her especial use, baking dishes of GLASS. How really wonderful to watch the contents of casserole or cake dish cook before your very eyes! These new modern heat-resistant glass baking dishes are offered in innumerable sizes and models for every type of cooking—from the small individual custard cup, to the large covered 2-quart casserole for meat pies and other heavy winter cookery. Better yet, they help solve the dishwashing problem, by permitting food to be cooked and served in the same dish. Also, because of the glass surface, foods do not stick to them, and this means easier cleaning.

A step still further in the manufacture of glassware for cooking, is the latest line of skillets and saucepans for *top-of-stove* cookery. These may be used right on top of the flame itself, and come in three skillet sizes and also shallow casseroles, which may be set directly over the gas or other cooking heat. Cook in them, remove the handle, and serve in the same glass dish!

What's New in Necessities? Electric cooking utensils are so many and so excellent that to describe even a few of them would take a whole article by itself. But one electric cooking utensil must be mentioned, as it seems to the writer to be a "must" in every kitchen, particularly in that of the young woman with small family. This is the portable electric cooker or casserole which can be plugged into any electric outlet. It consists of two sections, a lower, sturdy and capacious "well," and the upper insert which fits exactly into the lower. A tight-fitting lid tops both. The lower portion can be used exactly as a small oven—one can bake biscuits in it, or the daily baked potato so indispensible to Junior's meals. The upper portion is used as a casserole, for stews, small roasts, baking apples, cooking cereals, or even stewing fruits.

A TEA kettle is also a "must" even in the modern kitchen where tea for two or ten is sure to be popular these chilly Fall days. But a tea kettle which not only whistles to give you the warning bell in plenty of time, but which also has a spout cap which is operated by a trigger in the handle—that's news! This intriguing little kettle is built to hug the range and get heated in record time. The trigger-operated spout cap prevents the cap from being catapulted under the stove by the steam pressure, and also prevents burned fingers from removing it while hot, as it always remains in place on its hinge, while you open or close it by the trigger under the handle. Very handy!

When the heavy meat season comes around again, and the tendency is towards more fried foods, then this newer skillet of heavy cast aluminum, with its percolator lid, is an item to make any housewife envious. It is capacious enough to hold a whole chicken or large steak to be cooked, without any squeezing; and the lid is so made that the small grooves in it keep catching the moisture and turning it downwards so that the meat is kept continuously basted.

Choose a new Fall suit for your kitchen—and let it brighten your work in the dull wintry days to come. Information about where to secure the kitchen equipment mentioned above, may be secured by filling in the following coupon and sending it to me.

Let me send you the list of firms manufacturing the Kitchen Utensils described in the above article. Just mail this coupon together with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Christine Frederick, c/o MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

(This offer expires November 15, 1938)

Name ....

Street Address ....

City and State ....

MP-10

"NEW WINDOW SHADES!
DO YOU THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY?"

..and *Then* He Learned They Cost

MILLIONS fast learning that expensive-looking CLOPAYS cost only 15c, including the exclusive Lintone texture that doesn't crack, curl or pinhole, hangs straight, rolls evenly, wears two years and more. Ready to attach to rollers, 15c (no tacks or tools needed). On rollers 25c. And, only 10c more buys the new CLOPAY WASHABLE Shade. Oil-paint finish both sides. Wash clean time and again, leaving no streaks or watermarks. Sold at 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. Want sample swatches? Send a 3c stamp to CLOPAY CORP., 1324 Exeter St., Cincinnati, O.

only 15c ea.

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BECOME EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS!

Every day bookkeepers *just like you* are learning accountancy—stepping out of bookkeeping drudgery into executive accounting jobs at $2,000-$5,000 a year as Accountants, Auditors, Comptrollers, C. P. A.'s. LaSalle's home training in spare time *fits* you for such promotions —brings them *now* instead of years from now. Instruction to suit *individual* needs—from Elements of Accounting to C. P. A. Coaching. 30 years' success assures results. Thorough but inexpensive. Liberal terms, if you wish. Don't watch others get ahead. Go out and succeed *yourself!* Write for FREE book "Accountancy, The Profession That Pays." Address:

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A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

NEW UNDERARM PADS STOP PERSPIRATION

Prevent Wet Underarms and Odor

Now it's easy to make sure underarms are daintily dry and sweet. Simply whisk a 5 DAY pad over both underarms and you go to office, parties or anywhere on hottest days without offensive underarm perspiration odor, wet armpits, or stained dress sleeves. Often effective 5 days or more, depending upon the individual. Easy on clothes too. You see that for yourself . . . the saturated cloth pads are not harmed by the mild, gentle lotion. Large jar, 55c. Toilet goods counters or direct postpaid. Associated Distributors, Inc. 11 East Hubbard Street, Dept. F-2, Chicago, Illinois.

5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

New **FOOT RELIEF**

Cuts to any Size or Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, the new velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes. Prevents blisters. Flesh color. Cuts to any size or shape. Drug, Shoe and 10¢ Stores.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

ASTHMADOR

Asthmatics often find—"A puff or two will do!"

Asthmatic sufferers write enthusiastically about the ready relief from paroxysms obtained by inhaling the aromatic fumes of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Steadily improved through 3 generations, this famous compound is prepared under strict supervision in a modern scientific laboratory. At your druggist in powder, cigarette and pipe mixture form. Or send for *free trial supply* of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California, Dept. B.

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FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Earn extra money daily showing lovely low-priced Christmas Cards. Get easy orders from friends, others. Complete line Box Assortments, low as 25c to you. Personal Christmas Cards, with name, at low prices. Amazing values. You make big profits, easy sales. No experience necessary. Spare or full time. Write for samples on Free Offer at once.

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Use **D.D.D.** *Prescription*

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 35¢ • 60¢ • $1.00

HOLLYWOOD'S SOCIAL WHIRL

If you want to know who's going with whom — who's blessed-eventing — who's romancing and the social whirl of the movie capital, then you'll want to read *The Talkie Town Tattler*—who covers the News and Gossip. *The Tattler* is a monthly feature of MOTION PICTURE. He hears all, sees all, tells all.

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Sirs: Rush without charge (1) 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs. (2) Tell me how to qualify for one.
Name ....
Address ....

"Charlie, I Love You"

[*Continued from page* 68]

some hair. Honest, I've known men no fancier looking than you who got a date now and then. What you need is technique. I'll teach you—*for* a consideration."

"How much?"

"Five—three—two—tell you what, Bergen, I'll pass the hat. All right, just to prove I'm no piker like some I could mention (present company included), I'll diagnose you free. Bergen, you're shy. In ten easy lessons—well, not *that* easy—I'll turn you into a dashing buckaroo, yahoooooo!"

"Nothing doing, Charlie. You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. (Not if I know what's good for me)."

"No, the deal's off, Charlie. Of course I appreciate the thought—"

"With Bergen it's always the thought, not the money, that counts. So the deal's off?"

"I'm afraid so, Charlie."

"Absolutely off?"

"But definitely, Charlie."

"Well, you don't have to steal my stuff to tell me so. Mr. Bergen, do you mind if I sing my concluding number?"

"Not at all—"

"Nothing personal, y'understand—"

"I'm sure of that, Charlie—"

"Yeah, well, that makes two of us—*Bergen*—" Charlie lifted his voice and sang with a tear in it, *"Bergen, can ya spare* a dime?"

On The Sets With The Stars

TALKING of luck, Dorothy Lamour has her own ideas about it, too. She balked for a long time before consenting to play in scenes with a black crow in *Spawn of the North.*

"Good heavens—after working with alligators, bears, tigers, wild horses and Bob Burns, are you *afraid* of a crow?" they asked her. "No," no-ed Dot, "but it's bad luck." However, she finally went through with it, and as yet, there's been no bad luck—as yet.

PRODUCTION-CASUALTY on *Smashing the Rackets* was due to, of ALL things, a silk dress. Frances Mercer wore it. Throughout the scene, the sound-man in the mixing booth frowned fiercely. After the take, he stuck his head out and wanted to know what all the noise was. They investigated—discovered, by tests, that the sound of the swishing silk dress registered so powerfully through the mike that it overpowered the dialogue. To fix it, they gave Frances a cotton petticoat to wear. . . . goofiest production-injury of the month was that which befell Bing Crosby during an eating scene in *Paris Honeymoon.* There was a prop trout, made of rubber. Bing bit into it. His teeth bounced, nearly dislocated his jaw, so strained his jaw-muscles that his face was sore for hours. . . . !

WEEP, girls, weep! A terrible thing happened to Clark Gable in *Too Hot to Handle.* Unafraid, Clark put his face too close to the movie-camera he was grinding, as the ace newsreel hero of the film. And before he knew it, a whirring wheel had ground off a quarter of a square inch of the skin of his nose. . . . not so funny was what happened to Joe E. Brown, in a wrestling take with the huge Man Mountain Dean, in *The Gladiator.* To make it realistic, they really wrestled. Dean, one of the toughest babies among the pachyderm pushers, did it too well, so twisted Joe E. Brown that Joe had to take a day's layoff before resuming shooting. What made it not funny was the fact that 400 extras lost a day's pay, because of the layoff. Anyway, when they made more shots of the wrestling bout between Joe and Dean, they rigged Dean up with wires, so that when you see the scene, it'll look as though Joe is holding the 300-odd-pound "man mountain" out at arm's length. . . . !

TORN BY A LOVE I LOST

The compelling story of a girl who fell in love with a reckless sky-pilot. He was the wrong man to marry, but would her choice have been different if she had realized the depths of his love?

A TRUE STORY YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS!

Also:

THE WHOLE CAMPUS GOSSIPED!

Thrilling book-length novel complete in the October issue.

And many other true confessions, articles and departments!

NOW ON SALE

10¢

True Confessions
COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

True Confessions

Beautiful Legs Contest

[*Continued from page* 78]

This TUSSY BEAUTY KIT—which can be carried in your travels or kept on your dressing table—is 8th Prize in MOTION PICTURE'S BEAUTIFUL LEGS CONTEST. See pages 30-31

HERE IS THE LIST OF PRIZES

1. Trip to Hollywood
2. Gruen Lady's Watch
3. 50 pc. Set of 1881 (R) Rogers (R) Silverware
4. Croton Lady's Watch
5. Royal Vacuum Cleaner
6. Lane Cedar Chest
7. Lady's Samsonite Traveling Bag
8. Tussy Beauty Kit
9. Swim Outfit by U. S. Rubber Co., consisting of cap, suit and shoes
10. I pr. Johnson, Stephens, Shinkle Shoes
11. Hickory Foundation Garment
12. Sterns & Foster Quilt
13. B. V. D. Swim Suit
14. B. V. D. Swim Suit
15. B. V. D. Swim Suit
16. Luxor Beauty Kit
17. Samson Card Table
18. Kit of Bristol-Meyers Products
19. Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
20. Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
21. Special Carton of Phillip Morris Cigarettes
22. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
23. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
24. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
25. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
26. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
27. Richard Hudnut "De Luxe" Beauty Kit
28. Leigh Beauty Kit
29. Kraft-Phenix De Luxe Cheese Assortment
30. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
31. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
32. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
33. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
34. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
35. Eye-Gene Make-Up Kit
36. Campana Kit
37. I pr. of Slipperettes

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY! THIS JELLY SERVER IN THE NEW Danish Princess DESIGN

You'll want to own this useful piece in the new pattern inspired by North Countries artistry...it's good for everything from cucumbers to canapes...makes a splendid gift tool

NOW ONLY 25¢ AT YOUR DEALERS WILL BE $1.75 LATER

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Do This For
BLACKHEADS

They Fall Right Out!

BLACKHEADS often persist because they are literally trapped in your skin! Locked there by a film of sluggish, surface skin! You can't wash them away! But you can release them! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme will lift away the film of coarsened surface skin—dissolving it in tiny invisible particles. Blackheads are released. They flake away, fall out! Surface pimples, too—and other blemishes in the surface skin! You discover your own finer skin—smoother, clearer, alluringly whiter! All in just 5 days! Discover new skin beauty with Golden Peacock Bleach Creme! At all toilet goods counters.

Sensational FREE Offer!

SEND COUPON FOR 3 LIPSTICKS AND 2 FLAME-GLO ROUGE COMPACTS

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE . . . each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you two new shades of Flame-Glo Dry Rouge Compacts, each complete with its own puff. You'll like the creamy smooth texture that gives a natural, youthful glow to your cheeks . . . that stays on because it clings! Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send Coupon TODAY!

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DEPT. S2, 116 W. 14th ST., N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and 2 FLAME-GLO Rouge Compacts; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing costs. (15c in Canada).

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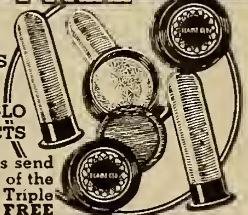
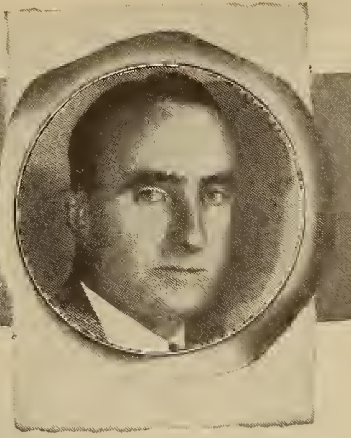
10c, 20c and 25c AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES





BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By **LARRY REID**

Romance

WONDER who'll be playing "Gone-Again" Corrigan in the movies—wonder if he'll play himself. The minute he set his crate down in Dublin—and HE stepped out of it instead of the Wright brothers (whom you expected to see, judging from the ancient vintage of the flying jaloppy)—romance was born. And it's the type of romance that stirs the imagination, quickens the pulse—symbolizing Adventurous Youth accomplishing Great Heroics.

When "Gone-Again" set forth for California by way of Ireland (the Irish have a word for it—blarney) there was no fanfare of publicity accompanying him. Had he been well press-agented, you and I would have called it an act. No one waved him a goodbye except a sleepy attendant. Why even the newsreels fell down on the take-off job because they had him down as a screwball flying an egg-crate held together with baling wire. Now America is turning handsprings to cash in on the publicity. They would back him on a world flight; they would build him his own plane; they would entice him into theatres for personal appearances; they would name babies after him; in short, they would have him write his own ticket on whatever plan appealed to him.

Well, it's all amazing and incredible. And shows that when Daring Youth writes romance in big, bold letters across the skies the world stops in its tracks to pay homage. And so "Non-Stop," symbolizing the spirit of romance and adventure, makes perfect movie material. According to news dispatches Hal Roach has cabled, asking him to take a movie test for a story which approximates his flight. Knowing the cycle of headline stories that go the rounds of the studios once the original clicks, it seems to me that Mr. Roach will have a flock of imitators. Yes, there'll be a surging flood of aviation stories to cash in on the romantic appeal of this new Lone Eagle. Oddly enough, producers have been giving us some lively aviation pictures of late.

I bet the master minds have already advised their thinkers to write out "working scripts." Can't you see the plot? Why it's Corrigan's own life story—with variations—the rags to riches theme of a humble youth working, slaving, starving, meeting rebuffs, forgetting romance just to carry out a great dream—and seeing it realized. Then the rainbow's end bringing the happy ending. He falls in love with the daughter of the Irishman on whose little green patch of ould sod he landed. Of course, this is the rough idea—taking dramatic license—that forms the pattern of every successful man who rose from the ranks and made good on his own initiative. It could be the story of an Edison—or Henry Ford as much as Corrigan. Odd, isn't it, that Ford cabled Corrigan his felicitations. Henry, too, puttered with engines and mechanical contraptions and fashioned something that would go. And here comes Corrigan shaking us out of our smugness and sophistication and "so what?" attitude, driving wars and politics off the front pages—and returning to us a lost kinship with romance. Yes, stories like Corrigan's are good for the movies. They are also good for the soul.

The Alert Lloyd

HAROLD LLOYD went on another pilgrimage to New York (he has been making these pilgrimages for 17 years), the occasion being the opening of his *Professor, Beware!* I've known Harold ever since grandpop sat on a cake of ice to get acclimated to the Klondyke country where he went seeking gold. And I'm still dazzled by his enthusiasm. Maybe that's why his pictures are so consistently entertaining. He gives them every ounce of his personality and becomes thoroughly enthused once he plunges into his plot. And gets as much fun out of his high jinks as you do in watching him. His enthusiasm has kept him alert and his friendly nature has kept his feet on the ground. Gags in his pictures? Yes. Slapstick? Yes. But when were gags and slapstick ever out of order except in some of those screwy comedies that came so thick and fast a few months ago and which were supposed to be the last word in wit and sophistication. In other words Lloyd's gags weren't dragged in by the heels to rouse guffaws—they were part of the "last" from the start. So, more power to Mr. L. in giving us some merriment in a day when most foreheads are creased with worry, and flocks of sour pusses are asking: "Make me laugh!"

"Oh Mom, I Wanna See Shirley!"

THE above was the plea of American Childhood to its Mother when Shirley Temple and her parents made a cross-country motor trip a few weeks ago. And Mom (Pop, too) just as eager as Junior and Sister. Wherever Shirley stopped en route to Washington, New York and points East and South, there were the kiddies—and their grown-ups. It was a triumphant tour all the way. In New York she was given a tea party to meet the hard-boiled, sophisticated press. And the calmest person in the room was little Miss T. She fluttered around on her chubby legs, serving cakes and sandwiches—a picture of perfect poise. It was her party and she was bent on making you feel at home. To see her in the flesh is to capitulate to a charm that even the camera cannot capture—that of a quicksilverish animation of expression that lights up her face in a full play of moods.

But all credit to her parents, teachers and studio for making her America's Sweetheart. One can't win that honor as a little poseur. One can't win it when in the back of your mind you conjure the thought on the usual spoiled spawn—"that terrible brat." Not so with Shirley. She isn't just another child actress showing off at Mother's urging. You know THAT type. And you've met THAT type's mother, too. Whose eyes are always saying: "What a prize I have in my child wonder!" And your eyes answer: "A dumb little cluck!"

Shirley, besides serving, also doubled in brass as hat-check girl. When she gave me mine, and I dug for a bit o' change, she shook her head playfully, half-closed her eyes in a Templish manner, wrinkled up her nose and said: "No tip please." A born diplomat as well as a born actress, that's Shirley.

Take It Away, Graham!

NOT since Marlene arrived 10 years ago has a foreign star exuded such sizzling appeal as Vienna's Hedy Lamarr in *Algiers* . . . wonder if some of Hollywood's damosels are registering dagger-eyes when her name is mentioned . . . or when she sweeps by with that uumph. . . . You won't find out from Howard Hughes if he's married to Katie Hepburn . . . when you corner him with a stickler he retorts with the perfect come-back—"What do you think?" . . . Most of us can't answer when we are asked our own question. . . . Mary Pickford refuses to play a character role of the mother type . . . just a few years ago she played *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. . . . Newsreels packed a lot of thrills and headlines the week that New York welcomed Howard Hughes and his mates back from world flight . . . and they DID catch "Gone-Again" Corrigan when he landed non-stop from the Coast . . . and the fleet being reviewed by FDR was a thrilling panorama . . . and Sea Biscuit decided he would RUN for Hollywood cash customers . . . must appreciate Hollywood cheers and handclaps (movie actors can clap louder and longer than other pipples). . . . Alice Faye does her best job to date in *Alexander's Ragtime Band* . . . and her emotional flair will surprise you. . . . Racing season in Hollywood is over and producers, directors, stars and players have nothing to do but return to studios and make pictures till New Years when Santa Anita opens. Then they can knock off for a month.

True Confessions
COMPLETE BOOK-!
Hollywood
Motion Picture
Exclusive — Complete Story of the New Astaire-Rogers Film
MOVIE STORY
WHY IS CAROLE LOMBARD HIDING OUT FROM HOLLYWOOD?
SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
Romantic Story
10¢

WHY ADVERTISING?

FEW persons are aware that most magazines cost the publisher more to produce than he receives for their sale

Who, then, pays the publisher's loss?

The answer is: THE ADVERTISER.

Advertisers last year spent $1,659,195.55 for advertising in this magazine and others owned or controlled by Fawcett Publications.

Look through the advertising columns and see which advertisers help pay for *your* magazine.

To co-operate in supplying you with reading entertainment is only one service conducted by advertising.

A long time ago there was no advertising. Every man with something to sell had to tell people about it personally and individually. This was not a great handicap in those days, for no one had very much to sell.

But as soon as large-scale manufacturing was begun, it was necessary to find a way to tell many people about products, and to tell them quickly and all at one time. To fill this need, advertising naturally developed as a universal business process. Without it we could not operate large factories, making goods for millions of consumers, paying salaries to millions of workers.

You might argue that in the end, because you buy advertised products you pay more, inasmuch as the purchase price must pay for the advertising and, indirectly, some of the cost of the magazine that publishes the advertisement.

Quite the contrary. Advertised goods cost *less.*

A good example of how advertising results in lower prices to the consumer is in the records of a camera company. Ten years ago a certain camera sold for $30. It was advertised extensively, sales increased and overhead costs were reduced because of the increased volume of business. Now, with larger production, the manufacturer is able to operate more economically, and to sell a better camera for only $15. The advertising cost amounts to 45 cents per camera. The saving to the customer on each machine is $14.55.

In a similar way, advertising has helped lower the price of goods you buy in every store, the very goods advertised in this magazine. Advertising, then, is a force working for you. Advertising is responsible for some of your wages, no matter what business you are in. Advertising makes it possible for you to buy cheaper, whether it is magazines or the advertised products.

KNOW YOUR ADVERTISERS AND BE LOYAL TO THEM

Dynamic DETECTIVE
TRUE POLICE CASES
10¢
CRIME IN ...ORNIA · TEXAS · WISCONSIN ...GINIA · MASSACHUSET...
STARTLING Detective
15¢
Iowa's DOOMED WIFE and the PHANTOM SLAYER
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
Fight Crime Wit... J. EDGAR H...
Daring Detective
REAL POLICE STORIES
FLAMING DEATH! Solving Texas' Strangest
true
SHOWGIRLS AFTER MIDNIGHT

The Order of the Day ... Chesterfields

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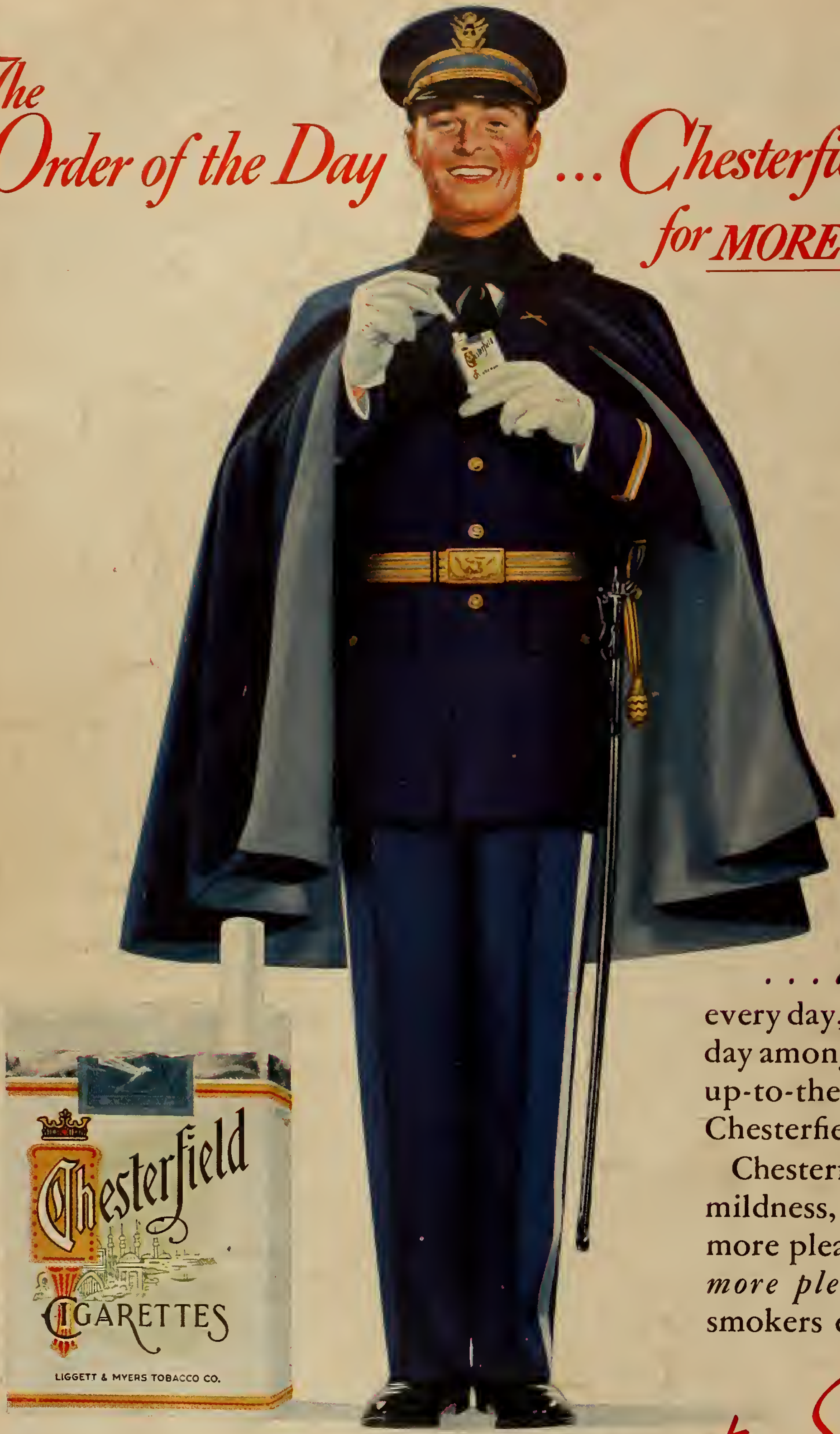
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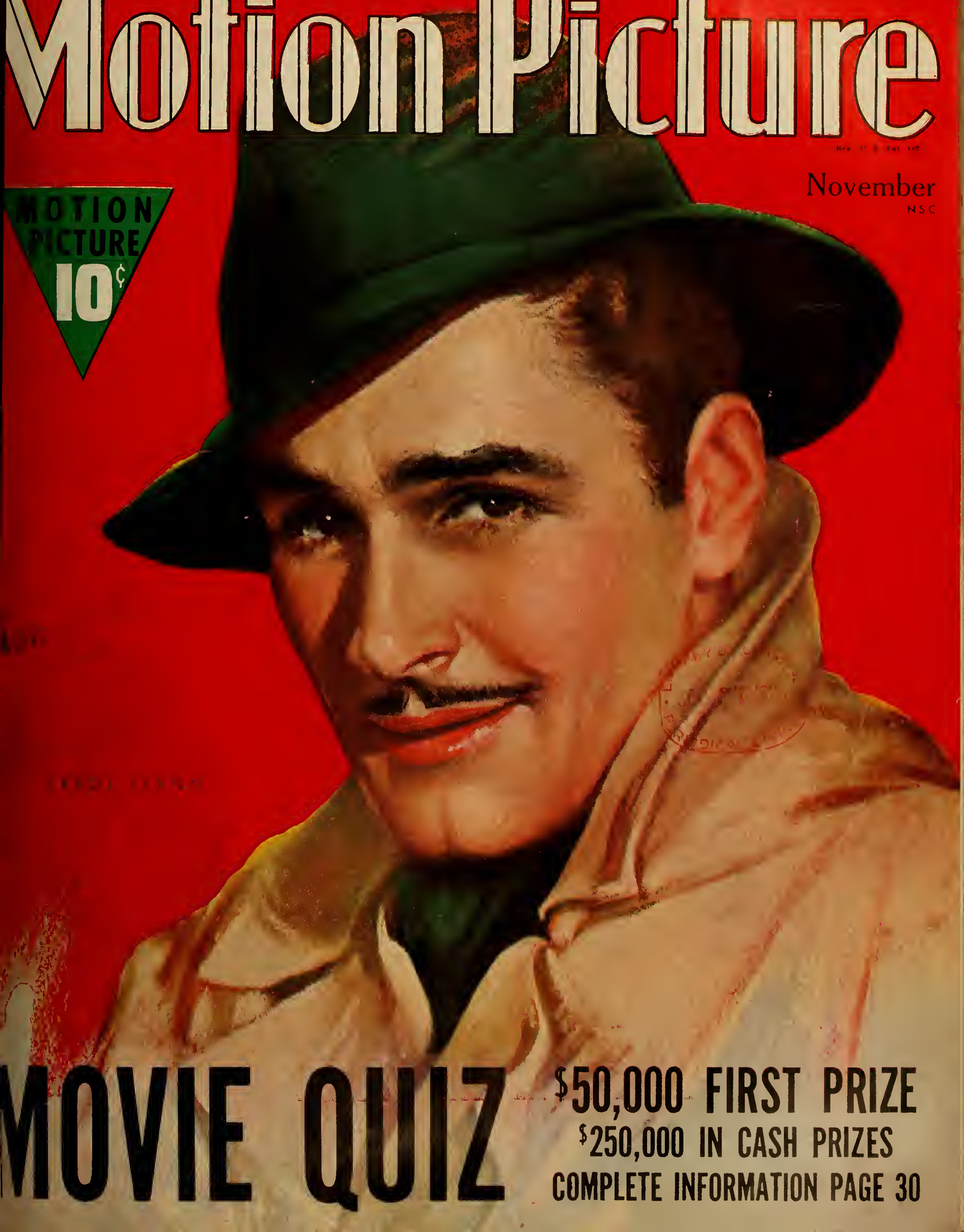

MOVIE QUIZ

$50,000 FIRST PRIZE
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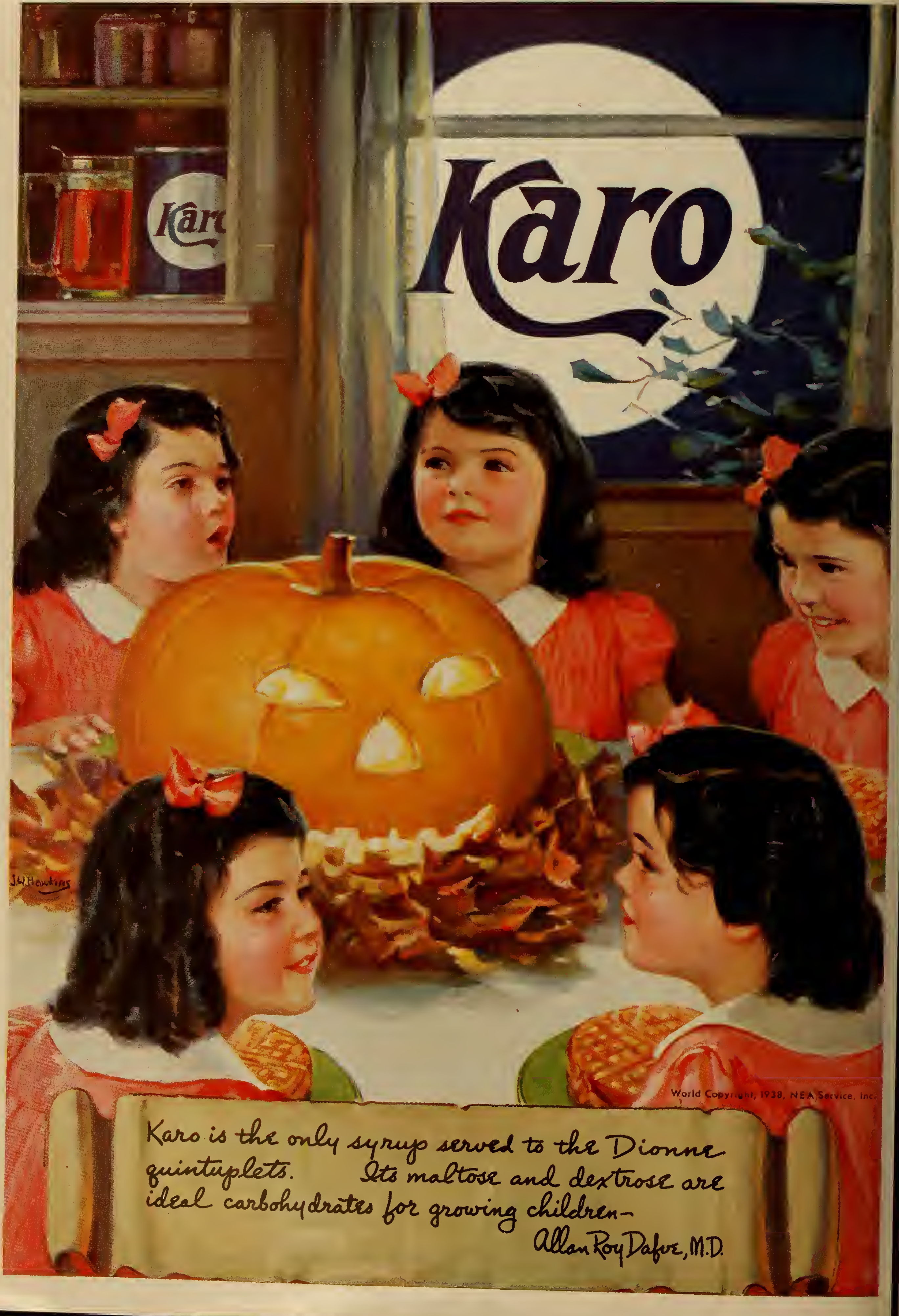
COMPLETE INFORMATION PAGE 30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SEP 24 1938

MOTION PICTURE

Incorporating

Movie Classic

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVI, No. 4 NOVEMBER, 1938 Twenty-seventh Year

Features

The Girl Who Never Played Hollywood's Game......Ida Zeitlin 24
How Does Warner Baxter Do It?......Marian Rhea 26
"Career Is Not Enough!"—Loretta Young......Carol Craig 27
Even Barrymore Calls Him The Best......James Reid 29
Movie Quiz...... 30
Lombard—As She Sees Herself......Gladys Hall 34
Take Me Away From It All!......Dan Camp 38

Personalities

Growing Payne......Mary Campbell 32
Plenty On The Ball......Dorothy Spensley 37
Building-Up From An Awful Let-Down......Frances Eloise Hodges 39
Gorgeous Korjus......Leon Surmelian 48
King of the Hoss Operas......E. J. Smithson 50

Pictorial Features

Gloria Stuart...... 19
Our Own News Camera...... 20
Robert Montgomery...... 25
Spencer Tracy-Mickey Rooney...... 28
Danielle Darrieux...... 33
Unlucky In Love...... 36
Riding The Surf...... 40
Hold That Line!...... 41
Sunny Side Up...... 42
Dreaming It Up...... 43
"You're A Better Man Than We Are, Sergeant Doug!"...... 44
Lucky In Love...... 49

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler......Harry Lang 10
Future Favorites: Don Terry......John Schwarzkopf 15
Picture Parade...... 16
The Talk of Hollywood...... 52
Hollywood Trick Parties...... 59
You Know Your Movies? (crossword puzzle)...... 87
Between Ourselves......Larry Reid 90

To the Ladies

A Lesson In Hand Righting......Denise Caine 8
Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips...... 17
Suit-ed for Fall...... 45
Pick-Ups Without Let-Downs......Mrs. Christine Frederick 58

AL ALLARD
Art Director

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Western Editor

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT ERROL FLYNN?

Yes, what's all this about Errol Flynn? Here's a young man who always makes good copy—who has personality—who expresses himself—who does pretty near what he wants to do—whose adventurous career is just as vivid as the roles he plays. In December MOTION PICTURE will be found a story on Flynn that will make you know him better. Also stories on new sensation John Garfield, Joan Crawford, Don Ameche, Joel McCrea—besides a galaxy of art—with the candid camera giving you action and personality close-ups of your favorites. Not forgetting the liveliest gossip revealed in any screen magazine. Order December copy now from your dealer. Because of illness Barbara Stanwyck could not be interviewed for November issue. So she'll be in December, too.

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The Man Who Made The Picture

Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn —is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

JWarner

JACK L. WARNER, *Vice-President*
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.

WARNER BROS. Presents FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

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LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN

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Frank McHugh
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From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story

MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

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Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture

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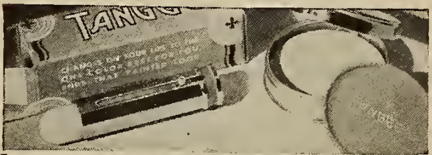

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

CUPID'S COUPLET: To Alice Faye's big brother, Bill, Sugar Geise is Life's Gr-r-r-r-reat Thrill!

◆

MY, MY, my!—what a man this Howard Hughes is! If he were to marry half the gals he's been reported engaged to (even skipping Katie Hepburn entirely), he'd have to be at least quintuplets. Or should we say sextuplets?

Hepburn still gets top billing in his romance-rumors. Don't forget that your Ol' Man Tattler tipped you off that the last gal he had a date with before he took off from Hollywood on his world flight, was Wendy Barrie. AND—on the day he landed after his world flight, he transcontinental-telephoned Wendy again, asking for a date . . .!

Besides Katie and Wendy, there's been tittle-tattle about Howard and New York actress Dana Page. And up in Connecticut the other day, a keen-eyed reporter saw Howard kissing Fay Wray. Of course, in Hollywood, a kiss is just a kiss—but in Connecticut...

However, Howard himself put the last canny touch on all the romance gossip. Asked by Los Angeles Mayor Shaw to name the gal who should present him with the city's honor medal, Hughes neatly suggested that he didn't care who—as long as she was under 14. So they had Edith Fellows do it.

◆

YOU'LL see, hear and read a lot about Janet Gaynor and Designer Adrian. You may even see evasive remarks by Janet Gaynor. But here's the real Hollywood low-down on that twosome: Janet, on the rebound from the decidedly cold romance with Tyrone Power, finds Adrian the most worshipful swain she's ever had. Adrian himself admits to the world that he's "in love for the first time in his life."

According to the cupidears he's bombarding Janet with proposals of marriage! And Janet, although she hasn't said yes or no, or even maybe, is listening. From a close friend who knows Janet well, your Old Tattler got this: "I wouldn't be surprised to see Janet give in and marry the man!"

◆

TIP: don't do a pass-out with surprise if the next beeg change in who's-whose-in-Hollywood pops right in the middle of the Clark Gable picture . . .! It's been so long the way it is that Hollywood can hardly picture things any different: Clark Gable and Carole Lombard clowning happily around movieland together, the merriest romance duo of Hollywood; while Mrs. Clark Gable remains obscurely but undivorcedly in the background.

However, there's a change a-brewing. Long-dormant financial settlement negotiations are steaming hot again between Clark and the missus, unless the inside information is all haywire. And so don't be too, too amazed if allofasudden, Clark Gable is a single man again, thanks to the divorce courts!

◆

MOST amusing guessing-pastime of the month, in Hollywood, is entitled: Will They or Won't They Reconcile?

Never in movieland's recent history have there been so many half-split couples as in-

[*Continued on page* 12]

Someone must have won a funny mutt in a raffle to judge from the gay time enjoyed by Lupe Velez, Henry Wilcoxon, Beverly Roberts, Jean Parker, Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Mary Pickford at Tailwaggers Party. Bette gets a big kick out of it

FRANK CAPRA

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Screen play by Robert Riskin

A Columbia Picture

Directed by FRANK CAPRA

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but she is not the one you might guess from reading the stories about him. She tells him what to eat. She tells him where to go. She keeps a keen eye on his social life. You'll like her when you read about her in the only Five Cent Movie Magazine.

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ON SALE
OCTOBER 7th

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

fest the boulevard niteries these week-ends. Tops have been Joan-and-Tone, but Ol' Man Tattler has already given you the inside answer on that: they WON'T reconcile . . .

Not so certain, however, is the situation in the case of (1) Richard and Jobyna Arlen, (2) Helen Twelvetrees and Jack Woody, (3) Buzz Berkeley and Merna Kennedy, (4) Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, (5) Audrey Sutherland and Ben Edwards, (6) the Henry Wilcoxons, (7) the Lyle Talbots.

The Joan Bennett-Gene Markey twosoming is frequent, as is the tete-a-tete dining of Busby Berkeley and ex-wife Merna Kennedy. Hollywood wouldn't be too surprised if both couples tried double harness again. Helen Twelvetrees and Jack Woody make it a threesome when they get together—the third angle being their six-year-old youngster, who's usually with them when they dine together. It was a twosome dinner that sent the maritally-tiffing Ben Edward and Audrey Sutherland out together to celebrate a reconciliation with a champagne toast. The Henry Wilcoxons' status is a mystery—Hollywood nite-outers never know whether to expect to see them together, or with others.

■

DID ol' Man Tattler give you the real advance tip on the Joan-Tone bustup?—or did he . . .! And now you can take it further that all these whisperings and mutterings about La Crawford and Franchot heading for a reconciliation are just that much pap. Crawford doesn't reconcile. Leaving everything else aside, Joan is too, too much the dramatist to ever go for such utter anti-climax as a reconciliation. . .! Anyway, who wants to lay a little bet that Joan, lovely and luscious as she is, doesn't find another Hollywood male to offer rebound-consolation before many weeks are up?

As for Franchot, it's probably curtains not only in the Crawford picture for him, but in the Hollywood picture as well. M-G-M dangled pretty bids before him, to get him to stay. But Tone, as sincere and as genteel a man as Hollywood has ever known, feels that he'd be better off and so would Joan if there were 3,000 miles between 'em. And so he's turning down all Hollywood offers, and heading for the Broadway stage again.

Wonder if he and Doug Junior will ever have a heart-to-heart talk?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Alex D'Arcy and curvy Carole Landis—
All the time, you see 'em holdin' handis!

■

BETCHA by the time you read this in print, Vicki Lester will be Mrs. Dick Purcell.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Florence Lake and Clarence Stroud
Endorse the adage: Three's a Crowd!

■

FOR the other two busted-pairs, Hollywood is rooting hard for Dan Cupid's patching-up work. That's Tom Brown and Natalie Draper, for one, and the Ricky Arlens, for the other. The Arlens have gone as far as a property settlement, as this is written. But they haven't gone beyond the still-sentimental stage. Ricky, after all the other details had been settled, made the sweet gesture of sending the family station-wagon (which had been allocated to him) right back to Jobie, for their five-year-old Ricky Junior, on accounta he liked it so. With gestures like that, separations aren't quite final, you know. Hollywood wouldn't be a bit surprised to see these two try it again.

Ditto with Tom and Natalie. Right now, they've called off their separation, after going as far as the courtroom door with it. For them, too, Hollywood hopes the bustup was just a false alarm.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Anne Frelinghuysen, socialite,
And Ivan Lebedeff, seem to be alight!

[*Continued on page* 14]

Dancer Ann Miller has to keep lithe and supple for her strenuous dance routines. That's why she takes these daily limbering up exercises on the grounds of her Hollywood home. She appears in RKO's *Room Service* with the Marx brothers

NOTHING DOING FELLAS. SHE'S MY GIRL FOR THE EVENING!
Girls who guard against COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood way win out—
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

STILL No. 1-He in the life of Hedy Lamarr seems to be Reginald Gardiner. But of Movieland's ribbing, however, is Reg. Well aware of what sudden screen success does to romance, Hollywood has been ostentatiously sympathizing with Gardiner, even since Hedy crashed the heights in *Algiers*. Top-rib of all came when Gardiner entered his dressing-room and discovered that pranksters had placarded the walls with this verse:

With everybody ready
For dates with Hedy,
What chance has Reggy?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jerry Wald and Patricia Ellis—
She just can't see any other fellis!

■

POO' li'l Danny Cupid—kinda took a sockin' around in Hollywood these past weeks . . .! Let's look at the record: —Up in Reno, Margot Grahame—who always keeps the Hays office on tenterhooks—is unhitching from Francis Lister, the Britisher . . .

Also in Reno, stage actress Margaret Perry called it quits with Burgess Meredith.

Zita Johann and hubby John McCormick (who was once Colleen Moore's husband) are hammer-and-tongs in the California divorce courts. She filed first, he filed a counter suit; none of that politeness stuff here! She says he told her other actresses could give her love-making lessons; he counters that she was bickery and hypercritical in her relations with him.

Fifi D'Orsay's marriage to handsome Morgan Hill hit the rocks. Fifi's going to get a Michigan divorce, and then probably go back into circulation in Hollywood.

Hoss-opera star Bob Steele, under his real name of Robert Bradbury, gets himself divorce-sued by his wife who says he's cruel.

From out of the past comes the name of Elmo Lincoln, pre-Weissmuller screen *Tarzan* of the silent screen, who under his own real name of Otto Linkenhelt is being sued for divorce.

And to top the month's roster, John Barrymore's mama-in-law, Edna Jacobs, says she's going to get a divorce from hubby Louis because she's so busy managing Barrymore and Elaine that she just can't keep up being Mrs. Jacobs, too . . .!

■

ITEMS from Danny Cupid's notebook: Old-timers Buster Keaton and Dorothy Sebastian, twosoming at Slapsie Maxie's, providing a nice picture of Hollywood of the past—meantime, new-timers Peggy Stewart and Jackie Cooper providing a juvenile Hollywood romance—not to mention Mickey Rooney and Barbara Sulzberg!—and Judy Garland and Billy Halop—Simone Simon's farewell twosoming just before she left Hollywood with Rouben

[*Continued on page* 75]

Penny Singleton, Paula Stone, Wayne Morris and Johnny "Scat" Davis line up to sign autographs for Movieland Tourists who were guests of Warren William

FUTURE FAVORITES
DON TERRY

By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

VOTED the most valuable actor on Broadway two years ago, Don Terry was a cinch to wind up in Hollywood. The movie moguls seldom miss opportunities of that nature . . . So, sure enough, Don came to Hollywood last year—not to portray the fine roles which made him outstanding in Manhattan but to appear in a series of action melodramas . . . Executives of Columbia . . . where he is under contract . . . figured his six-feet-three-inch stature and rugged appearance made him a natural for such films . . . That's okay with Don . . . He wouldn't want to be a Robert Taylor even if he could . . . "Look at Jack Holt," he points out . . . "He's been going on and on for years as an action star and earning a very nice salary." . . . O course, Terry hopes eventually to play roles comparable to those he portrayed on the stage in plays such as *The Front Page, Waiting for Lefty, Holiday* and others . . . But he's not worrying about how soon parts of this calibre will come his way . . . One of these days the studio execs, themselves, will awaken to the fact that they have under contract an actor capable of doing much bigger things than they have been giving him to date . . . Terry isn't exactly a new comer . . . During the unsettled era when producers were trying to make up their minds about a new invention called talkies, Don appeared in three silent films . . . Charles Francis Coe, who had sold the film rights to his novel, *Me, Gangster,* saw the youth dining in the Montmartre one evening . . . Just out of Harvard, where he had annexed the intercollegiate heavyweight title, Don was on his way to Australia to participate in amateur boxing bouts . . . Coe saw in him an exact counterpart of the leading character in his story and persuaded the producer to sign him for the lead . . . Making an instant hit in that picture, Don then appeared with Madge Bellamy in *Fugitives,* and with Lois Moran in *Blindfold* . . . However, Terry wanted to be an actor and he didn't think silent pictures offered an opportunity for real acting . . . So he headed for New York and the stage . . . Almost instantly he became a popular leading man and for six years scored one hit after another . . . As might have been expected, his success brought him several film offers but he refused to even consider them until January of last year . . . Then he consented to come west and make one picture for Columbia . . . He was so determined to return to Broadway that he bought a round trip ticket . . . However, studio officials finally prevailed upon him to sign a long term contract . . . and he has now appeared in several films . . . A bachelor, Terry maintains a small home in the heart of Hollywood.

TOM IS TAKING ME OUT! SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

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HOURS LATER–STILL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
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Name..

Address..

City.................................State........

PICTURE PARADE

FOUR DAUGHTERS
—AAAA—

Fannie Hurst's w. k. *Sister Act* turns into one of the finest cinema offerings of the season and if Hollywood would turn out more pictures like this there would be no need for bingo or screeno or double features. You'd leave the theatre well satisfied with that warm feeling evoked by a charming, human story well told. *Four Daughters* is a homey little comedy of a musical family consisting of four attractive daughters who are played by Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane and Gale Page. Claude Rains is cast as the father and May Robson does her bit as Aunt Etta "mother" to the little *Lemps* and the big *Lemp*. It's a happy, carefree little family until masculinity invades the house in the persons of Frank McHugh, Dick Foran, Jeffrey Lynn and John Garfield. And it is the last named, a poor musician with a fatalist complex, who brings tragedy into the house and whose eloquent performance of *Mickey Borden* is one of the most impressionable seen on the screen. Young Garfield is a brilliant addition to Hollywood's talent and the rest of the cast is highly commendable, especially young Priscilla.—*Warner Brothers.*

CAREFREE
—AAA½—

We don't care whether Fred Astaire needs Ginger Rogers or Ginger Rogers needs Fred Astaire in pictures, but we do care whether or not they make pictures together. There have been famous movie teams before but there has never been a team as complementary to each other as this. Perhaps it's a mental case with us but we think we can get some real figures to prove it. Or don't you care? But, you will care for *Carefree* which has all the ingredients that made *Top Hat, Gay Divorcee, Follow the Fleet, et al,* the outstanding entertainment they were. It has grand music (Irving Berlin), fascinating dancing (particularly the "Yam" and a dream number), delightful humor and a good book. The idea is original and a natural for comedy, the subject being psycho-analysis which lends itself beautifully to comedy situations. The people involved are Ginger Rogers, the case, Fred Astaire, the doctor, and Ralph Bellamy who has a "case" on Ginger. Others in the cast are Louella Gear (RKO, we thank you), Henry Kolh and Franklin Pangborn. If you have any troubles and want a quick remedy go *Carefree*.—*RKO-Radio.*

[*Continued on page 70*]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

BUSY I've been this month. Snooping around studio stages, eating enormous lunches, and dancing away a couple or three evenings—and all so I'll get you the between-seasons clothes tips, and some previews of the new Fall things, that I promised you last month. . . . First off, let me tell you of the cleverest thing in playsuits that I've seen for many a season. And it came from the more or less fertile brain of a mere man! . . . I saw it on the set of *The Lady and the Cowboy* where I watched Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon do a scene on a boat. Director H. C. Potter wanted a change of costume for Merle, but the story wouldn't let her bring any clothes on board! So he took one of Gary's plaid cowboy shirts, an old necktie, threw them at Merle and told her to put 'em on. . . . The result! The shirt reached to Merle's knees, she had rolled up the sleeves, and tied the necktie about her waist. And had the trickiest playdress ever.

I HAD lunch with Gloria Stuart the other noon and learned of a new way to eke out the life of the summer formal. Gloria told me that she spends all her spare time on the sets making boleros to wear over her black or white linen evening dresses. With her white gown she wears a bolero of dark blue net appliqued with white linen cording. For the black, she has taken a piece of red felt and embroidered it in bright colored yarns. . . . Jean Arthur stopped by our table to tell us about what she calls her "slip covers." Jean has a white pique dress, plainly tailored, with a sun-back and V-neckline of the halter type. Nothing extraordinary in itself. But for daytime Jean "slip covers" it with a blue linen redingote. For night she takes a Roman stripe dirndl skirt, ties it apron style around her waist and has a summer dinner dress or informal dancing gown. . . . While we were on the subject of pepping up the not-so-new frocks, Shirley Ross told us of the trick she uses on a black crepe dinner dress—that she confesses has a couple of seasons chalked up against it. Shirley has her evening sandals made of brightly printed silk faille, and complements the black of her dress with a twisted turban, bag and gloves to match the sandals. Speaking of shoes, Kay Francis tells me that she has been working on an idea for *removable* shoe heels. The idea being, that you can have a basic pair of shoes, a variety of heels—both in height and color—and in that way, your whole costume may be changed by simply changing your heels. Orry-Kelly, who designs for the gals at Warner's studio, is so intrigued with the idea, that he has asked Kay's permission to have practical models made, to see how they work out.

AND that reminds me—remember last month I told you that Orry-Kelly was carrying on a one-man crusade to put the gals in corsets? Well, he at last has one recruit. None other than Bette Davis. . . . Bette was so delighted with the 1904 period costume Orry-Kelly designed for her to wear in *The Sisters* that she has had it copied for her personal wardrobe. Corset and all! . . . But if your mother, with the memory of having your older sister "lace her in," could see what we call a *corset*, she'd probably snort. It's only about eight inches wide, and just fits between the hip bone and the bust. However, it *is* practical with its boned front and adjustable lacing up the back. If you still are worried about your over-developed diaphragm, I can't think of anything better to hold it in. And you can have my personal bet that your favorite lingerie shop will be featuring it ere long. . . . When I told Bette I was going to give you the dope on her foundation, she told me to be sure and tell you about the *bicarbonate of soda*! Sounded goofy to me, but she told me that after wearing the tight garment all day on the set, she had several pinch-places that ached at night time. And an old stunt man, who is used to bruises and sore spots, told her to soak for about two hours each night in a tubful of hot water—strongly flavored with good old bicarb. Bette says it soaks out the aches like magic. . . . The dress Bette wears with this torture chamber, tho' it looks a little "costumy" now, definitely shows what the Fall trend will be—anything from modified Victorian styles to pre-war fashions. With its ruffled pink blouse worn with a black crepe skirt *and* bustle, the dress is decidedly on the feminine side.

Mlle. Chic

"THERE'S ONE GIRL I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH AGAIN!"

But there's plenty of dates and partners for the girl who uses MUM

"NEVER again for me, Tom! Janet's a peach of a girl and a swell dancer, but some things get a man down. Too bad somebody doesn't tip her off. Other girls know how to avoid underarm odor."

Other girls! Janet thinks about them, too. Wonders why other girls have partners dance after dance—why men so often dance with her just *once*. But no *man*—or girl—likes to come straight out and say, "*Janet, you need Mum.*"

It's so easy to offend—and never know it! That's why, nowadays, no wise girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh all evening long. Baths remove *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Mum is the quick, pleasant, unfailing way to safeguard your charm for men!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm, under that—in 30 seconds you're *done!*

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin. Mum is harmless to fabrics—convenient to use *after* you're dressed!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Remember, men avoid girls who offend! Get Mum at your druggist's today—be sure *you're* always sweet!

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM

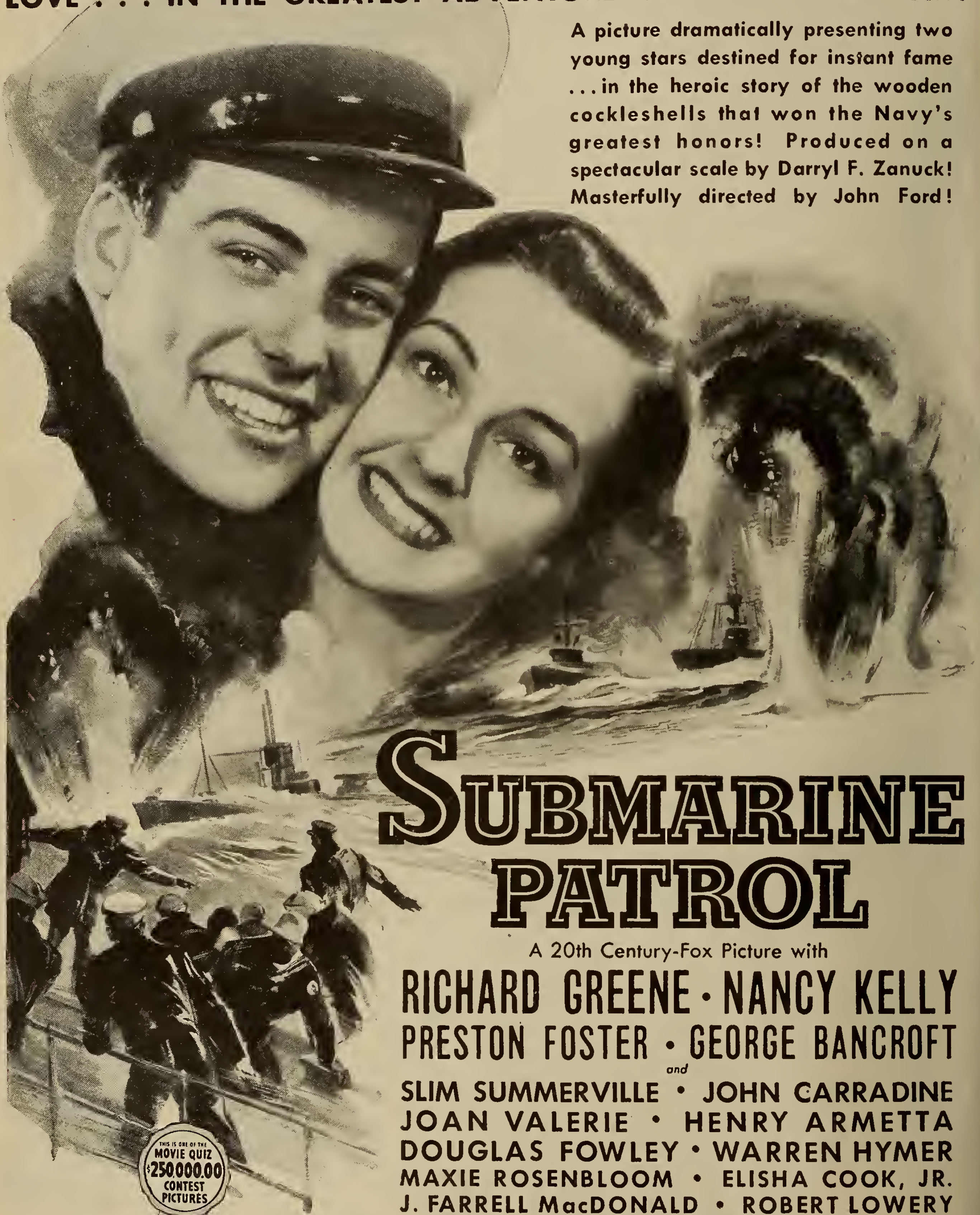
I USED TO THINK A BATH WAS ENOUGH. GLAD I LEARNED ABOUT MUM!
MUM
TO HERSELF: I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A WHIRL! I'VE DANCED ALL EVENING BUT MUM STILL KEEPS ME SWEET!

For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's safe, sure. Use Mum this way.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

***Youth*...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!**



A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame ...in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!

SUBMARINE PATROL

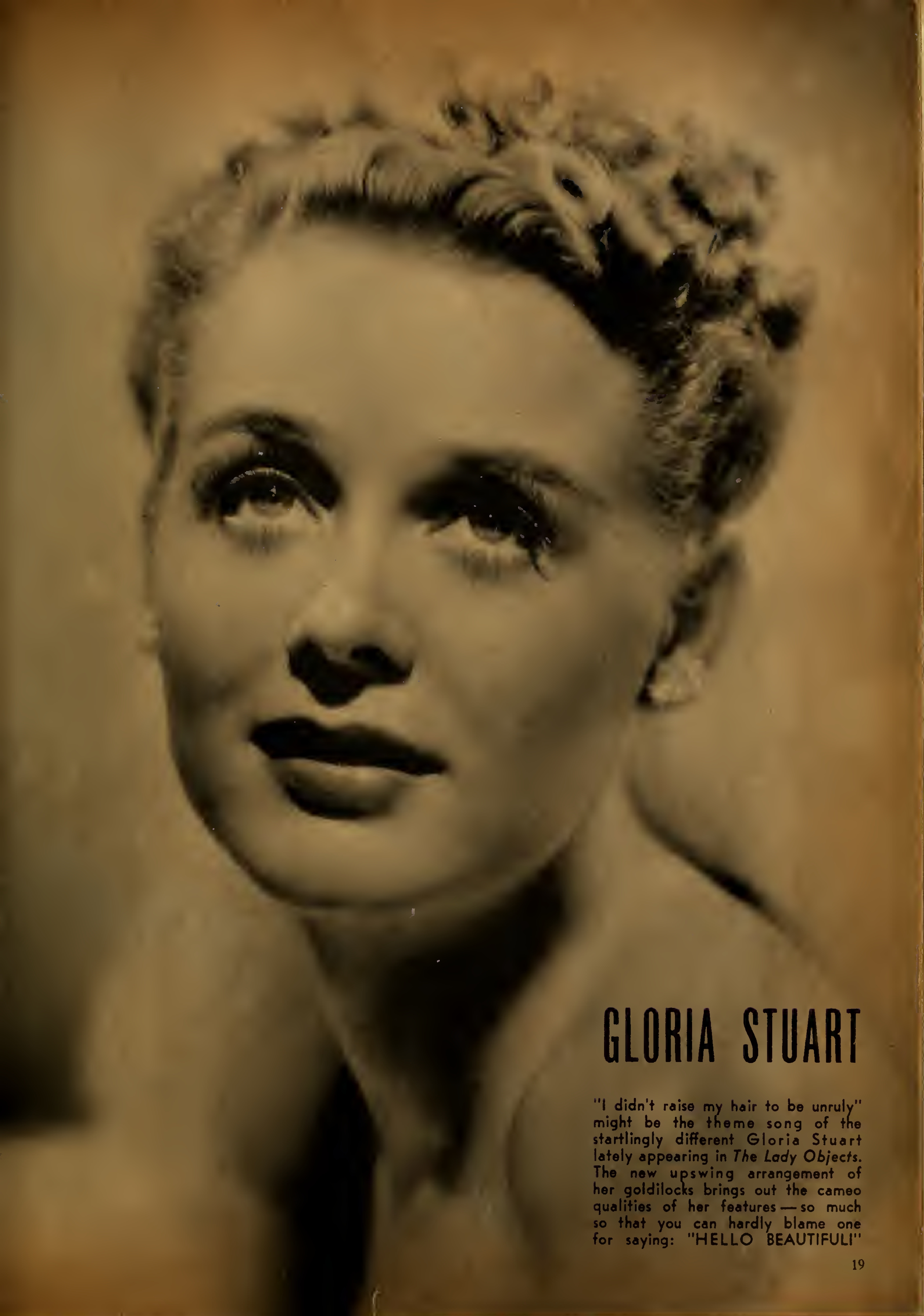
A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY
PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT
and
SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milhalland and Charles B. Milhalland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



GLORIA STUART

"I didn't raise my hair to be unruly" might be the theme song of the startlingly different Gloria Stuart lately appearing in *The Lady Objects.* The new upswing arrangement of her goldilocks brings out the cameo qualities of her features — so much so that you can hardly blame one for saying: "HELLO BEAUTIFUL!"

OUR OWN N

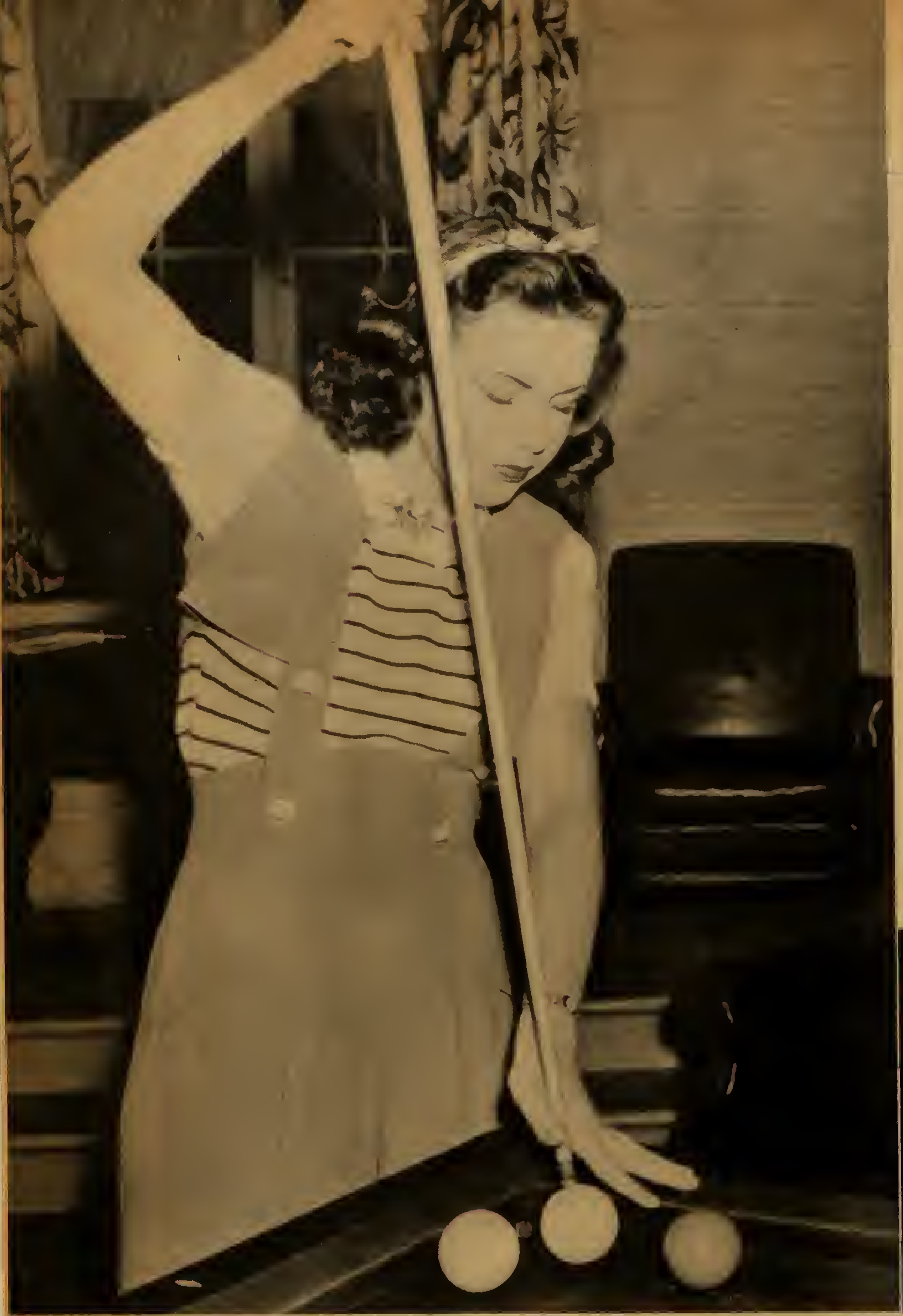
CANDID SHOTS OF THESE

Left and around, clockwise, Joan Marsh and Lanny Ross have a friendly tet
a-tete offstage. On, *The Lady Objects* . . . Priscilla Lane puts 'em up, read
to fight it out like a man. With a man?. . . Bob Montgomery takes his dail
constitutional, walking 'round his new pool . . . Doug Fairbanks, Jr. loves
his English bull mastiff pup, a gift from papa . . . *There Goes My Heart* screa
Fredric March and Virginia Bruce as they put it on ice . . . Such wim and wig
says Merle Oberon to Gary Cooper. The better to wove you with in *The Lo*
and the Cowboy answers Gary. A real news cameraman visits with Clark Gable
who plays the part of a newsreel cameraman in his new film, *Too Hot to Hand*

S CAMERA

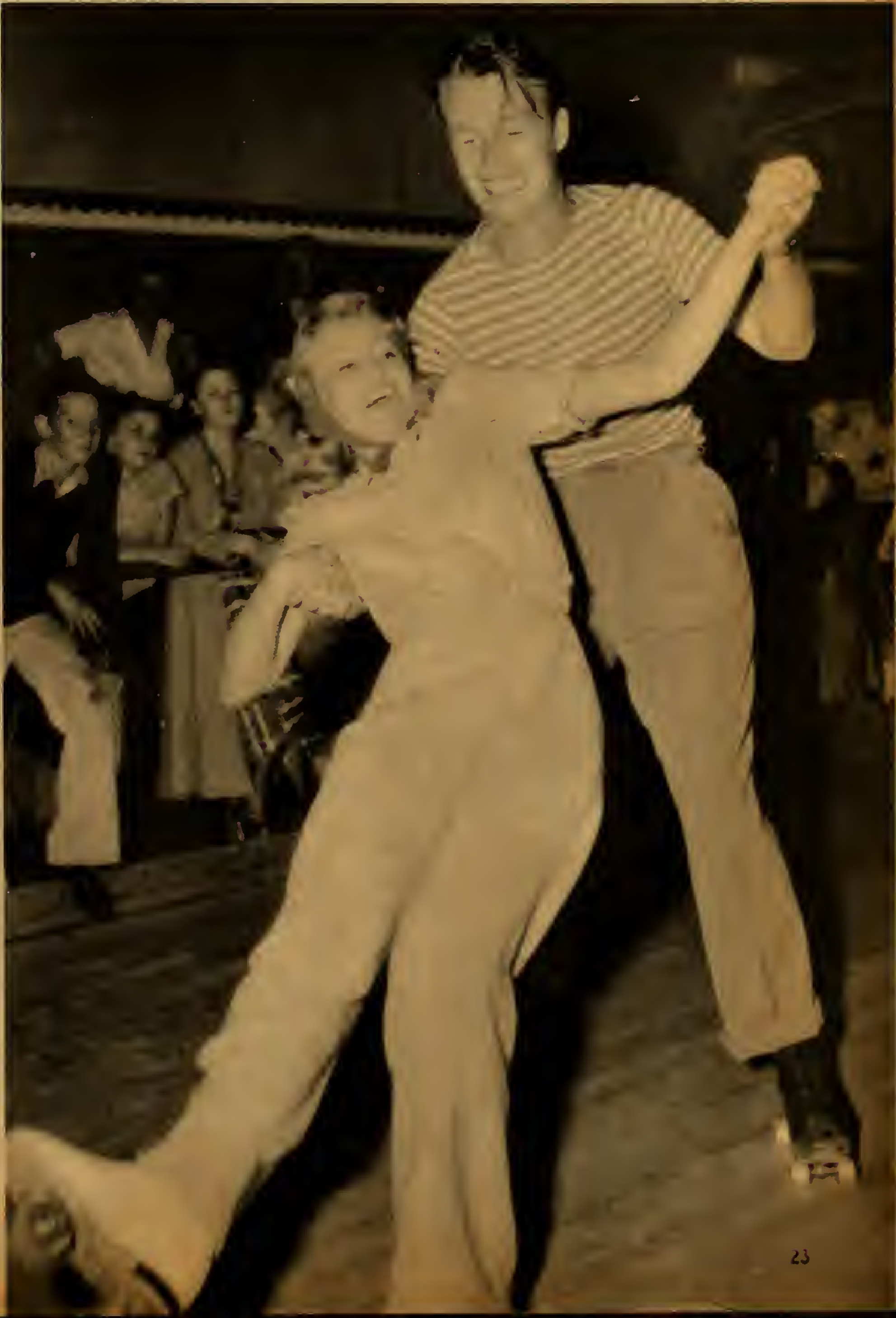
HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Right and around, clockwise, Ilona Massey with a bird in hand. That may be better than two in the bush, but we'll take the other hand — and the Scottie . . . Bette Davis gets down to earth in a peasant dirndl and clogs when she's not working at the studio . . . You can't show an old horse new tricks, but Nelson Eddy thinks it's worth trying . . . Before retiring, Charlie McCarthy takes a gander at his mash notes. The better to sleep with, Charlie? . . . Jean Arthur loves "The Big Apple." But, *You Can't Take it With You, Jean* . . . Joan Bennett, Jack Benny and Hedy LaMarr at the Polo Club. Jack's not timid about crowds . . . Hope Hampton and Director Simon take a horse with them on *The Road to Reno*



Belowandaround, clockwise, are Johnny "Scat" Davis feeding his face . . . and Annabella doing the same thing . . . Then comes Sigrid Gurie going for corn on the cob in a big way . . . After a few lessons Deanna Durbin learns to play billiards and execute a tricky masse shot . . . Listening to fine music at the Hollywood Bowl under the stars are Mary Astor and hubby, Manuel Del Campo . . . Errol Flynn is about to remove wifey Lili Damita's wrap for party at the Cocoanut Grove. No tiff here or are they kidding us?

Below and around, clockwise, Margot Grahame in slacks and sweater cautions her chauffeur to drive nice and slow . . . Director John Farrow has spot of tea with Janet Chapman, new child wonder. Musta got their cups mixed . . . Wayne Morris has tough time holding Paula Stone on her feet at Roller Bowl . . . Jimmy Cagney gives wifey a light as they roll westward from Martha's Vineyard . . . Fred Astaire takes it easy on set . . . And ditto for Andrea Leeds while she studies script and toys with the camera bulb. Don't waste the film!



THE GIRL WHO NEVER PLAYED HOLLYWOOD'S GAME

EVEN BEFORE "SEVENTH HEAVEN" DAYS JANET GAYNOR REFUSED TO JOIN THE HOLLYWOOD PARADE—AND AT NO POINT IN HER CAREER DOES SHE FIT INTO THE HOLLYWOOD PATTERN. WHEN PICTURES GIVE HER UP SHE'LL SAY "THANK YOU FOR A LOVELY TIME." MEANWHILE SHE AVOIDS THE LIMELIGHT. IT HURTS HER EYES

By IDA ZEITLIN

"NEVER" isn't quite accurate. Janet Gaynor stepped into the Hollywood game long enough to discover that it wasn't for her. That was years ago, when *Seventh Heaven* thrust her, a shy and eager girl, into the limelight. At first she was far too timid to join the parade. Then, slowly gaining assurance, she took her place in the Hollywood social whirl. Before long she gained another kind of assurance—the kind that comes with growing knowledge of oneself. It was then that she withdrew quietly from the hurly-burly. She has never gone back.

At no point does she fit into the Hollywood pattern. The pattern calls for a stately home in some such place as Beverly or Bel-Air. Janet lives in the comfortable, old-fashioned house she rented years ago in the heart of town. The pattern calls for a beach-house along whatever section of the shore is currently smart, so that you can look over the fence and say hello to another movie star. Janet's beach-house is at Venice, in the shadow of the amusement park. You or I could afford a shack there.

It's proper to belong to an exclusive golf or tennis club. Janet golfs with her mother on a public course. It's the thing to spend your holidays at Palm Springs or Ensenada or Sun Valley. Janet goes to a ranch at Cucamonga to stay with people who never had their pictures in the rotogravure and who don't own dress clothes. Most movie people make their friends among movie people. Janet makes hers where she finds them. One of her dearest friends is her hairdresser. "Because I've never met a finer person," says Janet. "Because I love and admire her. Because I could turn to her for help in trouble. I don't know any better reasons for a friendship."

Before you've talked to her, you think of her as you've known her on the screen—a fragile, wistful figure, the eternal little girl who rouses all your protective sense, but to whom you would scarcely look as a bulwark. As a matter of fact, a bulwark is exactly what she's been to a good many people who have drawn strength from her independence of mind and her steadfast spirit. Though it may reverse all your preconceived notions, the truth is that she's been more clung to than clinging.

She still looks like a child. It's hard to believe that she's been a star for ten years. I saw her on the set of *Three Loves Has Nancy*. They'd been rehearsing, and Janet had gone to her dressing-room to prepare for the take. She was kneeling on a chair in front of the huge mirror above the

[*Continued on page* 88]

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Wrapped up in a towel after a strenuous game of something-or-other, Bob Montgomery relaxes in the backyard of his Beverly Hills home. After *Yellow Jack* he is now one of Janet Gaynor's loves in *Three Loves Has Nancy*. Franchot Tone is a lovin' mans, too

HOW DOES WARNER BAXTER DO IT?

IF YOU'VE WONDERED WHY MR. B. HAS BEEN TOPS IN THE MOVIES AND TOPS WITH YOU FOR SO LONG IT'S BECAUSE . . . WELL, READ ON AND KNOW THE ANSWERS

By
MARIAN
RHEA

Hollywood, California.
Tuesday morning.
Mr. Laurence Reid,
Editor of MOTION PICTURE,
New York City.

DEAR LARRY:

The last time I wrote you a letter like this, I was in Paris and had just been interviewing Annabella. "Find out what makes her tick," you had told me. "I think MOTION PICTURE readers would like to know."

And now that I am back in Hollywood (although missing Paris like sixty, I must admit) you've given me another reportorial job to do. . . "I hear that despite the youthful charm of such dashing newcomers as Tyrone Power, Richard Greene and Don Ameche, Warner Baxter gets more mail from feminine fans than any star on the 20th Century-Fox lot," you wrote me. "See if you can find out why. Seems to me that's news!"

Well, Larry, I agree. Certainly, if ladies in New Orleans, Nome, Buenos Aires and Port Said take pen in hand to write to Warner, a married man and no gay young blade to boot (he is the first to admit that), when they might be writing to Ty and Dick and Don, that's news and the reasons back of it should prove interesting. In addition, I seem to remember that when Warner announced a couple of years ago he was going to give up romantic leads and take up character acting, there was a special furore of feminine protest at the idea. . . .

So, any- [*Continued on page 67*]

Warner has had a hold on his public since he first entered the movies. Accommodating and courteous, he always "gives" with autographs

Among those squiring Loretta (below) are Cesar Romero. Oh nothing serious

At left is how Loretta appears in *Suez* with Tyrone Power and Annabella

"CAREER IS NOT ENOUGH!"

LORETTA YOUNG SAYS EVERY CAREER GIRL NEEDS A PRIVATE LIFE OF UNDERSTANDING COMPANIONSHIP, AS SUCCESS AND CAREERS AREN'T ENOUGH. WHICH EXPLAINS WHY MANY ACTRESSES MARRY IN HASTE, REPENT IN RENO

By CAROL CRAIG

ONCE upon a time, Loretta Young might not have said this. As a crisp young modern, absorbed in her ambitions, proud of her achievements, she might not have allowed herself to feel any such sentiment. But Loretta, in the past few months, has changed. She says now, quietly, "A career is not enough." She doesn't say it because she is in love and has marriage plans. She isn't, and she hasn't. Nor does she say it in mental self-defense against the day, not many months distant, when her contract will be up. Already she has other offers, with fancy tilts in salary.

She isn't weary of working, even though she has been at it since she was thirteen—a dozen long years. She has no immediate intentions of retiring.

Yet she says, "A career is not enough."

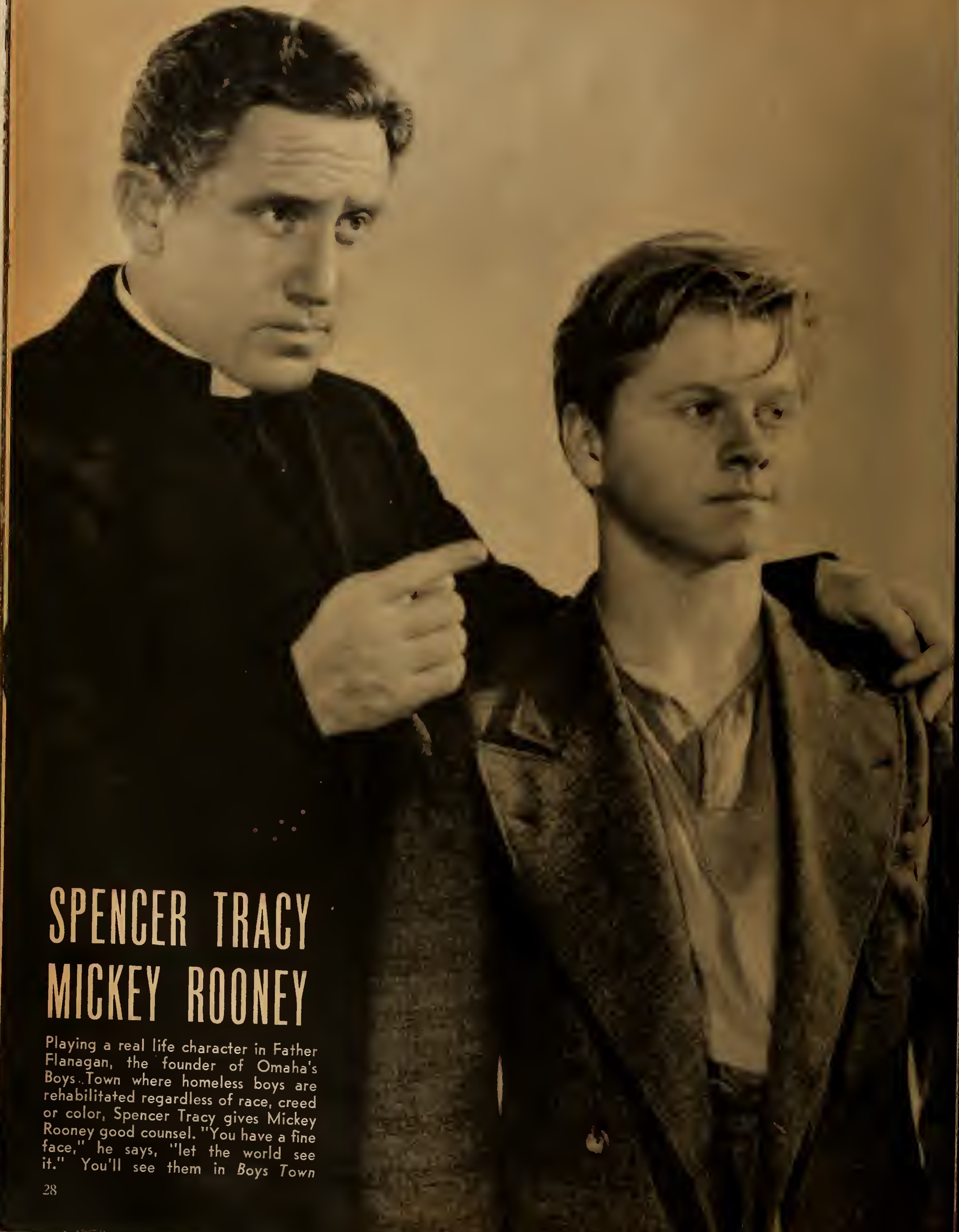
Why?

It all came out the other day, during an interview at her home—that cheerful, airy house, white Colonial, atop a knoll on the edge of Bel-Air.

She was on vacation, having just finished *Suez* with Tyrone Power and Annabella. She was relaxed, for the first time in months. And, being relaxed, she had shaken the chipper briskness that is so much a part of her on the set, under tension. In a simple pique housecoat, with her hair loosely combed, she looked carefree, easy-going. And she apparently felt as she looked. She didn't, for instance, sit across the room with that unvoiced attitude that interviewers encounter so often in stars: "Well, let's get on with your questions and my answers. My time's valuable. I can't give up much of it to one interview." Instead, Loretta's unvoiced attitude was: "Well, this is a welcome change—not having to hurry through an interview. Let's postpone the questions and answers till lunch. Let's just talk now."

So, for a while, we "just talked"—about everything from the heat (which she liked) to old English caricatures that hung on the pine-panelled walls of the snug playroom (which I liked). Among other things, we

[*Continued on page* 61]



SPENCER TRACY MICKEY ROONEY

Playing a real life character in Father Flanagan, the founder of Omaha's Boys Town where homeless boys are rehabilitated regardless of race, creed or color, Spencer Tracy gives Mickey Rooney good counsel. "You have a fine face," he says, "let the world see it." You'll see them in *Boys Town*

EVEN BARRYMORE CALLS HIM THE BEST

By JAMES REID

WHEN A BARRYMORE CALLS SPENCER TRACY THE BEST ACTOR IN PICTURES THAT MAKES IT UNANIMOUS. LIKE NO ONE ELSE ON THE SCREEN HE CAN MAKE YOU FORGET HE'S ACTING. NOW LISTEN TO MR. T.

SOUTHERN California may have another deluge, Hollywood's quietest marriage may hit the divorce courts with a noisy explosion, a 100-to-1 shot may win the fifth race at Del Mar, or Shirley Temple may come down with a sudden siege of sniffles—and Hollywood may talk about nothing else. That is, for a few minutes. But only for a few minutes. Then, Hollywood being Hollywood, the talk will again be about acting.

Someone will ask the inevitable question: "Who's doing the best acting on the screen today?"—as someone did, the other day, to get a rise out of John Barrymore between "takes"—and all the headlines will be consigned to a mental ashcan.

Early in any such discussion, up will pop the name of Spencer Tracy. It popped up early again the other day. And someone demanded: "Why bring up Tracy? He doesn't act. He puts himself across just by being natural."

Barrymore cocked a sardonic eye at the speaker. "Harrumph!" he harrumphed eloquently. "Don't make me laugh." With gusto, he added, "If anybody on the screen knows all the tricks of our noble trade, it's Tracy."

And a Barrymore should know. . . But this baffling fact still remains: Like nobody else on the screen, Tracy *can* make people forget he's acting. And what's the explanation of that?

On the set of *Boys Town* at M-G-M, I told him what they had said about him on the Barrymore set at 20th Century-Fox—and waited for his reaction. His reaction was a healthy chuckle. And the chuckle seemed natural, despite his garb at the moment. He was wearing a black suit, a black triangle of cloth where shirt-front would ordinarily show, and a stiff collar buttoned in back—the street attire of a priest.

Making *Boys Town*, he is undergoing an experience that no actor has ever had before him. He is portraying an actual man who is still alive—Father Flanagan, founder of the famous Omaha institution for the rehabilitation of boys—and the man he is portraying is on the sidelines of the set, watching him.

Both men are tall, and both stand straight. But they do not look alike. Tracy is more rugged, his face is more angular, and he does not wear glasses as Father Flanagan does. Yet, in many ways, they are alike. They both have clear eyes that don't miss a thing, friendly smiles, faces that are alive. They like people. And they understand people. You sense that instantly—that, and their own warm humanness.

Both are modest men. Each is doing the work he likes to do. And if he is praised for doing it—well, that is some- [*Continued on page* 64]

Spence and Mrs. T. attend movie opening. Being modest, he arrives early to duck the usual hoopla and hooey

MOVIE

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WIN $250,000 IN PRIZE MONEY

Since Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment, the campaign is on to make this their Greatest Year. The scene, below, shows New York movie lovers lined up at Roxy, waiting to buy tickets for *Alexander's Ragtime Band*

Geo. Schaefer, in charge of general cooperation Greatest Year campaign

Howard Dietz, chairman campaign committee of Pictures' Greatest Year

Frank C. Walker, treasurer of Motion Pictures' Greatest Year campaign

Paul Gulick, former head of Universal publicity, is campaign coordinator

HOW would you like to take a trip around the world, buy a new car, build a beautiful home, guarantee a college education for your children and financial security for yourself—with money you earned by having a good time? In other words, how would you like to win $50,000—just by going to the movies?

Well, here's your chance to do it.

As a feature of their $1,000,000 "Motion Pictures' Greatest Year" campaign, movie producers, distributors and exhibitors in the United States and Canada are offering $250,000 in prize money in the biggest and in many ways the most fascinating contest of its kind ever held: Movie Quiz.

The editor of MOTION PICTURE, would like to have one of our readers win that $50,000 first prize. And we'd also like to see a good percentage of "our folks" grab off some of the 5,403 other cash awards ranging from $25,000 all the way down to $10. So we have gathered every bit of information we could about the contest to help you win your share of the quarter of a million dollars. Here it is:

During the three-month period from August 1 through October 31, American motion picture producers will release approximately 100 movies, a complete list of which you will find elsewhere on these pages. The contest is based on your knowledge of 30 of these films. The contest closes December 31, 1938.

All you have to do to enter the contest is go to your local theatre and ask at the box-office for one of the 32-page, illustrated booklets containing full information about Movie Quiz. The booklet is free.

In that booklet you will find a series of "still" pictures depicting one scene from each of the movies in the contest. The name of the movie from which the "still" was taken is clearly indicated. Accompanying each picture is a question concerning the action taking place. Below this question are five answers. One of these answers is correct; the other four are wrong. All you have to do is pick out the correct answer and check it.

For instance, take a look at the sample picture accompanying this article. One of these four answers is correct. The others are obviously incorrect. Simple, isn't it?

Here are 94 pictures included in the MOVIE QUIZ contest. Although approximately 140 motion pictures are to be included in the quiz, contestants will not have to see all these pictures—each entrant may select THIRTY films out of the total on which to apply his or her knowledge: *Mother Carey's Chickens; The Chaser; The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse; Professor Beware; Little Miss Broadway; Barefoot Boy; Algiers; The Crowd Roars; Gateway; Bulldog Drummond in Africa; Letter of Introduction; I'm From the City; Mr. Chump; Rich Man, Poor Girl; Keep Smiling; The Texans; The Missing Guest; Painted Desert; Racket Busters; The Gladiator; Block-Heads; Alexander's Ragtime Band; Give Me a Sailor; Smashing the Rackets; Marie Antoinette; Dark Rapture; Speed to Burn; Spawn of the North; Breaking the Ice; Boy Meets Girl; Under the Big Top; I Am the Law; Three Loves Has Nancy; My Lucky Star; Sing You Sinners; Freshman Year; Carefree; Four's a Crowd; Safety in Numbers; In Old Mexico; The Comet; The Affairs of Annabel; Boys Town; Secrets of an Actress; The Lady Objects; Juvenile Court; Road to Reno; Hold That Co-Ed; Sons of the Legion; Ranger Code; Too Hot to Handle; The Valley of the Giants; Drums; Listen Darling; Last Express; Time Out For Murder; Campus Confessions; Fugitives For a Night; Four Daughters; Wanted by the Police; Mr. Wong, Detective; Girls' School; You Can't Take It With You; Submarine Patrol; Room Service; Youth Takes a Fling; Stablemates; Garden of the Moon; Crime Takes a Holiday; The Young in Heart; Vacation From Love; Touchdown, Army; Meet the Girls; Mr. Doodle Kicks Off; Swing That Cheer; Broadway Musketeers; There Goes My Heart; That Certain Age; The Great Waltz; Arkansas Traveler; Straight, Place and Show; The Sisters; The Cowboy and the Lady; Mysterious Rider; Mysterious Mr. Moto; Young Dr. Kildare; King of Alcatraz; The Mad Miss Manton; Girls On Probation; Sweethearts; Suez; Brother Rat; Thoroughbred; Men With Wings.*

QUIZ

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT

NO STANDING

FRANK CAPRA'S

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

With

JEAN ARTHUR LIONEL BARRYMORE JAMES STEWART
EDWARD ARNOLD

The lovable characters whom thousands of Americans enjoyed in the Pulitzer prize play are vividly recreated in the Frank Capra production—a most human story of people who dared to lead their own happy lives.

Why is *Alice Sycamore* irately bawling out everyone in this courtroom scene?

- ( ) Because the photographer snapped her picture?
- ( ) Because she doesn't like courtrooms?
- ( ) Because she's through with her boy friend and his smug family?
- ( ) Because she likes making speeches?

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOVIE QUIZ $250,000.00 CONTEST PICTURES

AS STATED before, you do not have to check the answer to all of the 100-odd pictures in the booklet. Only check 30 of them. Remember that: check exactly 30, no more, no less.

Now—after you have answered the questions about any 30 of the movies, write a statement of not more than 50 words, naming the motion picture you liked best, and why you preferred it to any of the others in the list of pictures. Do not try to be "literary." Fancy writing and phraseology are not necessary. Simply write as though you were telling a friend why the picture appealed to you.

Only one 50-word letter may accompany your set of 30 answers. The statement may be typewritten or in longhand, on one side of the paper only. Fancy penmanship or artistic writing, the judges tell us, will not influence their decision. They also advise contestants not to waste time and effort decorating their answer to Movie Quiz. What the judges want in your 50-word statement is simply a frank, honest opinion, not a beautifully written essay.

Movie Quiz entries will be judged by the highest number of correct answers to questions about the 30 pictures you select. In case of ties, the 50-word statements will be graded on the basis of sincerity, merit, originality [*Continued on page* 63]

MOVIE QUIZ PRIZE LIST

First Prize		$50,000
Second Prize		25,000
2 prizes of	$10,000 each	20,000
5 prizes of	5,000 each	25,000
5 prizes of	2,000 each	10,000
10 prizes of	1,000 each	10,000
40 prizes of	500 each	20,000
40 prizes of	250 each	10,000
300 prizes of	100 each	30,000
5,000 prizes of	10 each	50,000
5,404 prizes		$250,000

GROWING PAYNE

By MARY CAMPBELL

GET READY FOR A NEW STAR. JOHN PAYNE IS HIS NAME AND HE'S THE NEPHEW OF THE MAN WHO WROTE *HOME, SWEET HOME*. HE TAKES HIS SUCCESS MODESTLY WHEN HE SAYS: "ME—I'M JUST BEGINNING"

THEY passed the word around at Warner Brothers studio the day *Garden of the Moon* was previewed. "Get ready for a new star," everybody said. "You'll see him tonight . . . Young John Payne."

And that is the way it was. On Wednesday, John Payne was just another of those personable young men who abound in Hollywood, his chief distinction being the fact that he is the grand nephew of John Howard Payne of *Home, Sweet Home* fame. Then the klieg lights played above the Warner theatre on the Boulevard. The autograph fans gathered. Customers stood in line for seats. *Garden of the Moon* was formally presented and by Thursday morning Hollywood was toasting the new star everybody had been talking about at the studio the day before.

John Payne. . . . It was a long time ago that he got his first "break." A big contract fell into his lap and he thought he was all set. Then, as it has a way of doing, Hollywood, perversely, slapped him down and it took him three disappointing, discouraging years to come back to that Thursday morning when everyone was saying: "I knew he had it in him all the time." Not that his is a "rags to riches" story, either. He didn't go around hungry, with holes in the seat of his pants, looking for work. He didn't suffer for the sake of a Career. But he did something else which, for a young chap like himself, impatient and avid to get going, is pretty hard to do. He bided his time. Knowing what he wanted, he waited until it came along. Then he grabbed it.

I heard all about this a couple of days after he returned to Hollywood from Pensacola, Florida, where he had been on location for his next picture, *Wings of the Navy*. We had lunch together in the studio's "Green Room" and people like Jimmy Cagney, Bette Davis and Donald Crisp kept stopping at our table and congratulating him. He hadn't even seen *Garden of the Moon* then, but you could tell he was pleased pink at what they were saying and I didn't blame him.

I asked him [*Continued on page 76*]

With *Garden of the Moon* and *Wings Of the Navy*, John is surely going places. He has had Broadway experience, is 6 ft. 2, and 190 lbs. And Anne Shirley, RKO's pet starlet, below, is the Missus

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

You're in fast company when you're with Danielle Darrieux for the ink hasn't dried yet on the encomiums she received for *The Rage of Paris* and she has already settled down in *Rio* where she is sure to repeat her conquest. But, it isn't a question of location with Danielle, but pure emotion

By GLADYS HALL

MISS L. IS NOT IN THE HABIT OF "GIVING OUT" ABOUT HERSELF BUT WHEN SHE DOES—OH BOY! HERE'S WHERE SHE TELLS THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW BEFORE: SO HERE SHE IS—THE REAL LOMBARD

LOMBARD--AS SHE SEES HERSELF

I HAD a date to interview Carole, at one o'clock sharp, in her dressing-room bungalow on the Selznick lot where she and Jimmy Stewart are making *Made for Each Other*. The picture in which, for the first time in two years, Carole gives up comedy antics and turns serious, even dramatic, playing the mother of two children; the part of a woman who, when she laughs, laughs through tears. (Are you wondering which comes easier to Carole, to laugh or to cry . . . to be grave or gay? . . .)

Suddenly, from without, just on the stroke of one, came the grind of car wheels, war whoops, cymbals of loud laughter and as at a summons, a stimulant, heads raised and voices shouted, "That's Lombard!" And Lombard it was, to be sure. On time to the minute, as I said. Undaunted by the heat of an "unseasonable" California day. Con-

stitutionally undaunted by anything. That's Lombard, too.

Yes, indeedy, Lombard arriving in her two-year-old Ford coupe, the only car she owns and driving it herself, as usual. Laughing about it later when I said to her, "No foolin', is it *really* the only car you own? What about when you and Clark go to premieres, to the Troc, to dinner parties at houses encircled with limousines as long as the *Queen Mary* and other glittering, chauffeur-driven equipages?" . . . and Carole said, *"When* we go to premieres, et cetera, we go in my Ford. What's the matter with it? Gets us there, doesn't it?"

So there was Lombard, having a day off, wearing firemen red *crepe de chine* slacks, a careless beige pull-over, careless pale hair, windrough; no make-up. No make-up coating her lively mind, either. No make-up artificing her fearless, life-living spirit.

Carole is a provocative figure. Carole and Bette Davis are the only two women I have ever met who house vigorous, brutally frank minds in bodies as feminine as filigree and fine lace. Carole evokes imaginings of many kinds. But it would be totally impossible for the most vivid imagination to imagine her saying anything she doesn't mean, doing anything posey or phony. Carole has never learned to assume a false front, never has learned to conceal her likings or dislikings. And her sound instinct has taught her that to be a human being, without hokum, without affectations is a far, far better thing than to be a Prima Donna wearing a false face that deceives no one.

Carole stares life smack in the face and laughs. Slender as a willow sapling, made with the fine-boned delicacy of a *Sevres* figurine, fragile lines and white skin and, seemingly, breakable to the touch, Lombard is as healthy-hearted as a peasant, as sturdy-spirited as the rich earth because, like a peasant, she stands rooted in realities, is at home with realities and a stranger to sham.

WE WALKED over to her bungalow, Carole and I. At least, I walked. Carole got there by executing a few spirals

[*Continued on page* 66]

Carole stares life smack in the face and laughs. She finds humor everywhere. At right, she and Clark, Dave Selznick and Jack Conway make merry at a Troc party. And far right, ex-hubby Bill Powell makes her laugh at broadcast

UNLUCKY IN LOVE

That sizzling offscreen romance between David Niven and Merle Oberon went phfft. And no sooner do they appear together in *The Cowboy and the Lady* than he loses her to Gary Cooper. Some guys never have any luck

"PLENTY ON THE BALL"

IN GOOD AMERICAN SLANGUAGE, THAT'S WHAT LUCILLE BALL HAS—AND SHE'S NOT SORRY THAT SHE TOOK THE LONG ROAD TO SUCCESS!

By
DOROTHY SPENSLEY

WHEN she was a kid in her 'teens she was stalking around a Ziegfeld stage, swinging a mantilla in the chorus of "Rio Rita." Show girl type she was. Five feet, six and one-half inches. Slim. Long-legged. Able to take care of herself. Name Lucille Desirée Ball.

Later, she was a model in an exclusive *couturiere's* in New York. The "patsy" of the place, she says, lips curling a little at the memory that still irks her. Somebody had to be the "goat." Out of the seven girls in the shop, two were married. The rest got by all right. She was the novice. They could put things over on her. The wardrobe maid bullied her. So did the shop's owner. She was a green-horn from the provinces—Jamestown, New York state.

Now, after five years in Hollywood, she is RKO-Radio's newest starrer. *The Affairs of Annabel,* a little "B" number, meaning that it wasn't built to be a super-epic, attended to that. There'll be more of Annabel's antics. The character, that of a Hollywood film actress, "caught on" with John and Mary Public. They liked this new-type heroine, who was fast on the retort, competent, sightly.

They'd like her better if they caught her out of greasepaint. She's a departure from the glamor girl formula. Honest, worldly, utterly lacking in false pride. Her early life could have made her bitter, and perhaps it did for a time, but she's ironed that out now. Tempered the whole thing with understanding. She looks at you from the bluest eyes in Hollywood, but the look is skeptical, appraisable. If she likes you, you may call her Lucy. If she doesn't, you can still call her Lucy. She is everybody's friend; few people's intimate.

She has a little, wise face—almost [*Continued on page* 78]

By
DAN CAMP

TAKE ME AWAY FROM IT ALL!

GEORGE BRENT HAS ITCHING FEET. HE WANTS TO CUT LOOSE FROM HOLLYWOOD FOR A YEAR. HAVING LIVED 7 YEARS WITH SCRIPTS HE'S TIRED OF IT ALL

I'VE known George Brent for most of the seven years he's been in pictures. I caught up with him the other day on the set of *Wings of the Navy* and found him with the most violent attack of "short time trouble" or "tiredofitallness" or just plain itching soles I've ever seen in my life.

It's the same thing that hits people who've been working on the one same job for a very long time and suddenly see the end of the job near ahead. It's what a file clerk or a stenog or a salesman sees when his vacation is within a fortnight or so—"Can't hardly wait!" That's "short time trouble" and George has the worst case I ever did see.

"Every actor should have at least six months or a year's vacation every once in a while," George said, emphatically. "He needs at least that long to dust the cobwebs off what we laughingly referred to as his mind. He needs to get completely away from the job for a long enough time to pull himself together and get back that mental perspective that's been lost in the shuffle during the long weeks and months of living a superficial life on a motion picture screen."

I've talked to Brent, often. In Hollywood and in Europe. I've done many an interview with him. He's always obstreperous when being interviewed. He's told me, many a time, to go straight plumb to hell when I asked him about women. And when I'd switch to the other subject—Hollywood—he'd tell me to go to hell again. He never did think much of Hollywood, and I'm used to that. But I've never seen him so definite about it as he is right now—

Maybe it's those seven, eight years of steady, unresting role-after-role he's played; maybe it's the constant dinning of the Hollywood racket in his ears; maybe it's the reaction from his recent unhappy romantic experience (which he hates to have mentioned, as he always has hated to have romance mentioned). But whatever it is, George is fed up!—right up to here, if you know what I mean. . . .

"Dam' it!" he snorted, letting that six-feet-one of hard body slump 'way down in his chair, "I've been living for seven years with scripts—and that's too long. . . ! I've got to get away. I've got to go somewhere where people talk about something besides moving pictures and who was with whose wife at what nite-club and what role are you going to get next? I've got to get somewhere where I can rest, relax completely, clear out my emotions and my thoughts, readjust a perspective that's been thrown out of gear by being too close to the Hollywood picture for too long—and get myself either a new sense of values, or the old sense of values back again. . . !

"I can't do it in Hollywood or near Hollywood. I can't do it on a two weeks' or even a ten weeks' vacation. I want a year—and I've asked for it. Right NOW!"

I grinned at George. Grinned diabolically and malevolently. I'm the kind of a so-and-so who likes to throw people's own words back at 'em. I threw George's at him: "Why," I reminded him, "how you DO talk! And don't you remember the time, a few years ago, when you sat in that selfsame chair right here in the studio, George, and told me blandly and deliberately that you'd planned this all out—and that you tied yourself up on this long-time contract, that's got until 1942 to run, intentionally and deliberately. . . ?"

George admitted it. He had to. It was down in black and white. You read the interview yourself, right here in MOTION PICTURE. . . .

"I'm paying the next five years of my life," Brent told me then, "to be able, at the end of that time, to do the things I want to do. I'm putting away every cent of my income that I can spare into annuities. I don't

[*Continued on page* 71]

BUILDING-UP FROM AN AWFUL LET-DOWN

DON'T let that by-line fool you—it's really Joy Hodges who's writing. The Frances Eloise part was acquired at a baptismal font in Des Moines, Iowa, and discarded in Hollywood 'teen years later when a radio announcer wrestled with it and introduced me as E-louse! I took Joy as a name in memory of my first little-girl screen-crush, Leatrice Joy. I used to write her fan letters filled with dreams. Oddly enough they've come true.

That's why they tell me that this Joy Hodges is one girl in a million. Well, anyway, a couple o' hundred thousand. Not, mind you, because of beauty, or charm, or intelligence, or talent, or any of those flattering things a girl likes to be told about. But simply because of the stranger-than-fiction fact that within six months she cracked through the cocoon of oblivion and, visiting Broadway for the first time, found her name in lights helping the illumination of the Great Bright Way. These things, they say, don't happen unless you're a hillbilly bride or some variety of freak attraction headlined into the spotlight.

Really, however, my arrival wasn't so sudden. I'd worked toward this end for ten tough years. At nine I sang to a revivalist audience of 50,000. At eleven I was on the air in the old home town as half of the Bluebird Twins. I put myself through school doing Chautauqua work, singing at conventions, giving dancing and piano lessons. Graduated at last I continued a career with orchestras like those of Ted Fio-Rito, Ozzie Nelson and Jimmie Grier. It looked as though the break had come when I got a movie contract after singing in a short with Jimmie and his band.

Maybe you saw me in such pictures as *Old Man Rhythm* or *Follow the Fleet.* I say, maybe you saw me—but you never heard me! For they wouldn't let me say a word. So when it came option time at the studio it was good-bye time for Joy. And was I heart-broken! I'd spent half my life building up to this awful let-down. There didn't seem anything left but to go back to the beginning—singing with a band again.

The trunks were packed, the hopes put away, and I was bluer than wash-day when amazing things began to occur. Now, a little while before all this Bing Crosby, one of Hollywood's good guys, banged out a benefit for a pal who needed one, and I had been happy to help. Among those present was Moss Hart. And after the show he tried to tell George Kaufman that he'd found just the girl for their musical New Deal satire, *I'd Rather Be Right.* But he'd forgotten her name! And how do you like that?

So began a twentieth-century search for Cinderella. There must be thousands of twenty-year-old American girls, five-feet-four, 110 pounds, grey-green eyes, dimpled right cheek, light brown hair. As a matter of fact hundreds of them answered the call that was sent out. But the miracle happened and they found the girl who'd sung at Bing's benefit. After that everything was different. All the movies needed to know was that a girl was good enough for the feminine lead in a George Kaufman-Moss Hart play scored by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. I had more propositions than a sweepstakes winner!

I signed a contract with Universal, and was very, very happy about it all. I still am. For the screen is my goal. Anyway, we crowded *Merry-Go-Round of 1938* into a motion picture, and then I, who had never even seen New York, went East to play leading lady to George Michael Cohan, Mr. Broadway, himself, in person! Truly, the thrills came thick. I never expect to experience so many so suddenly. When the show opened out of town the New York dailies devoted their front pages to reporting it. And I'm told that [*Continued on page* 74]

By
FRANCES ELOISE HODGES

JOY HODGES, UNDER HER REAL MONICKER OF FRANCES ELOISE, TALKS ABOUT HER CAREER. IT TOOK A BROADWAY HIT TO GET HER GOING AGAIN IN PICTURES

Joy started her career with bands and played small bits in films. But Broadway called and she scored a hit in *I'd Rather Be Right*. She's in Hollywood making a name for herself.

RIDING THE SURF

1 Riding the surf on water skis are Patric Knowles and Errol Flynn. A speedboat tows them and the boys are hanging on to the tow ropes for dear life and with good muscles. Note concentration to keep perfect balance

2 Pat and Errol, now in reverse, make a spectacular start. Pat rides fairly high and Errol bends over to attain speed. Yet sumpin' tells us that the boys are in for a spill, especially when the boat makes a snappy turn

3 And here is the proof that Pat and Errol got a good ducking as they come up wet for air. Just as soon as they get their wind they'll ski off to China

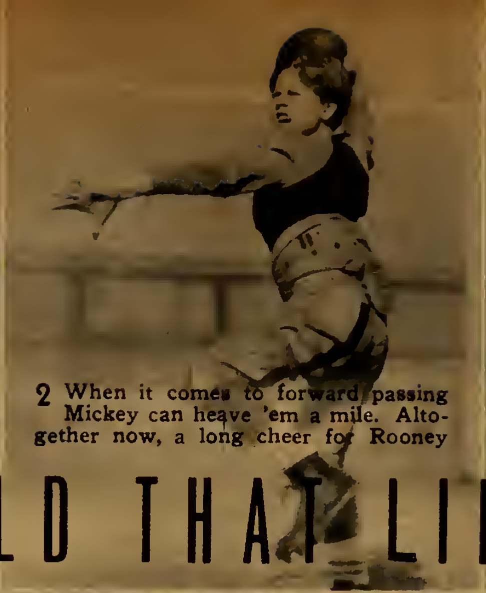
4 But Pat and Errol aren't having all the fun riding the surf. Rosemary Lane and Jeffrey Lynn take to the water on an aquaplane. They don't run such a risk of ducking as on the water skis

5 And over here Rosemary and Jeffrey are coming head on, right at you. It's so easy that Jeffrey has time to look romantic as Rosemary hopes the speed boat doesn't get narsty an' spill 'em

6 Now that the aquaplaning is over for the day Jeff and Rosemary take up something safer. The only things missing are a ukulele and picnic lunch

HOLD THAT LINE!

1 Mickey Rooney, Hollywood's best juvenile football player, shows how he can run the ends like Grange



2 When it comes to forward passing Mickey can heave 'em a mile. Altogether now, a long cheer for Rooney

3 Mickey has let go with a long pass the length of the field. Tell us Mickey, must you make such a face?

4 When Mickey rescues a fumble he takes thru the air with the greatest of ease and makes a perfect 3-point landing

5 Yale, Army, Notre Dame, USC, Minnesota should be scouting this Rooney. He's sure dynamite bucking a line

6 Mickey's juvenile team plays at preliminaries to the big Coast games. He's a triple-threat. Watch that kick

7 There it goes for 70 yards, but who's the girl in the stands he's watching? Can it be that there Judy Garland?

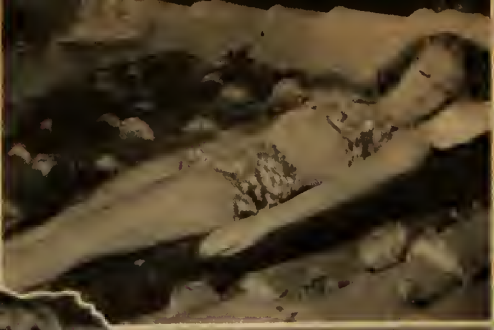
8 Below is how Mickey "carries the mail." Lookit how he straight-arms that invisible tackler. We want a touchdown!

9 Mickey has a high knee action—just to make it tough for tacklers who would mow him down. Hug it Mickey

10 And here is Mickey resting after a busy day. Lissen to those cheers. Whoever gets him, gets another Grange

SUNNY SIDE UP

1 Danielle Darrieux in rompers looks eagerly at roof of her home as ideal spot to gather that tan. So she will change to a two-piece sunsuit and repair to the mattress on the roof — and come back all sunny side up



2 Now, stretched out comfortably, tummy side down, she lets sun play on her back

3 But, Danielle wants to tan evenly so she turns over and does a stretch on her back

4 Now, well done on both sides, Danielle salutes old Sol and says thanks old fellow

5 But, not satisfied with her tanning, Danielle changes into a slack suit and comes back for more. She brings her script so the sun can help her with her lines

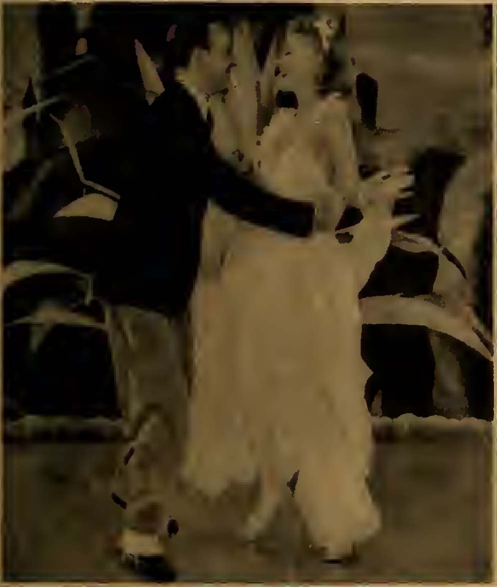
6 After day's done and Danielle's all done in she dons a house coat. Then drops into an easy chair. And then the sandman sneaks up on her with a dose of shut-eye

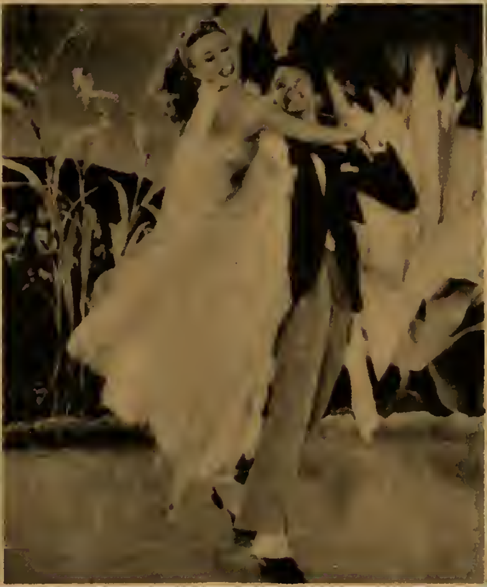
7 And so, refreshed from her snooze and rarin' to go, Danielle and hubby, Henry Decoin, repair to Victor Hugo where they put on the feed bag and have a jolly time

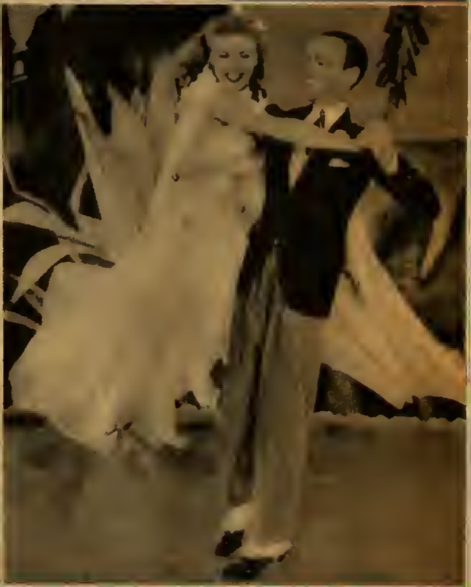
DREAMING IT UP

1 Fred Astaire, left, walks to the *Carefree* set where he'll change into dance togs and step that new Dream Number with Ginger Rogers

2 Meanwhile, Ginger goes through a breakfast scene before starting new dance numbers with Fred — all of which you'll see in *Carefree*







3 So Fred and Ginger start first steps of *Carefree's* Dream Number

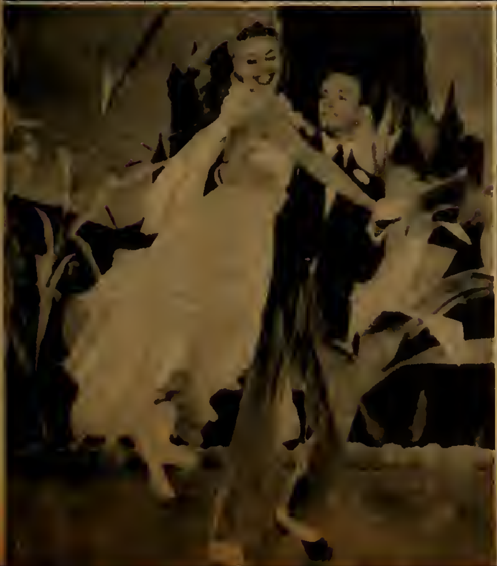
4 As they glide or swing into it Fred lifts Ginger off her feet

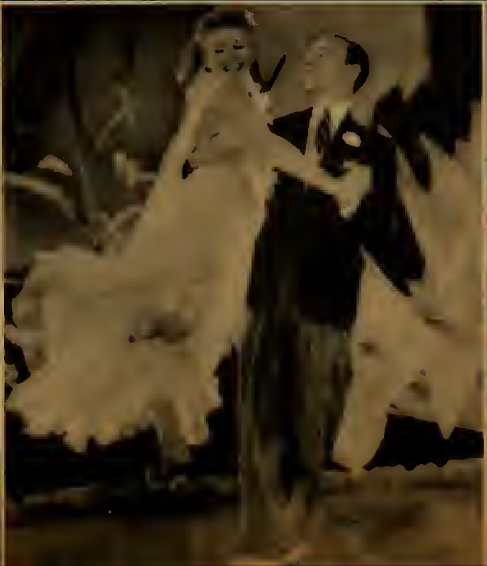
5 Ginger is now going up like an elevator in this sensational dance

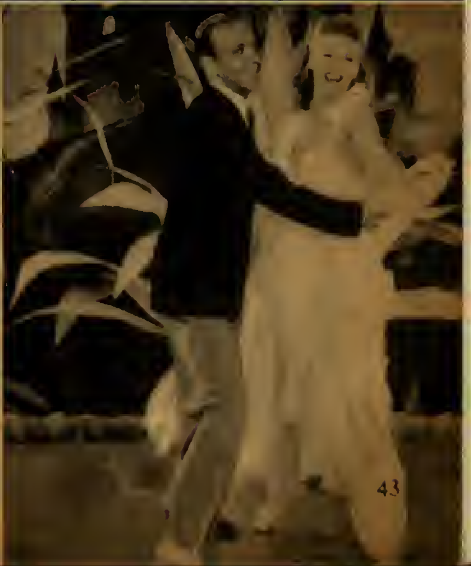
6 And here Ginger takes off—with Fred about to go into a whirl

7 Ginger is still swinging high but in perfect poetry of motion

8 Ginger comes down opposite Fred and they glide into a waltz



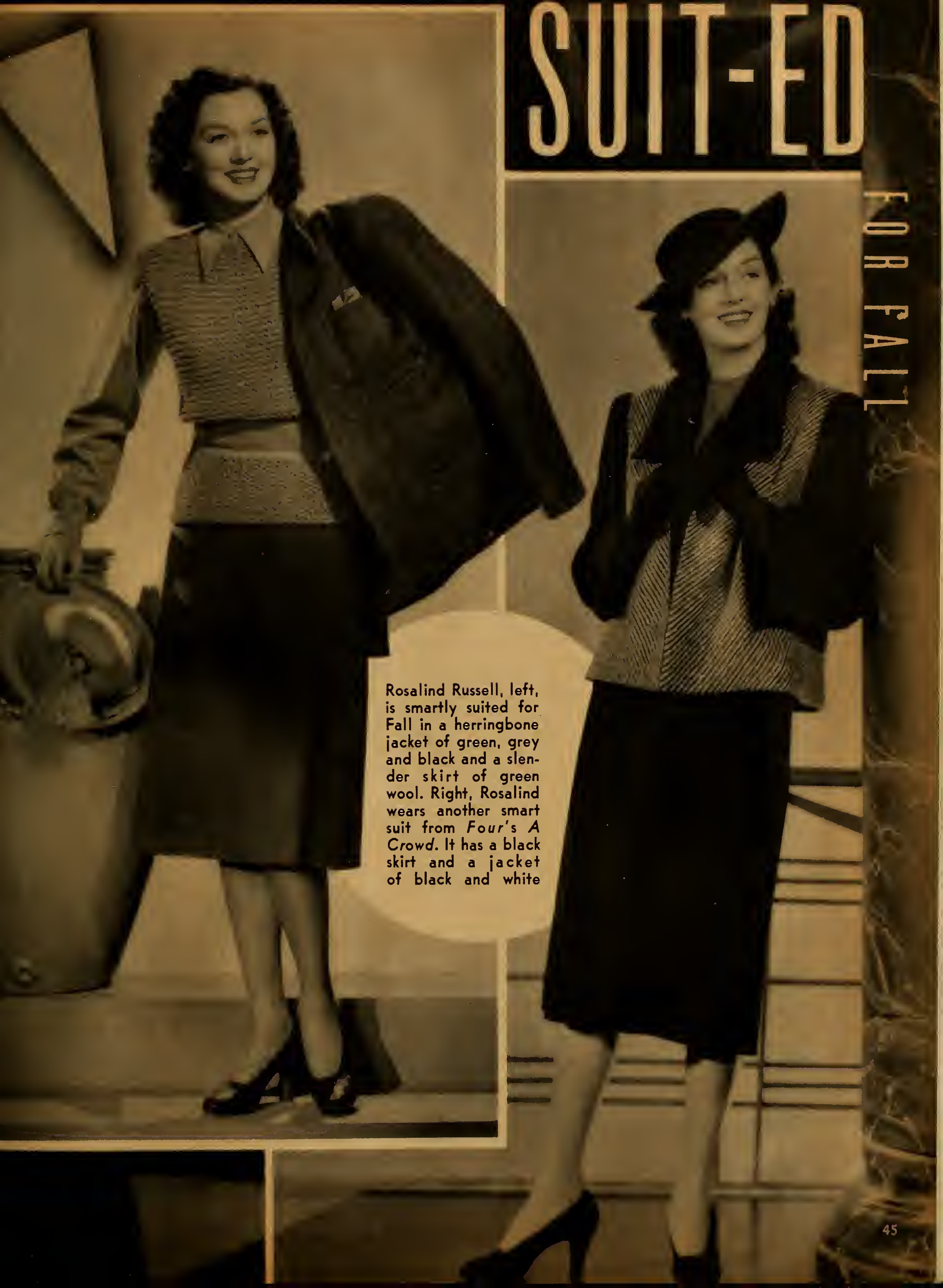




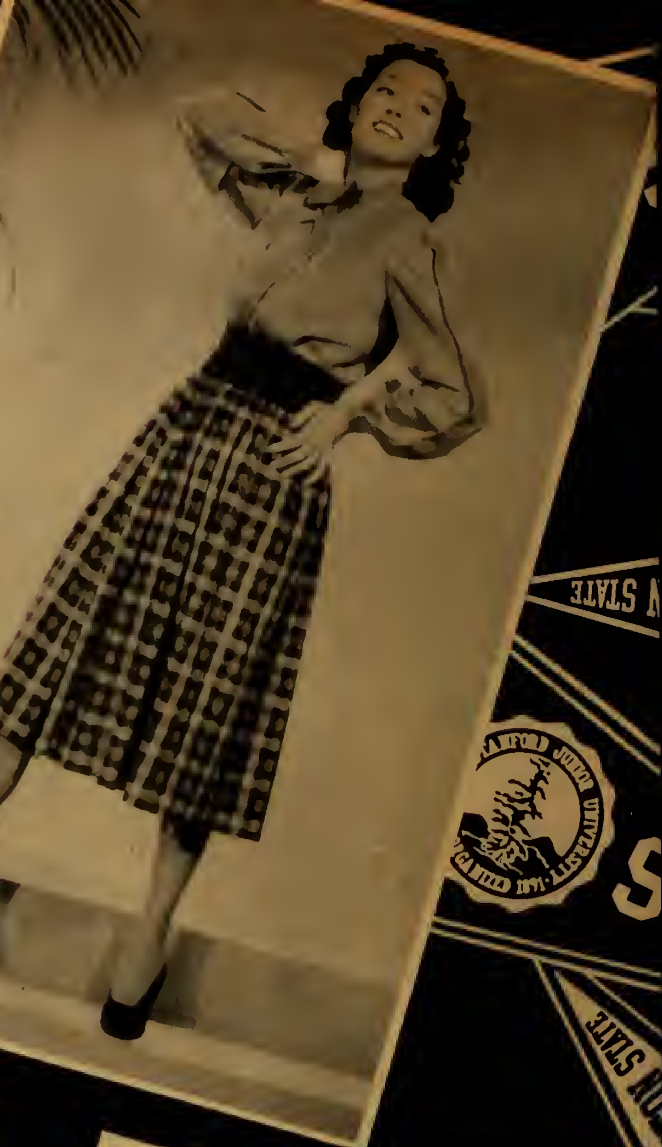
"YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN WE ARE, SERGEANT DOUG!"

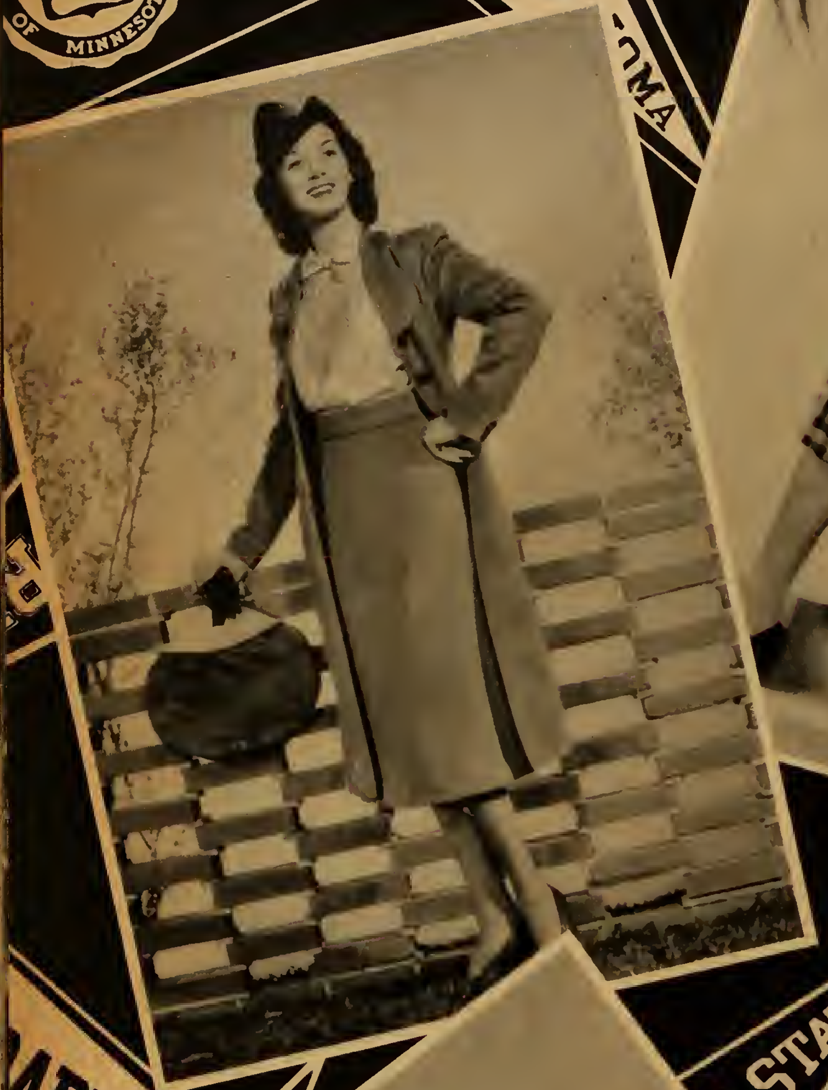
Kipling's famous ballad, *Gunga Din*, is being made into a big movie. 'Ere are Sergeants Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen wonderin' 'ow Sergeant Doug stole Joan Fontaine. From the look on Cary's face he might be saying: "No girl in Injia is safe from that blighter," and Vic might be muttering: "Look hat 'im now, doesn't 'e think 'e's the one." Yes, Doug sure looks like the better man

SUIT-ED FOR FALL

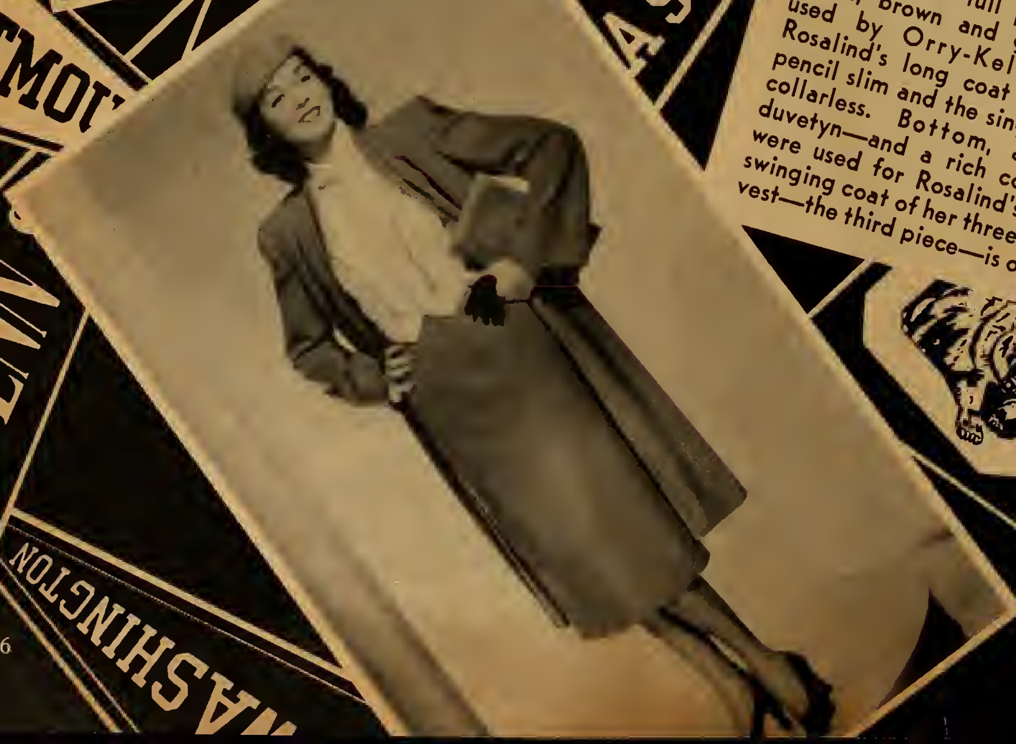


Rosalind Russell, left, is smartly suited for Fall in a herringbone jacket of green, grey and black and a slender skirt of green wool. Right, Rosalind wears another smart suit from *Four's A Crowd.* It has a black skirt and a jacket of black and white

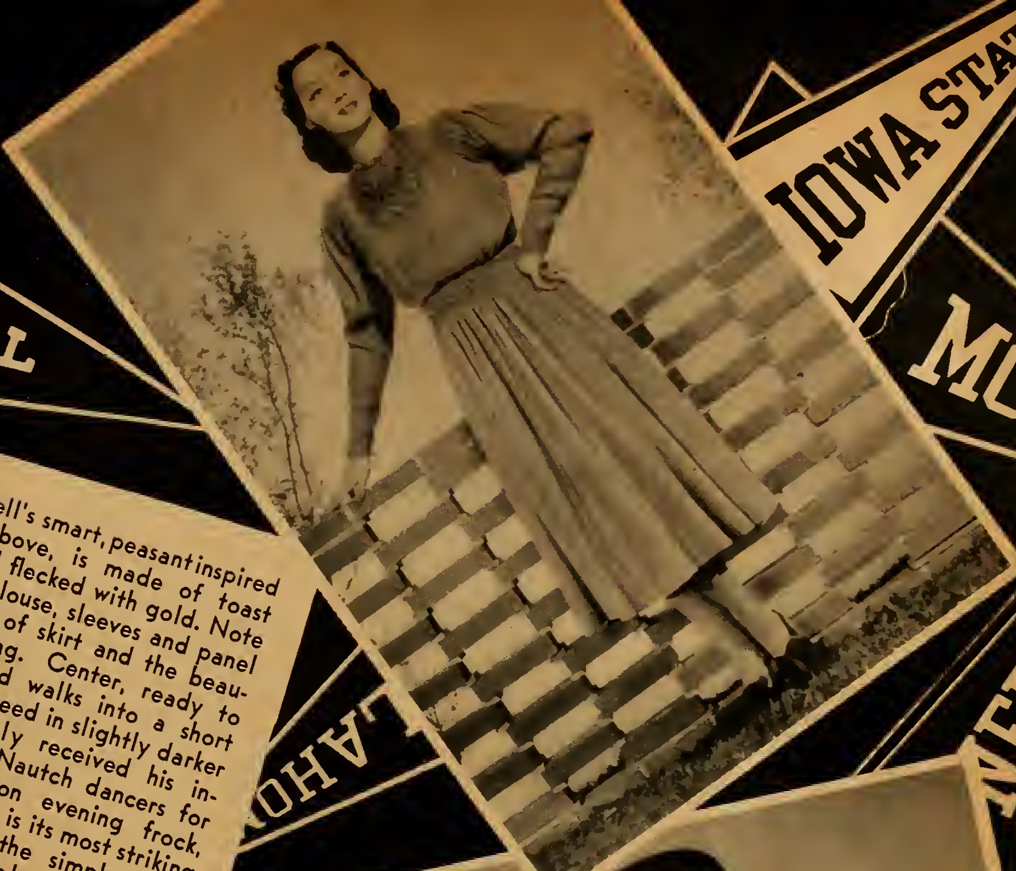


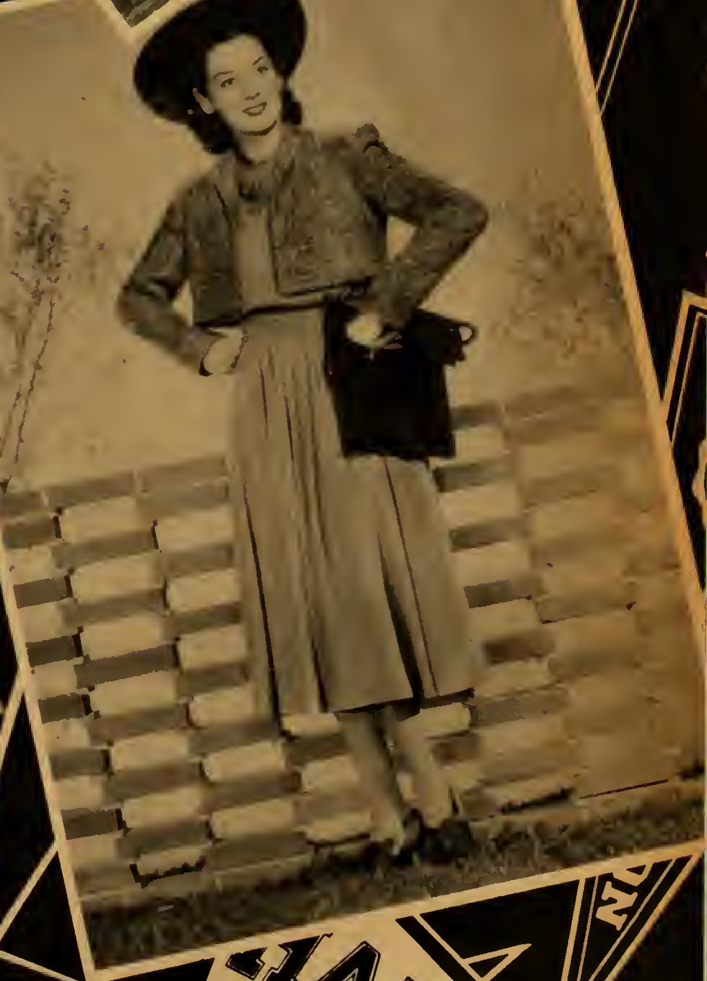


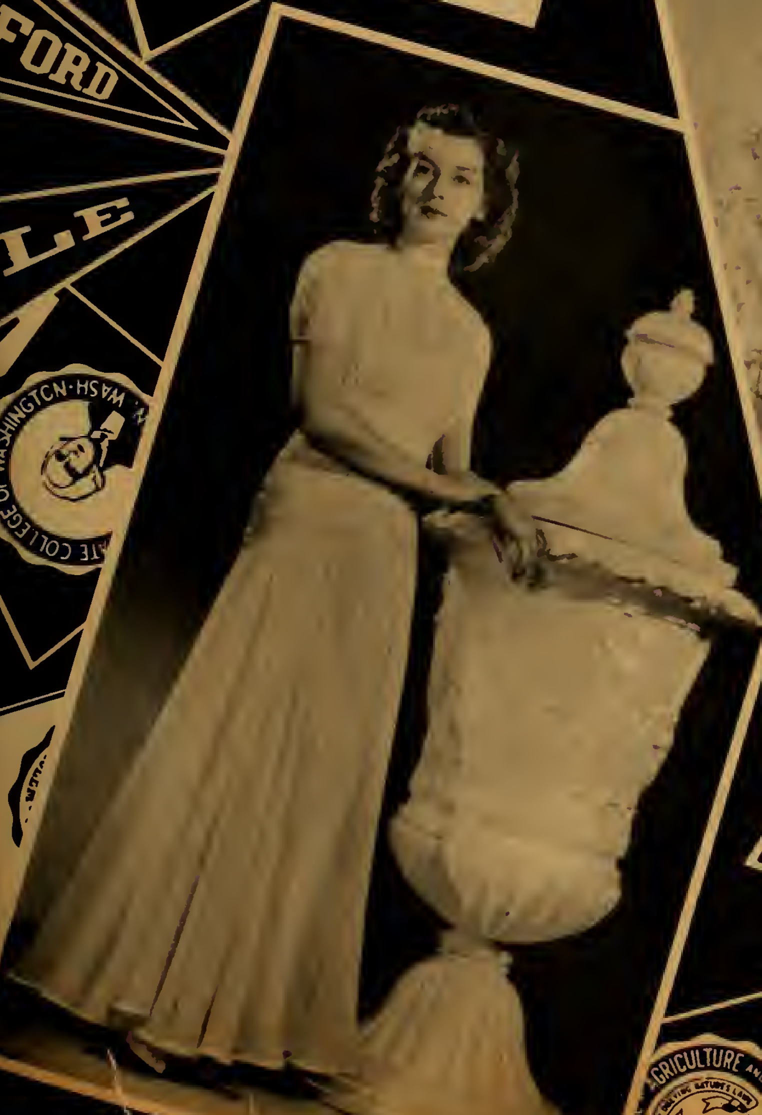
Above, Rosalind Russell expresses the gay spirit of her wool plaid shirtwaist frock. Special virtues are the large pleats in the stone grey shirt—also the rose grosgrain tie collar. A wide navy suede belt tops the full plaid skirt. Center, green, brown and grey whipcord was used by Orry-Kelly for fashioning Rosalind's long coat suit. The skirt is pencil slim and the single breasted coat collarless. Bottom, a rich fabric—duvetyn—and a rich color—caramel—were used for Rosalind's slim skirt and swinging coat of her three piece suit. The vest—the third piece—is of silk and wool



Rosalind Russell's smart, peasant-inspired wool frock, above, is made of toast and beige wool flecked with gold. Note the fullness of blouse, sleeves and panel across the front of skirt and the beautiful handsmocking. Center, ready to walk out, Rosalind walks into a short bolero jacket of tweed in slightly darker shades. Orry-Kelly received his inspiration from the Nautch dancers for Rozzie's white chiffon evening frock, bottom. Its simplicity is its most striking charm. Emphasizing the simple note, Rosalind's only jewelry are pearls







GORGEOUS KORJUS

By LEON SURMELIAN

A STAR FROM POLAND WITH A GREAT VOICE — THAT'S MILIZA KORJUS WHO MAKES HER DEBUT IN *THE GREAT WALTZ*. HERE'S HER VERY FIRST INTERVIEW

IN HEDY LAMARR and Miliza Korjus M-G-M has two exotic stars in the making. You already read about Hedy in this magazine and no doubt have seen her in *Algiers*. Now meet Miliza who is making her cinematic debut in *The Great Waltz*. Currently this young lady has the whole studio at her feet. She is the chief topic of conversation whenever our village prophets gather, and the astute Metro moguls are sitting back in their swivel chairs and grinning knowingly, confident that they will spring on the cinema audience the most sensational singing ever recorded on celluloid.

You may have read how Irving Thalberg listened in his office to a record played in a recording room in Europe—sat entranced by a woman's voice that traveled thousands of miles over the airwaves and poured into his office like an ethereal cascade of rapid-fire thrills and flute-like notes, the most glorious and effortless singing he had ever heard. Cables buzzed back and forth across the Atlantic, and he signed her to a contract and brought her over to Hollywood sight unseen.

That was about two years ago, two years of intense study and preparation for Miliza, although Hollywood was hardly aware of her existence until she was given the role of *Carlotta* in *The Great Waltz*, an elaborate musical based on the life and loves of Johann Strauss, played by Fernand Gravet. He has a devoted wife (Luise Rainer) but is enamored by the dashing operatic beauty, *Carlotta*.

The largest sound stage in the studio was "dressed up" as a casino, with multicolored lanterns festooned across real trees and old-fashioned lamps glowing on the tables, as I was led to the set where Miss Korjus was singing and dancing with Gravet. An all-girl orchestra played in the pavilion, and there were bevies of hippy frauleins in billowy skirts. This is glamor indeed, I reflected. I might have been in the Vienna of the Hapsburgs. But it was the Korjus voice that held me spellbound—not to mention her eye-filling looks. She wore a white organdie dress with a bouffant skirt and a white picture hat with ostrich feathers. Cinematic love shone in her almond blue eyes and she favored Gravet with dazzling smiles as they danced around, the camera and "mike" following them. Presently, she sounded as if she were ready to dash a champagne glass against the floor and bending backward flourished her hat, letting her blonde hair fly. It was a magnificent gesture, repeated several times until Director Julien Duvivier (from France) and Mme. Albertina Rasch were satisfied. Miliza then retired to her portable dressing-room, pursued by a hairdresser, a make-up man, a member of the publicity department and your reporter.

She is a statuesque [*Continued on page 82*]

LUCKY IN LOVE

Back on page 36 you find that David Niven is unlucky in love, but then he isn't playing France's scapegrace poet, *Francois Villon.* That's Ronald Colman's job in *If I Were King*—with Frances Dee as his big light o' love. When *Villon* went a-courtin', girls forgot their mad money, didn't walk home

KING OF THE HOSS OPERAS

NO "BOX-OFFICE POISON" TALK ABOUT ROOTIN', TOOTIN', COWPOKE GENE AUTRY. MILLIONS OF FANS ACCLAIM HIM TOPS

By
E. J. SMITHSON

Gene Autry's horse, "Champ," is almost as popular with fans as Gene himself. He's the most spoiled horse in films!

HIS fan mail averages pretty close to four thousand letters a month! He's a star in motion pictures, a star on the radio, a composer of ballads that sell into the millions, and in every official check-up and poll, you'll find his name among the first ten box-office favorites! He's every inch a king of the horse operas and so very much so that right now first-run theatres are fighting one another for the honor—and profit—of showing his pictures! He's Gene Autry, the rootin', tootin', shootin', croonin' cowhand from Tioga, Texas, and he's been riding high, wide, and handsome ever since his pappy lifted him into a saddle at the tender age of three

"I wasn't born with the proverbial silver spoon in my mouth," the soft-voiced, sun-tanned Texan confesses, "but I was almost born in a saddle! Anyway, I lived in a saddle instead of a cradle and got so I could stick on without being strapped on. When I was old enough, father let me help him drive cattle to the railroad station when shipping time came around, and after the longhorns were in the pens, I'd sort of wander over to the station and watch the telegraph operator. Shucks, it wasn't no time at all before I could work the telegraph key good enough to send and receive messages—and so, when I got to be seventeen, I slid off my saddle and wrangled me a job as a telegraph operator for the Frisco Railroad in Ravia, Oklahoma."

Well, shucks, you know how it is in a little range town. Everybody has time on his or her hands. And that's the way it was with Gene. His hours were lonely ones as he worked from midnight until eight o'clock in the morning. So, with not much to do and all the time in the world to do it in, he side-tracked his dots and dashes and began to write music. He even went so far as to buy a saxophone, but he couldn't play and sing at the same time so he sold the sax and bought himself a guitar.

"I wrote music," he says, "and played and sang to myself or anyone who happened to drop in. Somebody in Ravia must have complained because it wasn't long after I took up the guitar that the railroad company transferred me to Salpulpa, thirteen miles from Tulsa, where I stayed until the 1929 depression came along. Somebody must have complained in Sadpulpa, too, because I hadn't no more than plucked a few major and minor chords on the guitar than the railroad up and fired me. But shucks, that didn't bother me none. I picked up a few jobs here

[*Continued on page* 80]

Men Fall HARD and FAST for Her...

—she keeps skin thrilling

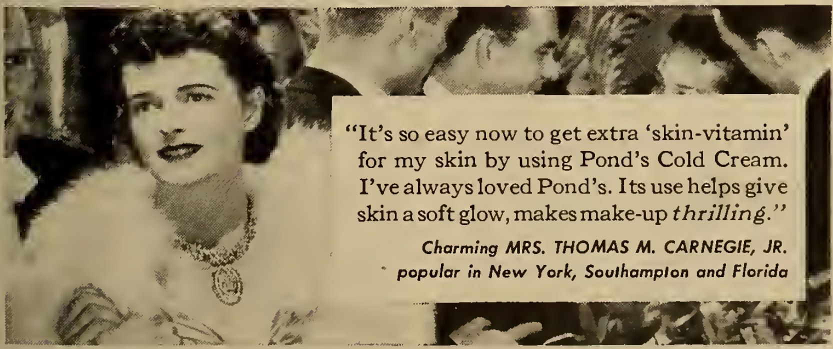
Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into your skin — Get Wise to TODAY'S EXTRA BEAUTY CARE*

Every Girl Strives to Keep skin soft—thrilling. Today's smart women give their skin extra beauty care. They cream in extra "skin-vitamin"—with Pond's Cold Cream. (*above*) **Miss Camilla Morgan,** active member of the younger set, snapped at Newark Airport.

Glamorous Whitney Bourne, Society Beauty who has chosen the movies for her career, snapped with friends at Hollywood's Brown Derby . . . "I believe in Pond's extra 'skin-vitamin' beauty care," she says. "I use Pond's every day."

All Normal Skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." Without this vitamin, skin becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored to the skin, it becomes smooth and healthy again.

- ● In hospitals, doctors found this vitamin, applied to wounds and burns, healed skin quicker.
- ● Use Pond's as always, night and morning and before make-up. If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an extra supply against possible future need. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"It's so easy now to get extra 'skin-vitamin' for my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream. I've always loved Pond's. Its use helps give skin a soft glow, makes make-up *thrilling.*"

Charming MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR. popular in New York, Southampton and Florida

AMAZING POND'S OFFER

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder . . . BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY—GET YOUR PACKAGE TODAY!

AMAZING POND'S OFFER
BOTH
POND'S
Cold Cream for Cleansing

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

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Super-Super

■ Here's what all the ballyhoo about Joan Crawford's operatic singing voice is leading up to: A super-super-super musical, co-starring Joan with Nelson Eddy! That's M-G-M's sub rosa plan, according to the very insidest Talk of Hollywood. Don't be surprised if, within the next few weeks or so, the proposition is officially announced. . . .

Meantime, the press-agenting of Joan's vocal cords goes merrily on. Latest revelation is to the effect that E. R. Lewis, assistant general boss of the Metropolitan Opera, listened to Joan do a duet with noted tenor John Carter, the other day, and then rapturously exclaimed: "Miss Crawford is definite operatic material!"

Fire Hazard

■ Charlie McCarthy, GAG-of-the-MONTH—said wisecracker Jimmy Starr:

The insurance company won't renew the policy on Charlie McCarthy, because he's been carrying the torch for so many Hollywood glamor gals that he's too much of a fire hazard!

Back to Soil Movement

■ Is the end of Mary Pickford's career to be a midwestern farm? Take it from Mary herself, that's the probability!

"As soon as things are more settled," Mary popped off to a friend the other day, "Buddy and I are going to get us a farm in Kansas. Buddy comes from the Middle-West, and he's proud of the hayseed in his hair . . . !"

Mary isn't keen on ever making another movie. She doesn't like the roles they're offering. "She was offered the role of an old lady recently," explained Rogers, "but we don't li—we don't feel people would like that."

For Sale

■ There's a FOR SALE sign on the big house atop the Beverly Hills hilltop, where John Barrymore and Dolores Costello lived their married life together.

The "sweetheart team" of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald is back again saying it with love and voices in Vic. Herbert's operetta *Sweethearts*

Bearing a strong resemblance to Dorothy and Lillian Gish in features and expression is French actress Corinne Luchaire—under contract to London Films. And appearing in *Prison Without Bars.* Wonder if Hollywood is cabling "come on over"

June Lang has put away her shorts for the Fall. When she puts them on you recall TWO very good reasons why she's a favorite of sculptors. She's seen next in *Meet The Girls*

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Mammy's Tip Gives Pappy a Pip

■ If you're one of the many who have rocked and howled and roared through the grand old slapstick stuff in Harold Lloyd's new comedy, it may interest you to know that it was Harold's wife, Mildred, who's responsible for the sort of fun in the film. Harold was on the verge of trying a "sophisticated" comedy when Mildred put in: "Go hit a big guy." He took the tip—heaven be thanked!

Taking It Easy

■ Barbara Stanwyck has to be the laziest star in Hollywood for a while—on her doctors' orders! While other stars work hard at gymnasium stunts, riding and every other sort of exercise to keep in trim and low weight, Barbara will have to rest. Reason: several years ago, she fell from a horse, suffered a back injury. Doctors told her to forego strenuous exercise with the exception of swimming.

Paulette Goddard takes her first speaking part in *The Young In Heart*—her first, too, without Chaplin's management. In fact she and Charlie are getting along without each other's company, on sets or off. Neither has yet said "we're just good frans"

A Mad and Red Face

■ Giggle of the month at young love's expense was that over the Mary Carlisle-Jimmy Blakely date that went hay-wire. Jimmy was to pick up Mary in front of Paramount studios. He showed up on time—but it was 40 minutes later when Mary finally appeared. Explanation: In a hurry to meet Jimmy, Mary short-cutted through the publicity offices to the outside, but found the outside gate locked, it being after 6. She tried to return—but found that the trick electric lock on the door behind her had snapped shut, too.

There she was, trapped between two locked doors.

And it wasn't until forty minutes had passed that a studio watchman found her and released her.

Was Jimmy mad?

And was Mary's face red?

Corrigan Flip

■ DRINK - of - the - MONTH along Hollywood's nite-club row is the newly-devised "Corrigan Flip"

Two drinks, and you don't know where you're gonna land! Better take your compass along.

Keep Out of Salt Water

■ Errol Flynn's a mite worried about his hair. It's falling out a bit. He doesn't want to join the brigade of Hollywood he-stars who have to wear hair-pieces for the camera (never mind who!) so he's having scalp treatments regularly.

Doesn't Need Lessons

■ Latest sports-events in Hollywood was Robert Montgomery's hole-in-one.

Playing in a foursome with Franchot Tone, Dick Thorpe and Bill Daniels, Bob drove one—it hit a tree, bounded back to the green, caromed off a caddy's foot—rolled into the cup!

Other Hollywood hole-in-oners include Irene Dunne.

When Fredric March and Virginia Bruce look into each other's eyes in *There Goes My Heart*, they register the full romantic flavor of the title

There are girls who have legs and girls who have Beautiful Legs. And those supporting Carole Landis are not the type to be hidden from sight. Nice to be supported like that

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

No Hisses for C. B.

■ Cecil De Mille has been clearing his week-end ranch of rattlesnakes, which have been infesting it.

Hollywood wisecrackers didn't overlook the opportunity. The story is that one guy asked another if Cecil was afraid the snakes would bite him.

"Bite him? Hell, no," replied the other. "He was afraid they'd HISS him!"

Piping Alice Down

■ Alice Faye's face is scarlet. Seems she went to a neighborhood movie the other day, to see one of her own films. Unwittingly, she began humming the tune that Alice Faye was singing from the screen. She felt a tap on her shoulder. The man behind her leaned forward: "Miss," he said, "would ya mind not doin' that? I can't hear Alice Faye singing if you're gonna do it, too!" Alice snuck out!

Because of a fine performance in *Four Daughters*, Warners gave Priscilla Lane a trip to New York City. When nite-club bands played *Flat Foot Floogie* she nearly became a jitterbug

Barbara Stanwyck, who has her own stable, and son Dion, spend the star's offscreen hours riding their favorite mounts. Note identical trousers worn by mother and son

The biggest sensation is John Garfield, lately from the N. Y. stage where he scored in *Golden Boy*. He's in *Four Daughters* and *Blackwell's Island*. Move over Bob and Ty. Give him room

Visiting Firemen

■ When firemen hurried to Virginia Fields' house to put out a fire that started while she was cooking steak-and-kidney pies for some guests, Virginia invited them to stay for dinner themselves.

And they did!

Attention Britishers!

■ Despite all the ballyhoo and woof-woof that happened during Shirley Temples' just-finished American tour, the plans go merrily ahead for next year's vacation for the little star. This time, Shirley is going to do a trip which her mother and father have been planning for her for more than two years—a visit and tour of the British Isles.

Not to miss any publicity value, 20th Century-Fox has let it be known that the tour will immediately follow Shirley's starring in the old British novel *Lady Jane,* by Mrs. C. V. Jamison.

Rib

■ Ronald Colman came to one of those studio press questionnaire questions: "What would you do if you couldn't play any more in pictures?"

Wrote Ronnie: "Starve."

Temperament and Tact

■ Claudette Colbert still gets a giggle out of contrasting the reactions of two European gals, each of whom she replaced in a movie role. Long ago, Claudette (herself quite French) took Simone Simon's spot in *Under Two Flags.* Simone got so pouty mad about it she didn't speak to Claudette for months!

Now Claudette has had to take Isa Miranda's role in *Zaza.* But the Miranda—who had to give up the role because her English was still a flop!—didn't take it like Simone did. Instead,

[*Continued on page* 56]

Norma Shearer came on to NYC for premiere of *Marie Antoinette* wearing a 3-foot wide straw hat when she stepped off the train. Here she wears a garden variety of hat in her yard —and helps save Kitty's complexion

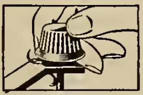
I WISH WE'D BOUGHT A **DUO-THERM**- IT'S A BEAUTIFUL HEATER!
IT USES LESS OIL- AND WE CAN REGULATE IT TO GET JUST THE HEAT WE WANT!

ENJOY THE GREATER COMFORT THIS NEW TYPE HEATER GIVES YOU!

NO NEED to put up with heat you can't regulate this winter! And when you burn cheap fuel oil in the new Duo-Therm heater, you needn't fuss with ashes, soot or dirt!

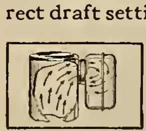
An utterly new type of heater! The new Duo-Therm "Imperial"* is lower—keeps heat down where you need it—keeps floors warmer. Heats every room in the house more evenly, more uniformly than a heater ever could before!

Brilliant new beauty! The lower, more modern and compact design makes the new "Imperial" the handsomest heater ever created—and one that's easily installed in any fireplace! The rounded corners and glossy new Golden Fleck enamel are easy to polish and keep clean!



Heat that's always "just right"! When it's bitter cold, turn the dial of your Duo-Therm and get plenty of moist, healthful heat! But on mild days, you can turn it down to a "candle flame"—get just enough heat to take the chill off!

More heat per gallon! Duo-Therm's patented Dual Chamber burner gives you more heat per gallon. Always burns cleanly, silently, from pilot light to full flame. It saves oil! And Duo-Therm's Co-ordinated Controls insure correct draft settings and perfect combustion!



Less chimney waste! Duo-Therm's "Floating Flame" doesn't rush up the chimney! It "floats" against the sides of the heater. Like Duo-Therm's special "Waste-Stopper," it forces more heat out into the room—saves you oil.

Safe! Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.

Mail the coupon now! Get all the amazing facts about this new heater! Nine models, two beautiful finishes, designed to heat from one to six rooms. See your Duo-Therm dealer—or write us.

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Easy payments—ask your dealer!

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5 WAYS
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Irene Rich retired from the screen several years ago and became a radio personality, now stages a come-back as Deanna Durbin's mother in *That Certain Age*

Jack Oakie has been keeping a secret from you all these years. Bet you didn't know he's a dog fancier. Here's proof as he poses four Afghans from India. Being doggie, he discards sweaters

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 54]

Isa sent Claudette a great bouquet of roses—and a note, wishing her the best of luck in the role!

Ay Tank I Get Anodder

■ Wonder how Garbo feels about the fact that Janet Gaynor is using Greta's dressing-room at M-G-M?

Giving Dad the Works

■ Most active picture Spencer Tracy ever has played in is now being filmed. Producer, cameraman and author is Spence's son, John. Spencer has thirty different roles to play! Mrs. Tracy has 15 roles. John modest, plays only one part himself. John is cameraman, too—shooting the story with the 16-mm. movie camera his dad recently gave him.

Like Being in School

■ Most amazing idea of the month, as submitted in a letter to the Hays office: —that all movie theatres should be compelled by law to segregate the women and men in the audience; women on one side, men on the other, and a wide aisle between them!

But actually!

Coupla Business Men

■ Newest business ventures in Hollywood include Charlie Chaplin's plan to build the first all-newsreel theatre on the Boulevard; and Bill Robinson's announcement that, tired of giving free tap lessons, he's going to open a tap-dancing school.

[*Continued on page 77*]

A human five-decker "layer cake" of Marxes, Lucille Ball and Ann Miller, offer a palatable piece in *Room Service*. The top "frosting" is Harpo, which makes it "golden layer"

Like Laughton in physical make-up and talent is Englishman, Robert Morley—imported to play Louis XVI for *Marie Antoinette. What characterization!* Approving the guillotine as humanitarian, he finally dies on it

You ..made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

MASCULINE HEARTS skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This ***DAILY*** chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator ***TRAVIS BANTON*** design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star ***CLAUDETTE COLBERT*** models, *left*. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing ***SIMPLICITY*** Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious *DOUBLE MINT GUM* is satisfying. It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, helps give you a pleasant breath. Sold everywhere. Buy some today.

S-178

PICK-UPS WITHOUT LET-DOWNS

By

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE WITH THESE HOT, STIMULATING DRINKS THAT PICK-YOU-UP WITHOUT THAT "TOMORROW" FEELING

Top, A mug of cocoa or cereal drink for the younger generation
Above, An elegant tea-tray bearing pick-ups without let-downs

CHILLY? Tired? Soaked by Fall rains? What is needed is a quick "pick-up" which leaves no "let-down."

Every hostess finds, at the outset of bad weather, that there arises an almost automatic need for hot, stimulating and invigorating beverages. Not only does this cover the usual excellent drinks, tea and coffee, but it goes wider afield to include cocoa, cereal beverages, malted milk, and other popular beverages specially designed for children and the convalescent.

The habit of taking a cup of afternoon tea, around the 3 P. M. "zero hour," has much to commend it, and has long been a practice by some of the "he-men" among motion picture stars. On location, on the lot, resting between shots, there's nothing more invigorating than to pause for a refreshing pick-up in the shape of a steaming, fragrant cup of tea. The most charming women stars, too, will be found with a tea-cup and lemon slice, while waiting to have a stray hair put in place before their next walk-on.

Similarly it's the sensible thing for the woman at home to brew herself a tonic cup of tea to help remove the day's fatigue before she begins work on her evening dinner. Or, if she expects friends to drop in, what more hospitable than to have in readiness an attractively set tea-tray with all the fixings? [*Continued on page* 84]

Left, A variety of coffee-making devices for your favorite brew. Above, The new glass double-boiler is excellent for making cocoa. Top, A cocoa or malted drink is ideal for the convalescent's tray

Hollywood's
Trick Parties

HAVE you a fence that needs painting? Consider, then, the technique of Smiley Burnette and his wife, Dallas. Seems the Burnettes had a fence around their place that required extensive whitewashing. They didn't feel like doing it themselves. "And why should we hire painters when we can get movie stars to do the job?" they reasoned . . . So—the Burnettes took a small brush and a can of paint and painted on the fence such crude legends as: "JOAN WOODBURY'S A SISSY!" and "RECALL MAYOR HUGH HERBERT!" . . . Then they invited Herbert, and Joan and other guests (about whom they'd also scrawled messages on the wall) to a party. Soon as the guests arrived, they were shown the uncomplimentary fence messages. Then they were each given a huge pail of whitewash and a great brush and a pair of old overalls. Result: in less than no time at all, the Burnette fence was neatly whitewashed. True, the Burnettes had the good grace to admit that they were indebted to Mark Twain (a la *Huckleberry Finn*) for the original idea. Besides Herbert and La Woodbury, fence-painting guests included Merna Kennedy, Roy Rogers. Of course, the Burnettes DID feed their un-hired help!

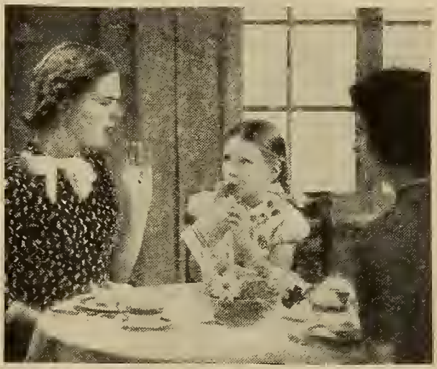
INCOGNITO-Party-of-the-Month: The Palomar is one of Los Angeles-and-Hollywood's biggest dime-a-dance places. Every night, the shopgals and the auto mechanics and the boys and gals of town crowd its huge floor, dance its swing tunes and dream of the movie stars they'd like to meet. So the other night, in a burst of something or other, Movie Stars Hedy Lamarr, Reginald Gardiner. Merle Oberon and George Brent (who constitute the merriest foursome about town these nights!) went to the Palomar, spent several hours there, right in the thick of the crowd, dancing and enjoying themselves. And believe it or not, not a one of the hundreds of youths and misses who packed the huge popular dance-hall recognized the movie stars in person . . . ! ! ! Something along the same line was the Ocean Park Fun Zone party that dragged Jean Parker, Frances Robinson, George McDonald, John Carroll and the Bud Schulbergs to the beach resort, the other hot night. They chug-chugged down in an old station wagon, did the Fun Zone (which at Ocean Park is a giant pier extending out over the Pacific) for hours. Highlight of the tour came when the sextette swooped down on a hot-dog stand for eats and drinks. Jean and Frances took their dogs and pop outside, sat down on piles of newspapers they found there. Out bustled the proprietor. "Hey, youse gals! Youse can't sit there. Them there papers is fer sale, not fer sittin' . . . !" "Betcha we can sit here if we SELL the papers." came-back Jean. And forthwith, she and Frances went into a newsboy act—ballyhooed the headlines, clowned the stunt so that the crowd, recognizing them, quickly bought up the entire piles of papers as souvenirs of the stunt. Only trouble was that after that, Jean and Frances had no piles of paper to sit on. But anyway, the proprietor of the joint "set 'em up" himself for the next round of hamburgers and pop.

ALL-DAY Party was that which brought together a gang of Hollywood's topflight biggies at the Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald menage for breakfast, cooked by the dainty hands of Jeanette herself. Waffles were her contribution. While the guests were digesting them, Jeanette did a quick-change from cook to entertainer, teamed with Irene Dunne, sang a series of songs for her guests. From there, they adjourned to Santa Monica, where the gang went in for beach sports (this being one of those late-summer hot days) in a big way, and incidentally staged a mammoth handball tourney between teams they dubbed "The Santa Monica Strollers" and the "Hermosa Hellions." Oliver Hardy was supposed to give a silver cup to the winning team, but nobody ever found out who won. Partiers included the Fredric Marchs, Patsy Kelly, the Alan Mowbrays, others. . . . Tip to Hollywood visitors who want to see the stars at something unusual: Latest party-idea for a group of feminine movie stars is skeet-shooting (which is another form of trap-shooting, in case you don't recognize the term). Scene of their shooting is the Santa Monica Gun Club. Prominent skeet-shooters include Carole Lombard, Dolores Del Rio, Lili Damita, Gary Cooper's wife, Sandra. Carole is supposed to be the champ, with a record of 23 hits out of 25 birds.

FROM that extreme to another—Between-takes pastime in Hollywood sound stages has long been the business of knitting. But now the gals have taken their knitting into their night life . . . and odd as it may seem, just the other night at the Trocadero, there were Mrs. Norman Foster, Mrs. Ray Milland, Joan Crawford, Mrs. George Murphy and Mrs. John Beal—all knitting furiously away at things like sox and sweaters, while their husbands (those that were present, I mean) attended to such more social pastimes as talking and drinking . . . Greatest Kid Party of the month was the one at which Joan Benny (Jack's li'l gal) hostessed 50 of Hollywood's foremost tots for her fourth birthday.

MOM WAS SO MAD, SHE JUST FLEW FOR THE HAIRBRUSH

1. I said somethin' a couple of weeks ago that made Mom so hopping mad, I almost caught a licking.



2. We were at Aunt Lola's and I piped up: "Gee, Mom, look at how white this napkin is! *Our* things must have tattle-tale gray or somethin' 'cause they never shine like *this*." . . . Zowie! Mom flew for the hairbrush.

3. But lucky for me, Aunt Lola stopped her. "It's the truth, so why get angry?" she told Mom. "Your lazy soap leaves dirt behind. If you'd switch to Fels-Naptha Soap as I did, your clothes *wouldn't* have tattle-tale gray."

4. So Mom forgot to spank me and went to the grocer's for some Fels-Naptha. This morning, she was raving about how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* wash clothes so white and nice. And, golly, if she didn't give me a quarter for a pony ride!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! WONDER FLAKES! TRY FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS, TOO!

A Lesson in Hand Righting

[*Continued from page* 8]

found that when the burning end is held up away from the hand the nicotine won't stain the fingers the way it would if I cupped the cigarette in my palm, held its burning end down."

Merle doesn't believe in babying her hands too much. Hands were meant to be used, and so she uses hers for golf, tennis or fishing. As a result, her hands have the natural grace and flexibility that comes with complete freedom.

The new fashion for long and brilliant fingernails is a "natural," Merle thinks. Mandarin length nails make even short and stubby fingers look slender and tapering, give added grace to well shaped fingers. Dark shades of nail polish make the hands look whiter, more fragile, by contrast.

"There are many exciting new shades of polish!" Merle exclaimed. "I like to change mine with the costume I'm wearing. A rust or russet shade goes nicely with brownish tweeds and sport clothes, a vivid wine contrasts with my favorite blacks and whites." That afternoon she was wearing a deep blue-red that harmonized with her beaver-trimmed dubonnet dress.

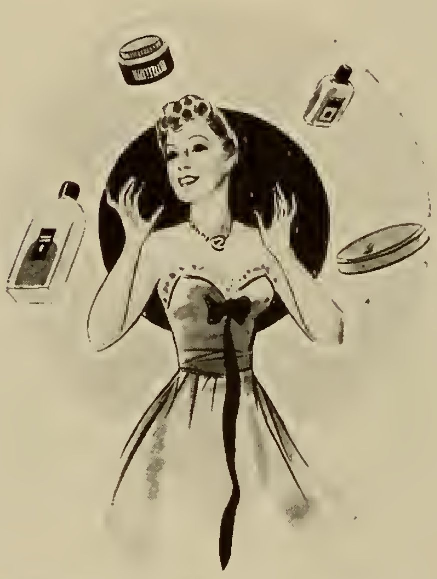
IF YOUR fingers are short, your hands square and stubby, why not follow the example of the glamor girls, and let your nails grow? Start by letting them grow out at the corners—so they'll have a better footing for that length. And don't file the ends in points—rounded ovals last longer, look smarter. Use one of the new polish bases to protect your nails from splitting or breaking. And be sure to cover the *whole nail* with your polish—except for a hairline at the tip. That will make the nails seem longer, hide their moonlessness—if that's one of your worries. The unlacquered hairline at the tip prevents the polish from chipping off there as it will if carried out to the end.

Right now I'm singing the praises of a grand new colorless polish foundation. This satiny smooth base goes on easily, dries rapidly, and fills in all the tiny ridges in your nail surface so that the polish itself goes on smoother, clings tighter, lasts longer. This cellophane-like sheath of the base forms a protective coating which helps keep nails from splitting, too. If you like, you may apply another coat of the foundation over your polish to give it added lustre and wear. A good-sized bottle of the clear liquid costs about 35 cents.

If you're fashion-right this Fall you're wearing cerise, teal blue, slate blue or boy blue as well as your favorite blacks. To go with these colors, I can recommend two muted mauve polishes from the same manufacturer. One is a trifle deeper than the other, so you can vary them for day and night, or with your mood. The trick with this polish, if you're out for long wear, is to protect it from hard knocks for the first hour after it's applied. Although the polish is dry to the touch at the end of two minutes, it goes on hardening underneath for about an hour. At the end of that time you can treat your nails as you will—the polish is practically enamelled on!

Are your nails the brittle kind that split off in layers? Have you been blaming your polish for that? You shouldn't. Instead, it's probably a deficiency in your system showing up in your nails. Merle told me that all movie stars drink plenty of milk for their nails' sake. Milk contains calcium, and that in turn helps to build up the nails. If milk is one of your pet hates, substitute cheese, particularly cottage-cheese, butter, oranges and lemons. These all contain Vitamin D—another protection against unhealthy nails.

BECAUSE Merle changes her polishes so often, she is very careful to use an oily polish remover and massage her cuticle each night with a cuticle cream or oil. This is a good tip for anyone who hankers to let her nails flourish. The bit of massage, together with the cream, stimulates the nail root to produce bigger and better nails. The cream itself lubricates the nail so it won't become brittle and keeps the cuticle pliable and free of hangnails. It's a good idea to keep a jar of cuticle cream on your bedside table so you can smooth it on, slip your hands into a pair of old gloves (to protect the sheets), and off to sleep almost without thinking. If your nails are the stubborn kind that need an extra push to get them started on the right track, keep another, and smaller jar of this brittle nail cream in your purse, in the office desk, for re-application during the day. Write me if you'd like the name of one that I've found works wonders.



Hands up to beauty with the aid of softening hand lotion, brittle nail cream, new nail polish base and a revolutionary new cake make-up for evening wear

If your hands are in water very much, or in hot water, the oils that keep the hands and fingernails soft and pliable will be washed away. Be careful to use only luke warm water when rinsing out your undies, washing the dishes, or scrubbing your grimy paws. And, of course, use a mild soap that will cleanse without irritating your tender skin. Bland soap flakes seem to me to be the solution for all kinds of laundering. Be sure to write me for the name of some tissue-thin soap flakes that are as kind and gentle to your hands (and your clothes) as they are quick acting. A handful of the pure-white flakes will make thick creamy suds in lukewarm water, and the cost is under a quarter for the largest size. Interested?

After your hands have been in water, pat them dry, then apply your hand lotion, smoothing it into the skin as though you were putting on a pair of new gloves, stroking the fingers until there isn't a drop of lotion left visible.

IF YOU have chapped, raw hands this winter, it's no one's fault but your own! There are many fine hand lotions and creams on the market, and they all do their job of keeping hands smooth and soft. One, in particular, seems to be a natural for cold weather. The lotion is quite thick in consistency, but a drop or two is enough to soften the average hand because the lotion spreads so fast. Don't let your use of the lotion end at the wrists, though. Apply some more to your forearms and elbows, and if you're wearing the new short-sleeved daytime frocks, or appearing in evening clothes, carry the lubrication up *above* the elbows. No more unsightly "goose bumples" for you! I'll be glad to send you the name of this far-reaching inexpensive and effective skin soother.

Merle advocates carrying hand care up and up. With the new dropped shoulder evening dresses there just isn't a line of demarcation between the face and the hands. If your face has a satin-smooth finish, so must your arms, shoulders and throat. Most movie stars, she told me, would no sooner think of appearing in evening dress without a powder lotion to give their arms and shoulders a finished appearance than you and I would dream of going without lipstick. There's a powder lotion from a Hollywood make-up house that blends into the skin, gives it a luscious creamy appearance. This finish harmonizes with facial make-up, and hides any change in complexion color that may exist between the face and arms. There are five shades to match your skin tone. The lotion won't rub off on your clothes, but stays safely in place until you remove it with soap and water. The price is about a dollar—write me today for the name.

Just room enough to tell you about something brand new in the make-up world. It's not a cream, not a lotion, but a solid make-up base, particularly good for evening wear. To apply it you moisten a sponge or bit of cotton and rub it over this "cake" of make-up until enough is absorbed to apply a thin film to the skin. Use it very sparingly, and be sure to blend it evenly and smoothly. You'll be excited at the glamorous effect you can get with this novel make-up. The stars who wore it in technicolor pictures (for which it was invented) swear by it—and so will you. There are six shades to harmonize with your party-going face and shoulders. To go under the make-up, there's a cream rouge—in four lovely shades. It's as permanent as the make-up, so you can go to parties without worrying during the evening about touching up your cheeks.

Write me immediately if you'd like the names of any of the products I've described in this article. I'll be glad to give you further details about them if your letter is postmarked not later than November 15th. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) envelope with your letter. My address is: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. I'll be expecting to hear from you!

"Career Is Not Enough!"

[*Continued from page 27*]

happened to mention one of the morning's headlines: the one that announced the sudden end of another Hollywood marriage. For the actress involved, it was Matrimonial Mishap No. 2.

Sympathetically, Loretta said, "She is, I think, the loneliest girl I know. She has worked so hard to make a success of her life—and has achieved so much as a star, and missed so much as a person. She has so little except her career. No other absorbing interests—especially now, with this marriage wrecked. No one to share her life, except servants. No one to work for but herself. No closely-bound family. No children. No friends even that she can be sure would still be friends if she faded into oblivion."

I nodded, but for the sake of hearing what Loretta would say, I suggested "Perhaps your sympathy is misplaced. Perhaps, as far as she's concerned, a career is enough."

Loretta shook her head. And what she said was: "No career is ever enough, for any woman."

"You're speaking from personal experience?" I asked her.

"Nothing else," she said, punctuating her answer with that effervescent Young smile.

"And what," I queried, "does a career girl need, besides a career?"

"Well," answered Loretta, still smiling, "for one thing—a complete private life.

"By that, I don't mean a private life completely isolated, completely apart from her work. That's something she can never have, even though she's a Garbo. What I do mean is a private life that would be complete even if she had no career. That's something she *can* have. And needs."

Soberly, seriously, Loretta explained, "A girl may fall in love with a career. That's very easy to do. A career is exciting, romantic, attractive. And, being in love with it, she may think of nothing else, dream of nothing else. But, sooner or later, the fact that she is a woman first, and an actress second, will catch up with her.

"She may be a sensational success, in the world's eyes. She may have fame and glamor and adulation, and everything else connected with stardom. But, in her own eyes, she is a colossal failure—if she has nothing in her private life to cherish above any of these things, nothing that matters more to her.

"What every woman knows, in her heart of hearts, is this: Only one thing on earth can give her happiness. That one thing isn't success. That one thing is understanding companionship.

"And that," added Loretta, significantly, "probably explains why so many actresses marry in haste and repent in Reno. Success isn't enough. Careers aren't enough. They feel this desperate need of understanding companionship—as women, not as actresses. And, once they do feel it, either consciously or sub-consciously, they can't remedy it soon enough. That's the trouble: they're over-anxious. In their hurry, they mistake what-seems-like-love for the real thing. Marriages end up as mirages. And careers, which might have been inspirations, end up as consolations."

PERHAPS she was thinking what I was thinking—that she had married impulsively in her teens, that the marriage had failed, and that, since then, she had concentrated on her career. Perhaps she felt

"If we were
Rolling
in wealth
we'd *still* travel
GREYHOUND!"
GREYHOUND LINES

(*even if it is the most economical way*)

"We're not swathed in mink or cluttered with diamonds—but if we were, we'd still do our traveling by Super-Coach. Greyhound gives us so many advantages we simply can't find elsewhere. The widest choice of routes, for instance—plus complete riding comfort—and the feeling that we're seeing the country intimately for the first time! Of course the fares are low—three miles of travel at the price of one by car. If a rich uncle left us a million, it might mean *more* trips for us—but they'd *all* be by Greyhound."

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN . . . . Washington Boulevard at Grand River
BOSTON, MASS. . . . . 60 Park Square
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI . . . . Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
CHARLESTON, W. VA., 155 Summers Street
CINCINNATI, OHIO . . 630 Walnut Street
FT. WORTH, TEX. . 905 Commerce Street
RICHMOND, VA. . 412 East Broad Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 509 Sixth Ave., N.
MEMPHIS, TENN. 527 North Main Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA., 400 N. Rampart St.
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that a bit of explanation might not be amiss.

"Now don't go jumping to wrong conclusions," she said, smiling again. "My career hasn't fitted into the 'consolation' category. I've had other things to work for besides personal satisfaction. I've had other people to work for besides myself.

"I've been lucky in that respect—very lucky. If I hadn't been, I shudder to think of what I'd be by this time, after twelve years of career. I'd be a galloping frustration complex.

"My private life has been anything but empty. I've always been surrounded by people to whom I've been a girl named Gretchen, not a movie star named Loretta Young. The kind of people who'd hang an old, large, fraying paper star on my bedroom door any time I was a movie star at home. I've had a home—one that has bubbled with gay, carefree laughter.

"I've been fortunate in having sisters, sisters who have always been very close to me. And a young and adorable mother, always near, always ready to understand. I've had a younger sister on whom I could practise mothering, myself. And now that Georgianna's almost grown up, I have Judy."

She wasn't trying to assert that being a happy sister, daughter and mother-by-proxy made life complete. She was perfectly willing to concede that life wouldn't be completely complete until she was also a happy wife.

"But," said Loretta, provocatively, "with this much happiness in my life already, I don't need marriage, or want marriage, until I'm positive that it will complete things. I can't be tempted into marrying the first man who proposes. I can bide my time till the right man comes along. And when he does"—she emphasized this—"I won't need a career, if I've been able to provide for Mother and Georgianna and Judy. Private life will be enough."

LORETTA used to be sprightly to the point of feverish restlessness. Nowadays she is serene to the point of placid poise. I asked her how she explained that.

With an airy gesture, she said, "That's simple. When you're in your teens or your early twenties, you don't know what you want from life, so you feverishly experiment. And you try to be as sprightly as possible, to cover up your lack of confidence. After a while, experience tells you what you do want. And, when that happens, you acquire serenity.

"I suppose that's a definite symptom that I'm settling down."

Whatever it is, it is becoming to her. But I wanted to hear more about this change in Loretta.

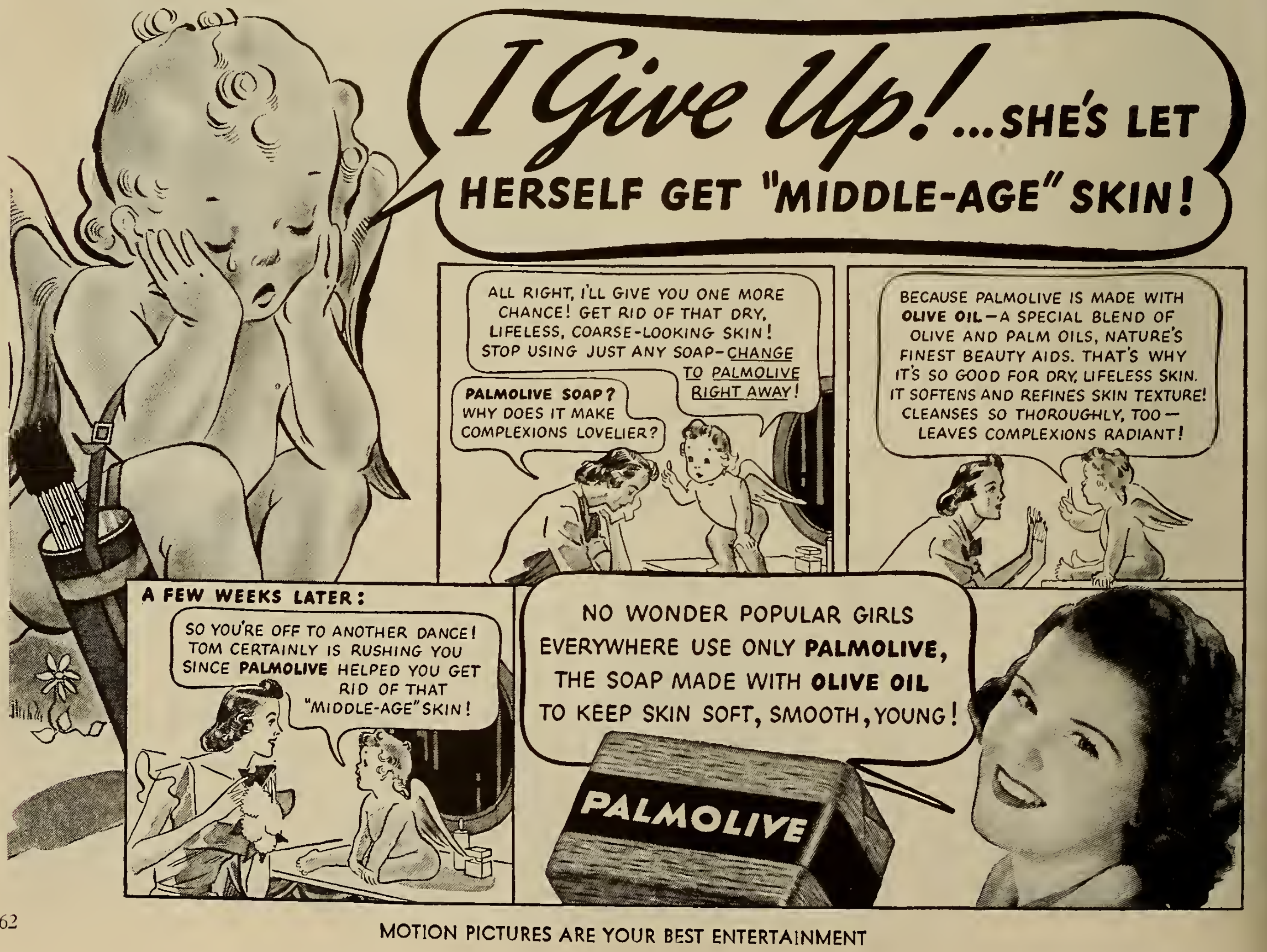
"Something that a very wise religious man once told me was partly responsible. I was in love with a certain man. Suddenly, without any apparent reason, he went out of my life. He married another girl. I couldn't understand. I lost all belief that life had a pattern whose pieces all fitted together. How could it have a pattern, when something like that could happen? I sought out this wise friend, searching, hoping, for comfort. He told me, 'All of us face tests in life. This is one of yours. God hasn't made your happiness dependent on any one person or any one thing. Time will teach you that, if you are willing to learn.' And he was right."

WITHOUT mentioning any names, she told of a girl she knew who, not long ago, realized that it was becoming difficult for her to see. The girl had gone to doctor after doctor, who had been unable to explain her apparently increasing blindness. Finally, through Loretta and her mother, she went to a famous specialist. This doctor found that the girl was suffering from a rare eye ailment, little known, for which there was no known cure. In time, she would be totally blind. His heart aching with pity, the specialist told her. No one knew how she would take it. How *would* a girl take such hopelessly tragic news? This girl said little at the time. But, a few weeks later, talking with Loretta, she said with a wistful smile, "You know, I'm almost glad this happened. I wasn't much good to the world, or to myself, the way I was heading. All I thought of was clothes and parties. Even my baby didn't mean much to me. Now I've got my values straight again."

Loretta told that story to reveal what having life's values straight had done for one girl. But, in telling it, she unconsciously revealed her own intense belief in the importance of keeping life's values straight. Under that glamorous sophisticated surface, Loretta is a passionate idealist.

Success—particularly Hollywood success—doesn't usually let its recipients hold onto any large supply of idealism. But in twelve years of trying, it hasn't been able to tear Loretta's away from her. If anything, she has increased her initial supply.

It helps to explain how she has developed so steadily, both as a person and as an actress . . . And it explains, very definitely, why she says, "A career is not enough."


I Give Up! ...SHE'S LET HERSELF GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE! GET RID OF THAT DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING SKIN! STOP USING JUST ANY SOAP-CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!
PALMOLIVE SOAP? WHY DOES IT MAKE COMPLEXIONS LOVELIER?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL—A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO—LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
A FEW WEEKS LATER:
SO YOU'RE OFF TO ANOTHER DANCE! TOM CERTAINLY IS RUSHING YOU SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED YOU GET RID OF THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
NO WONDER POPULAR GIRLS EVERYWHERE USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

Movie Quiz

[*Continued from page* 31]

and advertising value to determine the winners. In the further event of ties in the best statements submitted, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

As for answering the questions, here's a word of caution from the judges' headquarters: Under no consideration should you purchase solutions to this series of questions from so-called "solution experts." The correct answers are known only to the judges and to nobody else.

THE Movie Quiz contest is under way now. And here are all the details you will need to know, in question-and-answer form:

Q. Who is eligible to enter the Movie Quiz contest?

A. This contest is open to everybody residing within the United States of America, the District of Columbia and Canada—WITH THE EXCEPTION OF persons employed by, or related to any person employed by the motion picture industry. Members or employees of motion picture boards of review or censorship; persons whose occupation or business is reviewing motion pictures; motion picture radio commentators; employees or relatives of employees of the advertising agencies, the judges and the judging organization associated with this contest ARE NOT ELIGIBLE TO ENTER.

Q. When can I submit my entry?

A. Your entry must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1938, the official closing date. But it is not necessary to wait until the end of the contest. You may submit your entry as soon as you have answered the 30 questions and written a 50-word statement naming the motion picture you liked best and telling why.

Q. Where shall I send my entry.

A. Send your entry by first-class mail to Radio & Publications Contest, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Q. May I submit more than one entry?

A. No. Each contestant may submit only one entry.

Q. Will I be able to see the movies entered in the contest at my neighborhood theatre?

A. Yes. The 100-odd movies entered in this contest will be released between August 1 and October 31, 1938. After the last film is released the contest continues for two full months. Therefore, even films originally released to first-run houses will have reached the neighborhood theatres before the contest ends on December 31, 1938.

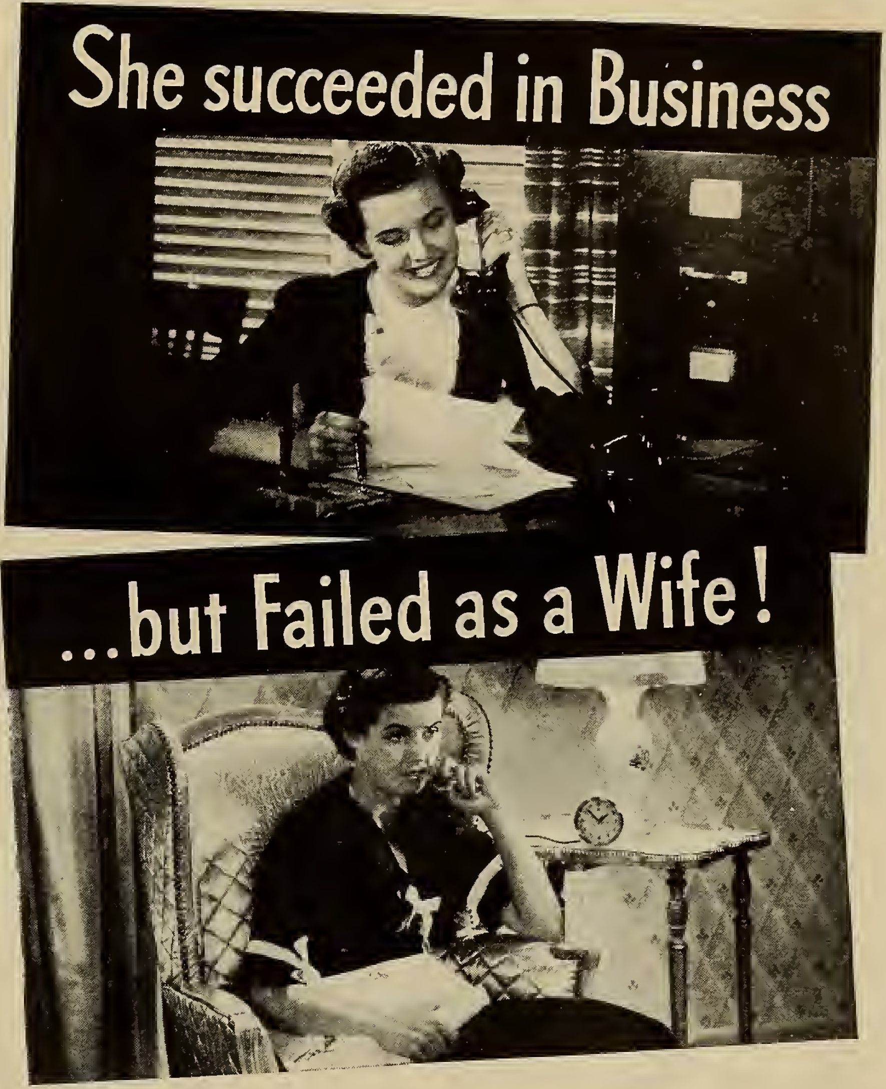
Q. Will it help my chances of winning a prize if I submit answers to more than 30 questions in the booklet?

A. No. You must answer exactly 30 questions—no more, no less.

Q. Can I feel certain my entry will be given every consideration by the judges?

A. Yes. The sponsors of Movie Quiz pledge that each and every entry will be carefully read and considered by Radio & Publications Contest, Inc., a nationally known, independent judging organization highly skilled in contest work. To assure absolute fairness to all contestants, the final adjudging and distribution

[*Continued on page* 86]



Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important "Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene

SHE thought it was jealousy of her success in business that had made her husband more and more indifferent. She didn't realize that she herself had been at fault . . . in a matter of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" would have helped save the happiness of her marriage.

If you are in doubt regarding a wholesome method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses, used in many hospitals and clinics.

Some of the more important reasons why "Lysol" is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy..."Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . .The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

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Dept. 11-MP, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet, "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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Say it with a Clear Skin

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within.*

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite and improve digestion . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The larger size represents a price saving. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones

Even Barrymore Calls Him The Best

[*Continued from page 29*]

thing to chuckle about for a moment, something to forget the next moment. But Spencer's chuckle told me nothing beyond that. So I asked him which was right: Barrymore, or the fellow who said that the Tracy acting was just Tracy naturalness.

SPENCER eased himself down into his dressing-room chair more comfortably, crossed his legs, and treated himself to the familiar offside Tracy grin. Idly, for a moment, he jiggled some coins in his right hand.

"All I know is that I work harder than most people give me credit for," he said, with a brief laugh.

"Every role I do, I study pretty carefully in advance. I try to figure out what a character needs, to be real—what he would do, naturally, in this situation or that. But it's not always so easy to figure. You can't set any rules. You can't say, 'Now he'd do this here, and that there.'

"That's what makes the business interesting." He paused, thoughtfully jiggled the coins a moment. "For example—I'll never forget what happened, the first day on location for *Test Pilot.* We wanted to do a scene tearing the wings off a big bomber. One of the Army test pilots said, 'But that can't be done. The wings can't be torn off one of those ships. They're too tough.' And one of the M-G-M boys had the perfect answer. 'Who says it can't be done? Who knows what's impossible, and what isn't? Maybe some day someone *will* tear the wings off a bomber on a test flight, or maybe one of them will go into a spin—even though you say that's impossible, too. We'll shoot the scene.'

"The same thing applies to acting. You can't say, 'This character would never do this.' How do you know he'd never do it? There isn't anything that can't be done, if the set-up's right for it. And how do you know when the set-up's right? You don't know. You have to rely on instinct. If your instinct's right, they call you a good actor. If your instinct's wrong, they call you a ham.

"I mean it. You can't set any rules for acting. Things come to you instinctively, playing a character. Facial expressions. Little mannerisms. Ways of talking. And, coming to you instinctively, they come spontaneously. They look natural.

"That's the nearest I can come to telling the secret." He chuckled again.

"REMINDS me of a story I heard once about Edwin Booth. Some young sprout in his company, brand-new in the theatre, came to him one day and said, 'Mr. Booth, will you please tell me what acting is?' Booth answered, 'I don't know.' The sprout said, 'But Mr. Booth—you are the greatest actor of your day, probably the greatest actor America has ever had. You can't be serious, saying you don't know what acting is.' And Booth told him, 'I have been an actor for forty years, but if I had been in the theatre for twice forty years, I'm sure I'd still tell you, 'I don't know what acting is.'" And Booth was never more serious in his life.

"But nobody can tell anybody else what acting is. Only two things can tell you—instinct and experience. And no two people have the same instincts or experiences. I've seen cases where an actor would be playing a small part, and playing it unconvincingly, because he had no independence. He was letting someone else tell him how to do it. And I've suffered for him. If a man's going to be an actor, he has to have the courage of his own instincts."

Spencer grinned embarrassedly. Never glib, he hadn't started out to put his credo of acting into a verbal nutshell. Now that he had done just that, he was abashed. He tried to change the subject with a cigarette. However, as far as I was concerned, he had only started to be self-revealing. He had given an inkling of how he happened to be an actor. But he hadn't explained something else.

Some actors, I reminded him, did their best acting off-screen. Most actors went in for off-screen dramatics a little. But he didn't seem to succumb to the temptation. What was the answer?

"I can't get away with it," he said, smilingly lighting our cigarettes. "I have a family with a sense of humor. The other night, Susy and Johnny—the younger generation in our house—were having dinner with us. I was talking across the table to Mrs. Tracy, telling her something about my work, some little acting problem. Susy kept butting in. I interrupted myself to ask her to be quiet. I was just getting steamed up again, when she butted in again. I looked at her sternly. 'Yes, Susy,' smiled Mrs. Tracy, 'be quiet—while Daddy holds the center of the stage.'

"Try to have a nice, comfortable ego in an atmosphere like that! I'm not allowed to portray *any* roles at home.

"It would be wonderful," he added, "if I could drop my worrying, too, when I leave the set—not carry that home with me, not keep on agonizing after hours about whether a role is good or whether I'm giving it everything it could have. I don't force my worries on other people as a rule, but I can't escape them, myself. That's the penalty for working so hard at my job. I can't get to sleep at night, for the nerves jumping. And then I wake up in the middle of the night, thinking of something I should have done or ought to do.

"BUT there's still hope for me. I'm slowly improving. I don't go through the agony I did when I was making four or five pictures a year. Boy, it's awfully hard to be good four times a year! Nowadays, I'm making three. And I take time out to try to get laughs on the set. If an airplane flies overhead and action has to stop till the sound dies away, I don't go higher than a kite. I take things more calmly now. But—I haven't reached the ultimate in calmness yet. The sitting, waiting, still gets me. It's the only thing that gives me a hankering for the stage. I'd like to go back—not to stay, but once every two or three years—just to get a performance out of my system in one evening."

Has the winning of the Academy Award given him a new mental hazard, complicated his worries?

He shook his head, good-naturedly. "No, I don't feel as if anybody's expecting me to be a genius, now that I've got a little gold statuette among my souvenirs. I don't think the critics are impressed much. Every time I make a picture, they still hand out their own awards. Sometimes orchids. And—sometimes—onions."

In short, the Academy Award hasn't changed him. But has he changed in other ways? How does he happen to be playing a priest a second time, when he objected so strenuously to playing one the first time?

He grinned. "Against all my expectations, I got away with it in *San Francisco.* So I thought maybe I could again. But, seriously, when this new role came up, I didn't want it. Talk about mental hazards—you certainly have them, playing a man of God. It's a terrific responsibility. . . . But this role is different. It's a chance to play a tremendous human being. If we can make people forget, after two or three reels, that he's a priest, and think of him as just a great man, with a great love for children, then we'll get our message across.

"It's a tough assignment. And it's an eerie sensation, portraying a man who's watching from the sidelines. But playing such a man can do you no harm, mentally or spiritually. The patience he has with kids—the understanding! In his eyes, they do no wrong. Only impulsive pranks. . . . We went back to Omaha, you know, to shoot the outdoor scenes. I got a first-hand look at his work. I was bowled over by the size of his place—six or seven big brick buildings, on four hundred-and-some acres. And all these kids, all brown, running all over the place. Embryo enemies of society once, maybe; but not now.

"Do you know what I saw him do one day? We were standing on the playground, talking. A little kid about eight or nine passed by. He had his head down, brooding over something. He mumbled, 'Hello, Father.' Father Flanagan stopped him, took the youngster's head and lifted it up. 'You have a wonderful face, son. Let the world see it,' he said. And I wish you could have seen the smile that lighted up that kid's face. . . . I asked permission to put that in the picture. It ought to be a beautiful touch.

"There are a million kids in this picture—topped by Mickey Rooney, who's terrific, I'm telling you. They're making me just an also-ran. They've got me whipped, pushed right into the background. But it's good for you to play with kids. You can't be dishonest with kids; you can't ham it up—or they'll show you up every time."

MAKE-UP is the pet Tracy hate. If he's going to try to be natural, he wants to feel natural.

One reason why Tracy seems so natural, both off-screen and on, may be this: People haven't seen any changes in him as a result of the success and the applause. I asked him if *he* had seen any.

"God preserve me from looking for any," he said. "But I've noticed one big difference: It's getting harder to relax. Life's more crowded. Too crowded. I don't have time to do any changing, either for better or for worse."

He hasn't had time yet for that trip to Europe, either, that he has been talking about for years. All of his recent vacations have been spent in hospitals, "getting repairs." After his last bout with the surgeons, he went to New York for a rest—and then had to come home to get it. The crowds still surprise him. Like the one in Omaha, when they went back for *Boys Town.* Ten thousand people, held back by fifty-seven gendarmes, were at the station to meet them. "I got a kick out of that," he admitted. "At least, I let myself hope they weren't all down there to see Mickey Rooney.

"There's some talk of Myrna Loy and me doing *Sea of Grass,* and the location will probably be Valentine, Nebraska, where there are seventy thousand acres of it. And I'm living for the day when Myrna steps off that train in Omaha and has to sign forty thousand autographs."

Time was, when Spencer could do his relaxing strenuously. But no more. "After *Captains Courageous,* I had sea fever and bought a boat. But I've had to sell it. I didn't have time for sailing. I used to play a lot of polo—but a week ago Sunday I played for the first time in months, and I darned near died. I can't enjoy the game any more. It's a worry now. I get to thinking, 'Maybe nothing will happen—but I *might* take a spill. Then a picture stops. And people get thrown out of work.' "

He told me that he has no plans for the future. He's superstitious about making plans, "skeered" of it. I told him that, being a character actor, he'll still be eligible for acting twenty-five years hence. He laughed. "I hope I won't have to act twenty-five more years." But, under pressure, he admitted that, even if he ever did retire, he could probably find a good reason for coming out of retirement once a year or so.

At that moment, an assistant director knocked on the door, opened it, and said tauntingly, "Back to work! Buck Tracy rides again—at the head of a hundred and twenty-five kids!"

Spencer sneered a disdainful sneer. "What! Only a hundred and twenty-five? Why, if Gable was making this picture, he'd *insist* on a hundred and fifty. Go out, my good man, and round up twenty-five more. How," he demanded, "do you expect me to be an artist, with only a meagre mob of a hundred and twenty-five kids to handle?" And, with a grin, he reached for his hat—and went back to work.

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Lombard!—As She Sees Herself

[*Continued from page* 35]

and curves and a leap upon her scooter-bike which stands in front of her bungalow handy for her excursions around the lot. Lombard-wise, her fellow workers in the studios think nothing of seeing Lombard streak by them upon her scooter-bike, wearing a pair of slacks or a formal so exquisite and perishable that you would think it would be—ah, Mr. Selznick—gone with the wind. . . . She is "almost forever" laughing, is Carole. She is like something wound up at high tension. But as high tension is her natural *metier* it *is* natural.

In the bungalow Carole dunked her very slim length in a chair, legs over the arm, ran her hands through her hair, ordered iced coffee and sandwiches for the two of us. And said that she had been skeet-shooting, that she is "nuts about skeet-shooting," that skeet-shooting "gets you," that you keep saying "just one more round" and keep ON saying it until old Sol has run round the clock, likely as not. She didn't say that she had been skeet-shooting with Clark. And maybe she hadn't. But Clark has often told me that he spends a good part of his between-the-scenes time skeet-shooting. And so I became a master mathematician and put two and two together and it totaled up to Carole and Clark skeet-shooting the morning away and what of it.

Carole continued her rave out about skeet-shooting and wound up saying "—but it's the same with everything I do. I *love* everything I do. I'm intensely interested in and enthusiastic about everything I do, *everything*. No matter what it is I'm doing, no matter how trivial, it isn't trivial to me. I give it all I got and love it. I love living, I love life. Eating, sleeping, waking up again, skeet-shooting, sitting around an old barn doing nothing, my work, taking a bath, talking my ears off, the little things, the big things, the simplest things, the most complicated things—I get a kick out of everything I do while I'm doing it.

"If I don't love what I'm doing I don't DO it. But if I have to do something I'm not nuts about now and then, as who doesn't, I DO it and get it over with. I never anticipate trouble. I never worry, never fret. I can't duck issues. Ducking issues causes more grief than the issues themselves ever do. I never sit around and clutch my head and moan 'I HAVE to do so-and-so, alas Lo, the poor Lombard!'—I just say 'Let's DO it' or 'Okay, let's GO!'—and it's done and there's nothing to it."

I CONSIDERED Carole, lopping there in her chair, throwing her arms wide open to life, knowing it to be good, exulting in it . . . and I thought back to the time, not so long ago, when Hollywood called her its "Play Girl," its "Good Scout"; when Lombard stood upon the Midway and Lombard and a laugh were synonymous, one and the same thing. And still are. Though the Play Girl plays, now, within a more restricted circle of friends and the Good Scout is no longer pranking on the Midway where all who run may see.

For the seemingly heedlessness of Lombard, the quality of recklessness which she wears as casually as a cloak of many colors, has never made her sacrifice the essential to the unimportant, duty to pleasure, the grave to the gay. Not a girl in Hollywood has Done Better than Lombard, has attained her special stardom more fairly and squarely, with less ado about nothing. For all her seeming heedlessness, you know, Carole has never offended Good Taste, has never used nonsense where good sense is indicated, has never appeared, unseemingly, in the Public Prints.

When Carole and Bill Powell were married and later divorced, for an instance, the divorce was quiet, done with dignity and civility. And friendship, mutually firm, remains. . . . When Carole and Clark began to go about together, for another instance, and it was wiser and also kinder for Carole to keep silent about this phase of her life, Carole kept silent about it and it—and she—are respected for it.

The truth about Lombard is that she takes the serious things in life seriously, the light things lightly, laughs at a joke, weeps at a sorrow, enormously loves the whole of it, as a mother loves a child, its faults as well as its virtues, its tantrums and its talents.

There is no better craftswoman in all Hollywood than Lombard. Nor any star who takes her work more seriously, is more painstakingly familiar with the tools of her trade. If you have an idea that Lombard larrups through a picture, how wrong you are! No guesswork, this, for I've heard it from every director, cameraman, actor, actress or extra who has ever worked with her. She studies a script until the ink is absorbed right off the page. She knows good writing. She has a critical faculty second to none when it comes to detecting weaknesses or appreciating strength and fine characterization in a script. She knows her own part inside out before she steps foot on a sound stage. And she knows everything there is to be known about everybody else's parts, too. When she is working she is on the set at nine o'clock sharp. She knows her lines. She knows her business. She has made it her business to know it.

"I LOVE my work and I take it seriously," Lombard told me . . . and when I said to her: "Howsabout playing this dramatic part in *Made For Each Other*? Do you like it or would you rather continue to play film flitterbugs like *Irene* in *My Man Godfrey*, the loony lady in *Nothing Sacred* and others? Which comes easier to you?" she said,

"They're not really so different. You know the old thing, comedy and tragedy are akin? Like lots of old things, it's the truth. Back of all comedy there is tragedy; back of every good belly-laugh there is a familiarity with things not funny at all. There must be. *You* laugh with tears in your eyes, don't you?" demanded Lombard, "most of us do. And *Irene* in *Godfrey* was, I'd say, the most difficult part I ever played. Because *Irene* was a complicated and, believe it or not, essentially a tragic person. . . ."

When Carole said, "Back of every good belly-laugh there is a familiarity with things not funny at all," I knew that she could well be speaking of herself, of her own childhood, of the first seven years of her life which might well have blunted a less shining spirit, years when her father was so dangerously ill that Carole and her mother lived in a constant strain; years when Carole and her mother lived in small, ground-floor flats, strangers to the over-privileges of Hollywood stars. And when I spoke to Carole of her early childhood and what it might have done to her she laughed and said: "Being poor didn't matter a bit. *I* didn't mind a bit. Wouldn't mind living in a ground-floor flat right now—you can get out the back door faster!"

Then we both laughed. Because it wasn't funny and we both knew it wasn't funny. And that's Lombard, too. . . .

"I HAD a lot of fun doing the screwy comedies," Carole went on, "but I was getting pretty tired of them. Hollywood has done too many of them. The old 'sheep' angle, you know. Now, I'd like to do two dramatic pictures, then another comedy and so vary the ingredients a bit. As you know, Bill and I are going to do a picture together, co-starring, for the Ernst Lubitsch Productions, the company started by Myron Selznick and Lubitsch. We haven't found a story yet but when we do it will probably be comedy-drama, 'arf and 'arf. It'll be starting within a couple of months, I think. It's a grand idea, this idea of Selznick's. It's pioneering. It's what should have been done from the beginning. For the Lubitsch company is the first of a series of units to be formed by Selznick *in partnership with* stars, directors, writers, all of the creative talent forming the units. And all of us will be on a profit-sharing basis, accepting no salaries. We'll be in partnership with our producer. If any one of us makes a smash hit we'll get paid accordingly. If any one of us falls down on the job the profits will fall down on us, too. And that's the way it should be. We'll get ours for what we do NOW, not for what we may have done seven years ago.

"Yep," said Carole, "I love my work and I take it seriously. As I love everything I do and give everything I've got to whatever I'm doing. But I do not go about clutching my Career to an otherwise naked bosom. If my work were to be taken away from me tomorrow I wouldn't be stopped. I'd go on living, and still love it. There are a thousand things I could do, would do, would want to do. I'm like old Solomon. If he'd lost one of his wives he wouldn't exactly have been a widower. I couldn't be widowed by the loss of any one facet of my life. Because it's too rich, life is too abundant. There are too many things to want to do, to have, to get, to lose, to find out about. . . ."

I SAID, "You know yourself pretty well, don't you?"

"Good person to get acquainted with, yourself," laughed Carole.

I said, perceiving that Lombard was running true to form and making a game of the interview, having fun doing it in spite of hell and high water and the fact that she doesn't specially like to give interviews . . . I said, "Okay, what's your worst fault, then? Riddle me that one."

"Too much energy," said Carole promptly.

"Your best trait next?"

"My disposition. It's *veddy* good. I was born that way. I'm always happy. I never get mad at little things, trifles. It takes a *terrific* thing to make me mad. Then, when the terrific thing gets me I do a beautiful job of it."

I said, "Are you temperamental? You know, walk off sets and things?"

"No-yes, a hyphenated answer," said Carole, "I do walk off sets but not for the reasons you might suppose. I'm not temperamental about myself. I can take care

[*Continued on page* 68]

How Does Warner Baxter Do It?

[*Continued from page* 26]

way, I've been trying to do what you asked me to. Of course, Larry, I couldn't very well demand of Warner, himself: "What is the secret of your sex appeal?" I've owned a press badge for a long time and I've asked a good many impertinent questions. But why spring a thing like that on Warner who has been around and never was dumb nor big-headed in the first place? He would only laugh it off, courteously, because he is a courteous guy, but with the secret conviction that a gal guilty of putting such a question must be a pretty sappy individual. And believe me, I don't want Warner Baxter thinking I'm sappy if I can help it.

So, instead, I've been doing a few other things. For one, I've been talking to a couple of Baxter fans right on the 20th Century-Fox lot (luscious beauties such as Arleen Whelan and Marjorie Weaver) and I've found out their reasons for liking him. Also, I've been interviewing Walter Lang, who directed Warner in *I'll Give a Million.* And ALSO, I had lunch with Warner himself the other day—a nice, chummy *tete a tete*—with the result that I've built myself up a swell set of personal reasons for heart flutterings over him. . . Well, yes, he *did* talk about his wife. He always does, I hear. They've been married twenty years and they're still in love. What's more, they're *friends,* which is even better, seems to me. . . But just the same, I feel in my less disciplined moments something like a girl I know feels about Errol Flynn. "Me—I want Errol for Christmas," she says. Well, Larry, ME—I chose Warner Baxter!

WE WALKED over to the commissary from the *I'll Take a Million* set together, the day we had lunch, and on the way we met Arleen Whelan. Of course Warner stopped and talked to her. You remember she played opposite him in *Kidnapped.* He stood there with his hat in his hand all the time, tall and straight and deeply tanned, with that just perceptible wave in his hair and his moustache trimmed to perfection and his teeth white and strong when he smiled. And—well, I'm telling you. . . He was the answer to any maiden's prayer!

Another thing, he seemed so interested in Arleen and how she was getting along. Of course, Arleen is very beautiful with that clear skin and green eyes and that flaming hair of hers, and I guess any man would enjoy talking to her just in order to look at her. But Warner really wanted to know how she was doing, being new on the lot and everything. I could tell. And when he told her he'd be glad to help her with any new part if she wanted him to (as he did in *Kidnapped;* Arleen told me about that herself, later) you could see he meant it.

"She's a sweet kid," he said to me as we left her and went on to the commissary. "I know she will make the grade in pictures." And I knew he really meant it. That's another thing that sticks out all over him. Sincerity.

At lunch we talked about "cabbages and kings"—and, incidentally, *Kidnapped,* and I found out another thing about Warner Baxter. . . That he is frank and that he can criticize and even laugh at himself.

"I wasn't much to rave about in that picture," he said. "I knew it even before I read the reviews. And as for those, well—" he grinned, wryly, "if I had had any illusions, before, about whether or not I am Heaven's gift to the movies, I haven't any more. Ye gods, how those boys can take a fellow apart when they want to! But, as I say, I had it coming."

"Then you didn't resent it?" I asked him.

"Heavens, no," he said, "although my wife might have. She's a loyal person and given to thinking I'm the world's finest actor (for which I am duly grateful, because if a wife doesn't think her husband is a great person, who will?). When she gathered the papers together and read first this critical comment and then that, she was pretty incensed. But I told her I thought it a good thing for an actor to be criticized once in a while. . . If he will, he often can profit by it.

"For instance," he went on, "It's difficult for me to play opposite a youngster under twenty. Not—" he hurried on to explain—"that I didn't enjoy working with Arleen

[*Continued on page* 69]

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Lombard!—As She Sees Herself

[*Continued from page 66*]

of myself, all right. But I do get temperamental when I hear some little would-be Napoleon of a director, some little killer-diller of a petty czar cursing out extras, grips, electricians. I've walked off sets when things like that happen. And will again, if and when they happen again. I've said to the pettifogging Nappies, 'Why don't you bawl me out if that's the way you feel about it? You don't dare to bawl the stars out, do you? They could bark right back at you, couldn't they? So you have to light on the little fellows, the ones who can't talk back, don't you?' It's an obsession with me," said Carole, savagely, "the bullying of men who can't defend themselves by men who, not necessarily stronger, are in stronger positions. I've tweaked more than one nose, twisted more than one ear until it *rasssppped* for that sort of thing."

"Any other pet hates?" I quizzed, professorially, "like lizards, you know, or pencils scratching on blackboards?"

"Affectations," said Lombard, "I can't STAND affected people—or snobs. And I don't stand them. I do something *horrible* to them to break them down. I hate to be yessed, too. If someone doesn't like me in a picture, for instance, I don't want them to *purr* over me, I want them to TELL me so."

I SAID, "Do you take people on faith or are you apt to be cynical about them?"

"On faith," said Carole, "then, if they prove to be wrong, I'm through."

"Any fear of anything? Old age, for instance . . .?"

"I don't like height," said Carole, laboring visibly to dig up a sizable fear for me, "I fly, I don't mind that. But I can't stand on high buildings or high places and look down. Apart from that, no. There is nothing I am afraid of. Least of all, old age. I NEVER want to be Sixteen again. I think that eighteen is the DULLEST age in the world. If ever I was unhappy, it was when I was in my teens. That's because you don't understand anything when you're that young. You're puzzled and so you're hurt. For only the things you don't understand have the power to hurt you, like the Power of Darkness. With age there comes a richness that's *divine*. Age takes on a beauty everyone can't see, perhaps. But I see it . . . I don't know of anything in the world *more* beautiful, more fascinating than a woman ripe with years, rich and lush as velvet with experience, her humor as tangy and flavorous as sunripened fruit. If women wouldn't get so *self-conscious* about getting old they wouldn't get old mentally and then they wouldn't *be* old at all, only wise and simply divine. I LOVE the idea of getting old," said Lombard, thus loving one aspect of life which is nightmare to nine women out of every ten and The Bugaboo, certainly, to every celebrated Beauty.

"Clothes . . . shopping . . . how much part do clothes play in your life?"

"So-so," said Carole, "clothes don't stimulate me very much. I buy good things but not a great many things. Two or three outfits a season and let it go at that. I like sports things, sweaters and slacks and suits . . .

"I save my dough, I'm no fool," grinned Carole. "The terribly important thing to me is a home. I have a lot of fun out of having a home. And I know exactly the kind of a house I'm going to build one of these days, probably in the San Fernando Valley. It will be terribly small but every detail will be exactly as I want it. I'm not the type to say it's my Dream House," laughed Carole, "but IT IS!"

CAROLE was having fun when she said "I save my dough, I'm no fool." But, matter of fact, it was one of those many-a-true-word-spoken-in-jest things. For Carole is one of the few who doesn't figure her income in terms of what you may read she gets paid for a picture. She figures her earnings in terms of *what she has left over* after she has deducted her income tax, her living expenses, the amount she sets aside and labels "Savings." She is an excellent business woman, La Lombard. You can mark that down on her slate. She knows exactly how much she earns, exactly the numerals she must put on her check for income tax, exactly how much she must "set aside." She says, "I get 13 cents on the dollar and I know it. So I don't figure that I've earned a dollar, I figure that I've earned 13 cents. And that is all right with me, too. We still don't starve in the picture business after we've divided with the Government. Taxes go to build schools, to maintain the public utilities we all use, so why not? But I live accordingly, that's all. I've had girls show me diamond bracelets, say, "I bought this little thing the other day, such a bargain, only $20,000!' If I bought a little trinket for $20,000—and I never have yet—I'd say, 'There goes my profit for the year, in a hunk of diamond!' It's my disposition again," said Carole happily, "I was born without costly cravings!" (There was not, I may add, a jewel to be seen upon Miss Lombard.)

"I run my house economically. I live comfortably. I loathe the miser in man or mouse. Detest skimpers and hoarders. I just don't cut paper-dolls out of greenbacks, that's all. I use my head before I whip out the checkbook. I've rented a house in Bel Air. By paying three years rent in advance I was able to get a deduction of $300 on the whole term of the lease. That's the kind of thing I like to do. I have the one car, my Ford. I have no personal maid, not even here at the studio. I've got a pair of hands and know how to use them. I've got one extravagance—giving people things. It's a form of self-indulgence. I get more out of the giving than the recipients do out of the getting, no doubt."

I said, as Lombard laughed again, "Are you always gay? I mean, don't you ever get low in your mind, feel depressed?"

"Not for more than five minutes at a time," said Lombard. "I'm very seldom depressed. Never morbid. I wouldn't let it get that far. And the only time I'm depressed is when I'm bored. And when I'm bored it's always with myself, no one and nothing else. And when I get bored with myself, find myself uninteresting, it's because my vitality is in low key. And when that happens I just strap on a sandal and DO something about it. I never sit and brood.

"The whole thing is," said Carole, "I never blat 'I HAVE to do it,' I say 'Let's get it done!' I believe, too, that we bring to the screen the same qualities we bring to living . . ."

And Carole brings to the screen positiveness, directness, a great enthusiasm for living.

And God pity liars, snobs, poseurs, phonies, poor-mouths from coming under the scrutiny of the Lombard lens . . .!

How Does Warner Baxter Do It?

[*Continued from page* 67]

and Marjorie. They're a charming and talented pair, but, he confided, frankly, "by contrast they make me look a bit grandfatherish for my own good. After all, a chap wants to appear as young and dashing in the eyes of his fans as he can."

At that I practically sneered, being a foot or two away from him and able to judge myself how "grandfatherish" he looks.

A LITTLE later on, I was sitting in Marjorie Weaver's dressing-room while she fixed her make-up and she and Judy Parks (her stand-in) and I got to talking about Warner. "He's nice, isn't he?" I said.

Whereupon, Larry, Marjorie launched into a regular monologue of praise.

"Yes, and I'll tell you something else—" this from young Judy. "This Baxter guy will be doing good when some of the young fellows we're all raving about, now, have folded up."

Well, I rather agreed with that, but I was interested in her particular reasons so I asked her: "Why do you think so?"

She came back at me right away. "Why? Because there's nothing phoney about him. He's real."

"Yes. I'll say he's real." It was Marjorie's turn to talk again. "You ought to play a love scene with him!"

I took her right up on that. "I'd like to," I said. "But why?"

"Because some actors, even when they are kissing you in a scene, seem to be just acting. You know—just thinking of camera angles and whether or not you are going to get lipstick on them and whether or not the part in their hair is straight. But when it's Warner, you forget there is a camera about."

IN THE commissary for tea that same day I ran into Arleen Whelan and she had something else to offer which I thought equally as interesting and which, also, casts some light on your question: "How does Baxter *do it?*"

She said: "I had never been in pictures before *Kidnapped* and I'd always thought that to act, you must work yourself into something unnatural and sort of—well, I guess 'sublimated' is a good word. But almost the first thing Warner Baxter said to me when we were rehearsing lines and I'd read off a particularly difficult one to him, was: 'Arleen, do you mind if I make a suggestion?'. And then, when I had said no, of course not, he said: 'You've spoken that line as though you were reciting a poem, or something. But would you really speak it that way if it were true? And when he suggested that all acting is as the script calls for, and doing just that, I realized that this was one of the biggest reasons why I'd always been a Baxter fan. . . Because he makes you *believe* him, whatever role he is playing."

Before I went home, Larry, I talked to one more person about Warner, and that was Walter Lang.

"Why do you think so many feminine fans prefer Warner Baxter to many of these gay young blades who are in the movies these days?" I said.

He wasted no time answering. "Because he's dry behind the ears. Women like that."

"Do you mean professionally?"

"I mean every way, although professionally, certainly. He's been in the business a long time. He knows it through and through. He has had no failures. And that sort of success doesn't just happen. It means he has learned to get the best out of every role. In addition to that, as a person as well as a personality he is finished and poised."

And so, Larry, there is my answer to your question. . . My answer and that of several others whose opinions count more than mine.

"How does he do it?" you ask. "How does he go on being tops in pictures while others come and go?"

Well, as I have told you, Marjorie Weaver says it is because he is real. Arleen Whelan says it is because he is authentic. Walter Lang says it is because he is dry behind the ears".

And I—well, I have something to add to that, Larry. I say it is also because he is such a swell guy that when you see him on the screen you can't help but see that, too.

Yours,
Marian Rhea

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PICTURE PARADE

BOY MEETS GIRL

—AAA½—

This is what one may consider a miracle for *Boy Meets Girl* is really *Boy Meets Girl* and no foolin'. We don't believe in miracles usually, but if you have been a follower of the theatre and the screen you know that Hollywood has spent as much as a quarter of a million dollars for a Broadway hit and then gone ahead and changed the title or the story or both. But *Boy Meets Girl* is faithful to its original script—and as effective—and so we now believe in miracles. The original playwrights, Bella and Samuel Spewack, scripted the scenario and made only one change. And this was necessitated on account of the Hays code. Besides to some people's opinion this change is an improvement. The story, in case you don't know, is a satire on Hollywood and it is one of the funniest of its kind. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien make a grand team as the dizzy scenarists and Marie Wilson is a wow as the naive waitress who has *Happy*, the baby that causes all the complications. Also commendable are Dick Foran, Ralph Bellamy and Frank McHugh. If you're in the market for laughs this is your best buy.—*Warner Bros.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE

—AAA½—

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have been stressing the cost of making *Marie Antoinette* and we must admit that they weren't underestimating when they said that this was to be the most lavish film ever produced in Hollywood. It is all that and more for they have imbued this opus of the French Revolution with glamor—not the stately kind but their own brand of Hollywood glamor. And alack, and alas, the result is the story of a Hollywood queen and not that of France's poor, unhappy, Marie Antoinette. Marie was credited with saying "let them eat cake" and Metro must have kept this in mind when producing this historical extravaganza for they give you cake and not just plain cake but fancy, rich French pastry. But tastes differ and maybe you like pastry and if you do you will be impressed with all its lavishness. The cast did all they could to overcome the weakness of the script and some of the dramatic scenes are really touching and sincere. Norma Shearer, John Barrymore, Robert Morley and Joseph Schildkraut rate encomiums. There's also Tyrone Power, Anita Louise, Gladys George, *et al.*—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page 72*]

Take Me Away From It All!

[*Continued from page* 38]

go out. In 1942, when my contract expires, I want to cut loose—be free—get away from chains—get away from involvements of any kind, all kinds. My idea of a swell time is to bum around the world. And not in liners, but on dirty little freight boats, where you can get away from people, and women—and where you don't have to be photographed and asked questions, dammit! For the money to do that I'm paying five years of my life."

Those were his own words that I now threw back at him. He had the grand good grace to take it well. He smiled.

"I still feel that way—but I've got to take 'time out,'" he explained. "I can't go another two, three years without a rest, first . . . Look!—I've been here seven years. I've lost count of the roles I've played. I know that in over a year, I've had only three-and-a-half weeks off, between pictures. Of those, I spent two weeks in a sanitarium—NOT because I was sick, mind you, but because a sanitarium was the only blankety-blank-blank place I could get any rest at all . . . In those 14 days in a hospital, I did what I've been wanting to for months. I read. In 14 days, I read 14 books . . .!"

Brent, who rarely talks more than a sentence and a half unless prodded, was off on one of his rare talking streaks. I let him go to it—

"Contrary to what people believe, making pictures is no fun. Not to me. The same goes for living in Hollywood. The trouble with Hollywood is that everyone and everything in town is concentrated on one factor—movies and movie stars. You can't get away from it. Not even out of town. You always meet the same people, do the same thing, talk the same talk—shop, shop, shop!

"Sure, Hollywood's been swell to me. It's given me a rich measure of what I asked for, when I first came—money, the wherewithal to do the things my heart really wants to do. But I can't do those things if I have to be pinned down to the working schedule I've been on. And it's getting too much. I've worked hard and long. I think I'm entitled to a rest now. That's what made me ask for a year off, now. When I've had that year, I'll come back and be a good boy and work out the rest of my contract. . . .

"That year?—hell, I want to do just what *I* want to do and what I *want* to do, and nothing else. A lot of books, freedom from schedule, absolute freedom from work, people. Preferably some little old freighter. Maybe an airplane—they won't let me fly one, now. And utter, absolute anonymity. I want to be just a no-account Irishman, and not a movie star named George Brent . . ."

GEORGE shut up. He'd said a lot—an awful lot, all at one time, for George Brent. He waited for me to ask something. He hates interviews, but when he has one, he's nice about it. You can ask him questions, and even though you know he hates questions more than anything else, he'll usually answer.

So I took a deep breath and asked the question that he hates more than any other:

"What, George, about romance . . . women . . .?"

He looked at me like Caesar must have looked at Brutus when he croaked "Et tu, Brute . . .!" He shook his head. He remembered that other time when he'd broken his fast rule, and talked to me briefly about women and romance and his ideas about them. And remembering that, he shut up like a clam, and said nothing. But I couldn't help recalling, myself, what he'd said that other time. It was after he and Ruth Chatterton had been divorced—and it was quite a while before anybody in Hollywood had ever heard of an Australian girl named Constance Worth.

I was interviewing George, and he told me:

"I don't want any romance. It has no place in my scheme of things for at least six years. I have no time, no inclination for it. Love has as much chance in this movie work as a snowball in hell. . . .

"But I know that a girl MAY come along. I don't believe it will happen, but I'm not such a damned fool as to say it *can't* happen to me. But I hope it doesn't—because I have no room in my scheme of things, my plan

[*Continued on page* 73]

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PICTURE PARADE

SPAWN OF THE NORTH —AAA—

Spawn of the North has all the ingredients of a box-office attraction. It's full of action, danger and suspense and has all the virility suggested by the title. It's a gripping drama of salmon fishing and piracy and its locale, Alaska—practically virgin territory as far as films go—makes one of the most fascinating backgrounds seen on the screen in many a day. It also lends itself to one of the most thrilling scenes witnessed in films in ages when a glacier breaks accompanied by the roar and terror of millions of tons of ice falling into the sea. Fortunately, there are some fine touches of comedy which are timed to give you that much needed relaxation after the tenseness cooked by such stirring drama. There are also two romances, only one of which is fulfilled, which heighten its dramatic content. The cast is excellent, particularly George Raft and Akim Tamiroff. And there's also Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Louise Platt, John Barrymore, Lynne Overman and others too numerous to mention. Outside of its dramatic and pictorial value, *Spawn of the North* contains much historical value of Alaskan pioneering.—*Paramount.*

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION —AAA—

We don't know whether it's coincidence or not, but Andrea Leeds has made just three pictures and in all three Adolphe Menjou has been in them with her. And in her last two, *Goldwyn's Follies* and *Letter of Introduction*, Andrea has been Menjou's protegee—a young actress "discovered" by him. We are beginning to wonder whether this is purely coincidental or whether it is factual. We must find out. Anyway, you'll find *Letter of Introduction* a suspenseful, entertaining film of the theatre, full of the drama of the footlights. The letter of introduction plays a very important part in this film for it is this epistle which introduces a young girl to her father. Adolphe Menjou is excellent as the matinee idol who has had his day—and his women—and who finds it difficult to announce his parenthood of a grown girl, and Andrea Leeds is expertly suited to the sympathetic role of the daughter. George Murphy is good as the romantic interest and Rita Johnson, and Eve Arden and Ann Sheridan also do their bits neatly. And last but not least there's Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy who have never been funnier.—*Universal.*

Take Me Away From It All!

[*Continued from page* 71]

if life, for a woman before my contract is up and I'm free. I'm afraid of what would happen if she came now. I'm afraid it would be just a smash-up!"

It's too regrettable that those fears became facts. It's just one of those unaccountably mean tricks that Dame Fate sometimes pulls, that a gal from Sydney, named Jocelyn Howarth, and known on the screen as Constance Worth, should have been marooned in California on a world tour, because of a shipping strike. It's too bad that she whiled away her time in Hollywood—and that George Brent met her, there. . . .

GEORGE, despite his hard-boiled exterior, is a romanticist, a sentimentalist. He's an Irishman, you know. When he's in love, or imagines he is, there's no sense to it—he just goes head over heels. Precipitous, unreasoning, emotionally haywire. Like a runaway horse. He did that, about Constance Worth. It wasn't his mistake; it wasn't hers. It was just A mistake. But George paid for it—heavily and bitterly.

And somehow, I believe it will be a great long time before George ever dares risk marriage again. I'm not quoting him; not even judging from anything he said. I'm just expressing my own beliefs from having known and watched George Brent. I feel that he believes, now, that he's "not the kind of man to be a husband."

Right now, while he's waiting for the studio to make up their mind whether they'll give him his year off, George is living in a new "bachelor heaven" of his own, in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills. He used to live in Charlie Farrell's Toluca Lake house. But recently he looked over a house he'd bought, to rent out, in that Coldwater Canyon section, and decided he'd live there himself. He's fixed it up—but not for a woman. It's a man's home. There's little entertaining, there. At home, George is a lover of solitude. He likes to read, rest, be alone. He has his gymnasium, works hard in it, to keep his girth and his weight down.

HIS private life is very quiet. He hates nite-clubbing. "I feel that I'm on parade," he complains, "when I dress up and go to the nite-spots."

Burned several times, he dodges women companions. To rumors of romance, he turns a deaf ear and a fishy eye and a silent tongue, these days. Ask him about Garbo, and he says nothing. That's cold, anyway. Ask him about Loretta Young, and he says nothing—although you do see him out with her, on those few occasions when he does step out, and you remember that three years ago, they linked Brent and Loretta in one of those "hot romances." But they did the same thing about Brent and Anita Louise, and you see that that was a lot of hooey. So you can probably discount the Loretta Young talk, too. Ditto that Merle Oberon chatter. He's taken her to a premiere, to a dance. That's all. Merle isn't having any serious romance either thank you; she's like Brent that way. Maybe that's why they go out with each other; they're safe.

So there it is. There's George Brent. I've told you what I know about him, and what he'll tell about himself. I'll tell you this, too—George Brent is NOT happy. Hollywood is anything but paradise, to him. He's an itchy-footed Irishman, who wants to be free.

But I'll bet, always, that the time will NEVER come when George Brent is free. He'll never quit Hollywood forever, as he imagines he will. He's too much an actor. There'll always be just another "swell role" that he won't want to turn down. Right now, it's his role in *Dawn Patrol,* which Warners are going to remake. George is postponing his year off just for the sake of that role. . . .

And somehow, despite the adage that "a burned dog dreads the fire," and despite his arrogantly, militantly antagonistic attitude toward even talking about women and romance as applied to himself, it's my honest belief that George Brent will never ever be quite free of women.

He thinks that in 1942, he'll be done with Hollywood, and footloosely bacheloring it around the world . . . I'll lay a little bet right now, that by 1942, he'll be all tied down with a new contract—and he'll probably be married again . . . He's like that.

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Building-up from an Awful Let-down

[*Continued from page 39*]

the Broadway opening was the most brilliant event since George Gershwin conducted the overture at the premiere of *Of Thee I Sing*.

I never expect to live down one episode that happened that evening. I've been razzed about it ever since, and presume I always shall be. It was this way. We'd all been working very hard, and on opening night before curtain time Mr. Cohan appeared to me to be tired and nervous. Believe it or not I was as cool as a wife's greeting to a stay-out husband. And I didn't think I was doing anything out of the way when I gave Mr. Cohan a pat on the back and assured him that he'd be okay the moment the curtain went up!

It just didn't occur to me that this was just another of a thousand first nights to him. I forgot that he was Mr. Broadway and that I was just a kid making my first bow to his street. I acted on impulse to speak a word to one of whom I was fond and admired greatly. But I'll never forget the look that came to the kindly face of George M. Cohan. I wish I could register astonishment that way for the cameras. He smiled and began to chuckle, and anyway I noticed that after that things were okay. But word got around backstage and among the columnists and the story has been told many times. Not as many, however, as it will be told!

NATURALLY, my heart beat faster when I saw my name before the theatre where *I'd Rather Be Right* was playing.

But by far the biggest bang came when I taxied down Broadway one evening, and saw Joy Hodges blazing in all its glory from the marquee of the far-famed Roxy Theatre where my picture was playing. I made the driver go round the block several times so I could get a good look, and was nearly late for my entrance at the theatre. There was a big bang, too, when the film went into the Palace for its second Broadway run. My name went up again, and I have stood and watched it flame into life as the dusk of a dying Broadway day was switched to the light of a Broadway night. Remember that six brief months before Joy Hodges was unwept, unhonored and unsung. She was, indeed, unknown.

I've been places, and seen things, and met people. When I gave a party Walter Winchell came. It just goes to show you. The play will run as long as they want it to, so, you see, I'm set. But I'm not satisfied just to stay put. I want to get along with the next step.

That's why I was anxious to return to Universal and make my next movie for them. It's titled *Private Secretary*. And it sounds okay. Movies interest me most, and oddly I've seen screen stars from the stage of the Music Box whom I never saw in Hollywood.

There was one night when Joan Crawford sat in the second row with Franchot Tone. I spied them from the Central Park rock on which I'm supposed to be sitting. They enjoyed it all a lot. Both chewed gum, and each whispered to the other. Although Janet Gaynor was in the seventh row one evening, she seemed so tiny that I couldn't get a good look at her. I wonder if the audience noticed me craning my neck! I was trying to follow each movement of her bobbing redhead. Another time Constance Bennett sat in the front row and nearly broke up the show by laughing at all the right spots.

Jackie Cooper didn't have much fun—at least he didn't look to me as though he did. But Chester Morris had a great time. He's a true, dyed-in-the-wool Cohan fan. He came back-stage during intermission and the whole second half of the show was played right to Mr. Morris in his second row aisle seat.

Of course, he's not exactly a movie person but I couldn't help watching Mr. Jim Farley when he saw the show. And I kept an eye on Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., when he was out front. Mr. Farley looked a little green from wondering what was going to come, and was his face red at some of the second-act cracks. But he laughed, and so did FDR, Jr., who almost rolled in the aisle when Sistie and Buzzie bounced out on the stage. When he came back he called Mr. Cohan "Pop."

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond looked as much in love as my boy friend and I are supposed to be in the play. She looked very lovely with her red hair contrasting with a light blue satin dress, and Gene was in white tie. The girls in the show were quite excited over Jeanette and tried hard to make her enjoy the evening. One girl forgot to change her shoes for the second act opening. She spent all intermission watching Gene Raymond.

Hope Hampton is a star on my own Universal lot, but I saw her first about fourth row center enjoying Mr. Cohan's show. Miss Hampton doesn't like those first aisle, center row seats. You'll always spot her a little way back. She laughed at the right places, which is a compliment because she is a constant theatre-goer and they've gotta be good to please her.

When Stuart Erwin and his wife, June Collyer, saw us, they didn't seem to like us very much. I thought sometimes that Mr. Erwin saw me watching him. He never smiled, just sat there with that pathetic pout on his face. June smiled, though, and showed her dimples. The girls voted her one of the most beautiful actresses to visit the show. When Irene Hervey and Allan Jones saw it, I noticed a couple of women just behind them whispering all the time. Later Irene and Allan, two of my best friends, confided that the argument was about them and their identities.

IT CAUSED quite a commotion backstage when Connie Boswell was spotted out front. That sweet singer of swing can't walk, you know, but she makes a magnificent entrance all the same. Connie is whisked to her seat so briskly that one scarcely notices the specially contrived wheel-chair in which she visits theatres, night clubs and all other spots. She was having a swell time and applauding like a trouper. One night Cecil B. DeMille was out there, a little nervous and impatient.

And another time I saw Director William K. Howard, who, unless my eyes deceived me, actually dozed through our show!

I hope all the movie stars who have witnessed *I'd Rather Be Right* have enjoyed watching me, in person, as much as I have enjoyed seeing them that way. And I hope, too, that they—and you—may enjoy my movies as much as I—and you—have enjoyed theirs!

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QUICKIES are downy-soft circles of special cloth that come to you all ready saturated with a marvelous cleansing and freshening lotion! One QUICKIES instantly wipes away powder and rouge ...cleanses your skin *without drying it*... freshens your skin...smooths it and gives a base *that powder will really stick to*. Carry QUICKIES...for a quick facial any time, anywhere! So economical too! ... 100 QUICKIES in a boudoir jar and 15 in the purse vanity 55c... everywhere.

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MEN AND WOMEN TO MAKE UP TO $32.00 IN A WEEK

Introducing Hose Guaranteed 4 to 8 Months

EARNINGS START AT ONCE! Brand new Ford given producers. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from 4 to 8 months without holes, snags or runs or replaced FREE. Big repeat sales. Grace Wilber, Iowa, earned $37.10 in 9 hours and received 8 new cars; Charles Mills, Minn., earned $120.00 in one week and received 2 new cars, as extra bonuses. Your own hose given as bonus, send hose size. Rush name on penny card *for sample outfit, details. ACT NOW!*

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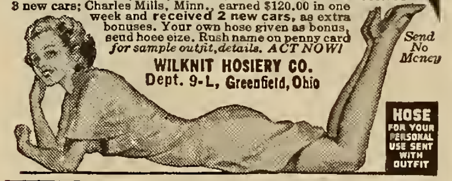

HOSE FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE SENT WITH OUTFIT

NO FRIENDS SINCE PIMPLES CAME?

Get this help in guarding against skin-blotching intestinal poisons

Are ugly skin eruptions spoiling your good times . . . making others shun you? Find out what the trouble may be—and take steps to help it.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, or even longer, important gland changes often upset the system. The skin often becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons from the intestinal tract may get into the blood stream . . . and be carried to the skin to cause disfiguring pimples.

Many have been helped by the regular use of Fleischmann's Yeast. Millions of tiny, live plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help keep intestinal waste poisons from the blood . . . and so help your broken-out skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—one cake ½ hour before meals. Buy some today!

SO JOHN, then a student in Columbia's School of Journalism, never having earned a cent in his life, suddenly had to face the cold, hard world. He had won a scholarship to the Julliard School of Music as well as a scholarship for training at London's famous "Old Vic" theatre, but as he told me the other day, he couldn't eat music and lessons in acting. Whereupon, six feet two, weighing 190 pounds, he went to New York and got himself a series of—well, you might describe them as "athletic" jobs.

First he was a bouncer in various joints. "Discouraging work," he told me, "especially on account of I seemed to be kinda soft-hearted which made me an ineffectual bouncer and finally got me bounced myself." Then, having always had something of a flair for it, he took up wrestling in earnest and wrestled here and there, professionally, but not very successfully, he confided. Next, he had a couple of jobs in pool rooms, seeing that various rules were kept, such as the one requiring players to have a foot on the floor when shooting. After that, he tried his hand at writing for what are known in literary circles as "the pulps." And then, increasingly aware of another urge within his versatile soul, heretofore confined to dramatic exploits in school, he tried his hand at acting.

"MY FIRST 'theatrical engagement' was with summer stock at Roxbury," he recounted, "where I played sound effects off stage, the villain's accomplice, an ancient crone—everything, in fact, but 'Little Eva.' "

The following fall, thus equipped with what he considered a "wide experience," he laid siege to Broadway—"And got kicked out of many of the best booking-offices in town," he said, "including the headquarters of the Shuberts."

Still luck began to look up . . . The Shuberts called him back and gave him a job on tour which lasted thirty weeks. His biggest responsibility embraced three different roles in *The Student Prince.*

"Each called for one line and I was terrific," he told me, grinning. "In one I was an old man, in the second a young whipper-snapper and in the third a captain of the guards. It was in this capacity that I almost broke up the show one night in Detroit. I was supposed to give a sabre salute to a general or something, and I wanted to cut a big swath. Well, I did. I cut such a swath that I sheared off the high 'shako' I was wearing, bathing my alleged superior officer in a flood of feathers."

And then, with the audience already mightily amused by the mishap, he achieved a brilliant bit of ad-libbing. "Is there anything else, sir?" And walked off the stage amid roars of approval.

OUT of a job again, as most actors are at times, he finally got himself the $35.00 a week job I mentioned in Beatrice Lillie's play and fortune and fame in the person of Sam Goldwyn sought him out. He's a smart chap, is young John Payne. I've long since learned the fallacy of predicting anything about anyone in this crazy town of ours, but I will say this: I *think* John Payne will go high and stay there a long time. And I am sure that if he doesn't, he won't kick. He will only shrug his shoulders and write it all off to experience. You see, he knows Hollywood for what it's worth: good money, pleasant work for a while, but certain oblivion some day. And besides, he has something else that means more to him than anything a career has to offer . . . A "something" with red-gold hair and brown eyes: his wife, Anne Shirley.

"I proposed to Anne the first week after I met her. I'd never fallen for girls much before that, but when I saw her, I knew she was the one for me . . ." He spoke haltingly, shyly, like a he-man does when talking about something important to him. "We're saving our money and we know that some day when this picture thing is over for us, something else will be just beginning. We'll travel, and build a home and raise a family and do all the other things any normal young married couple wants to do.

"Meanwhile," he confided, "we're having a swell time. I wouldn't trade places with any guy alive. In fact, the only thing I want in the world, now, is to be given the sense not to let this thing called success—if it is around the corner, as they're saying—go to my head.

"I told Anne the day I got back from Pensacola: 'Honey, if I ever get to be a stuffed-shirt, give me a good kick in the pants, will you?' And she promised to do it."

Well, I like such engaging frankness, don't you? In fact, and "confidentially"—to borrow the title of one of his *Garden of the Moon* song hits—I like everything about him! And so will you.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 56]

John's Gesture

■ Latest swell gesture by John Barrymore, who's really a sentimentalist under that worldly-brittle exterior, is this:

During making of *Hold That Co-Ed*, the company made some shots on a college campus near Hollywood. Near the campus is a hamburger-and-soft drink stand, run by a couple whose little 9-year-old daughter is very ill, needs an operation. Barrymore heard about it. Waggling his eyebrows furiously, he told the hamburger-stand operator:

"I'm standing the bills for anybody in the company who wants to buy eats or drinks here."

Then the word was passed around. So earnestly did the company co-operate that the Barrymore bill, at the end of the campus sequence, was $420! And the little gal will have her operation.

Sincere Plug

■ Least stuck-up of all Hollywood's stars is Bing Crosby. Characteristic of him was the incident that happened on a Paramount studio lot, the other day—

Outside a building where Paramount's new singing star, Richard Stanley, was giving a series of songs for a test, stood a group of studio folk, enjoying the free concert. Bing strolled by, stopped to join them and listen to Stanley's golden notes. As the audition ended and Bing walked off, he said, right out loud:

"Gosh—I wish I could sing like that. . . !"

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Eau de Cologne

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New TATTOO Shade "BLACK MAGIC" – Black in the Stick – RED on Your Lips!
TATTOO

A moonless South Sea night...black as a pocket...a Voodoo fire...'tis the night of the Love Dance, during which charm-wise maidens conjure the hearts of their mates-to-be. Black Magic! And now...for *YOU*...all the witchery of this intense South Sea moment...in the *new* BLACK MAGIC shade of TATTOO. Black as night in the stick (yes, actually!)...but the instant it touches your lips it magically changes to the exact shade of teasing, pagan RED that your own natural coloring requires. It's *your own* personal lipstick that will not give the same color to anyone but you. Black magic in red! You'll find it all of that... and more too...in the way it lasts on your lips, hours longer than you'll ever need it! Today... regardless of what shade of lipstick you've always used...try BLACK MAGIC. You'll find it oh! so much better for your charm than any you've ever used before! $1 everywhere. Five *other* thrilling TATTOO shades too:

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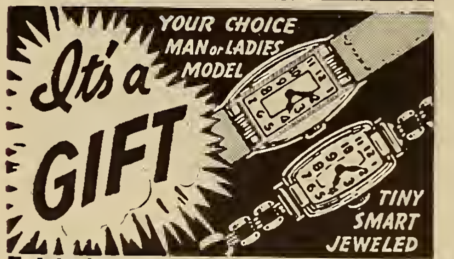
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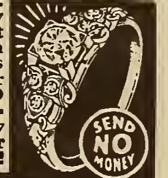

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"Plenty on the Ball"

[*Continued from page* 37]

too small for her show-girl body. And she slaps out fast answers without moving a muscle. But that's before she gets her bearings with you. If she likes you, she softens. She gives you a peep inside her mind (which is shrewd) and her heart (which is great). It's like opening a tinsel-wrapped Christmas bauble—and finding gold. But that doesn't keep her from slapping out the answers: "Of course my real name is Ball. You don't think I'd *choose* that, do you?" and "I'm Scotch, Irish, French, English, Swedish and Hungarian—goulash. No, I'm really not Hungarian. Just a joke."

In a moment she is racing on, pounding out her creed: "It's grand to be a star, yes, but I don't get any thing out of the people who rush up to me, pat me on the shoulder and say, 'So you're a star, eh? Well, you deserve the break.' What do they mean, 'break?' My break came when I first went to work, and it's kept right up, as long as I have been able to work. I don't want 'breaks.' I want the chance to work hard and honestly. I'm not asking for special favors."

If Lucille had asked for "special favors" she might have been further ahead, professionally and socially. Top billings, imported tile swimming pools and a Rolls-Royce with a chauffeur. Or perhaps a de luxe resident of a villa on Long Island. Instead, she took the long way. And the hardest. "What does an 'easy' life offer, after all?" she asks. Then volunteers the answer: "I thought that out in New York when I was a show-girl and a model. I had plenty of time to think about it, too, on the parties that we were asked to.

"ONE night I looked around at the girls and the men, and suddenly saw the thing in an entirely new light. 'What happens to girls like us in a few years?' I asked myself. 'We get older, lose our freshness, we are no longer news along the Rialto, so what?' I didn't want to end up the way so many of the good-time girls do, on Relief or forgotten in poverty.

"On the other hand, every time I went home I saw girls who had been my classmates in high school and some who had gone to the Chautauqua Institute of Music with me. They were married, mothers of children and not much older than I was. That wasn't what I wanted, either. Hard work at a career was the only answer for me.

"As I look back now at my New York days, I can see why the parties and the playing around didn't appeal to me. I was in love, deeply and tremendously, from the ages of fourteen to twenty-one. At twenty-one I promptly fell out of love, much to my mother's delight, for she had never approved of the boy. I don't now, either, but I couldn't see it her way, then. He had too much money for his own good, and he wasn't strong enough to carry on under it.

"Of course, love is a habit. I grew so into the habit of dedicating my affections to one man and ignoring the insistences of the others that when I fell out of love, I kept on being a one-man woman. Force of habit. And there was no other man. As a matter of fact, there weren't too many men rushing after me. I was young and funny-looking. It took me five years to learn how to dress. And then only after I worked three years as a model. When I first became a model, I thought some of the other models dressed so wonderfully well. 'Where did you get that dress?' I'd ask one. 'On the line' at the end of the season sales,' she answered. They were stock dresses, but I didn't have enough sense to know which one to choose for myself.

"I can remember how I dressed before I became a model. Pink blouse, bright green skirt and a long string of big pearls. I met Arthur O'Neil—maybe you know him, he's one of the important ad photographers in New York—I met him at a Greenwich Village cafe one night and he asked if I wouldn't like to model. 'But first you'll have to change your way of dressing,' he said, in all kindness. That was the beginning of my clothes consciousness.

"New York and I first met when I went to school there when I was about fifteen. I studied for a year and a half with the John Murray Anderson Dramatic School. All my life I had wanted to be in the theatre," continued Lucille. "At five I can remember 'dressing up' and 'acting.' The acting never progressed very far because I spent most of the time in a dramatic curtain appearance. At my father's death—he was an electrical engineer at the Anaconda Copper Company in Butte, Montana (that's where I was born)—I went to live with my foster-grandmother, a strict Swedish woman. She was old-school and stern, believing that to spare the rod was to spoil the child. At six I played 'acting' too much to please her, and she draped all the mirrors in the house to keep me from posturing before them.

"No doubt she had my best interests at heart. She thought I was a 'nervous' child—the result of both typhoid fever and pneumonia when I was young—and should therefore be sent to bed at five-thirty, while the children played beneath my window. I was 'nervous,' all right. Full of repressed energy that had no outlet. That probably explains why I made for New York the moment I had good excuse to. And I threw all that nervous energy into hard work. My brother Fred is like that. He is twenty-three and has worked every day since he left school at sixteen, even if the jobs have been nothing more than car washing or parking. But to work solidly for seven years during a financial depression is nothing to snicker at."

No one snickers today at Lucille when she tells of soda-jerking, of appearing in a Coney Island sideshow as "the headless woman," of doing anything honest to turn an honest penny. Now, when we ask her what she is doing with all the money she makes in films, she says: "I haven't saved any money. What I have done is to pay all the family debts with what I have earned. There isn't a thing, now, that we owe—even the bill for my tonsil operation of twelve years ago is paid."

IF LUCILLE is that Hollywood rarity a solvent, debtless star, she has done it all in five years' time. It was Samuel Goldwyn who imported her for Eddie Cantor's *Roman Scandals* half a decade ago. "I thought I'd be in Hollywood only six weeks, and, look! here it is five years. But I can't make up my mind to buy a house and settle in California," says Lucille. "I want four seasons of the year, snow, trees, brooks—we have brooks in New York state."

Even the San Fernando Valley ranch of Director Al Hall doesn't persuade Lucille

[*Continued on page* 86]

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 75*]

Here's the gag the cameramen pulled: When Tracy appeared, they stared at him a moment, and then in a body, stalked off, crying: "Aw, that ain't Spencer Tracy; hell, that ain't Spencer Tracy."

Lee burned for five minutes before the photographers came back, told him it was a gag, and photographed him anyway.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Arthur (Ex-Holm) Jarrett and Mary Martin—
Looks like another romance a startin'.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Shirley Ross and Ken Murray—
Still incandescent, despite that snow flurry!

■

EVEN thought he did take a pasting in the divorce courts, Dan Cupid scored some direct hits with that li'l bow'n arrow of his, these past weeks—

—Lana Turner, who set more hearts ajitter than any Hollywood newcomer in a long time, went down for the count when Greg Bautzer, Hollywood-stepping young Los Angeles attorney, slipped that diamond ring on her finger the other day. They say they'll be mrandmrs in 1939.

—Joy Hodges and Robert Wilcox admit they'll probably be married by the time you read this in print.

—and it'll be an October "I do" for Louise Campbell, Paramount's *Bulldog Drummond* gal, and Character Actor Horace McMahon. Their romance began when they met in the cast of *Three Men on a Horse*. They're going to marry in Chicago, they say, in the same church where Louise was christened.

—Sylvia Sidney, despite ALL her denials, returned from London recently as Mrs. Luther Adler.

—and also probably mrandmrs by the time this is in your hands will be Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot.

—and another honey to keep an eye on is Sigrid Gurie, the Brooklyn Scandinavienne who just divorced one husband, and seems all set to take another in the person of Lawrence Spangard, big-shot Beverly Hills medico.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ilona Massey and Michael Whalen,
She seems to be his steady failin'.

■

KAY FRANCIS can hardly wait. Every day, on the set, she gets telegrams of love from Baron Hubby-to-be Barnekow.

Title of her picture is *Curtain Call*. After that, she's got to make one more. Take it from Kay, it'll be her last screen appearance. After her marriage, she'll be just Mrs. Baron . . .!

■

CONSTANCE WORTH, who was briefly Mrs. George Brent, isn't letting that romantic crash sour her on romance—or anyway, on boy friends. One of the town's most consistent getter-arounders, Constance has been doing the nitespots recently with Ivan Goff, sharing her time with Joe Pasternak.

■

MEANTIME, her short-time hubby George Brent finds himself all linked up in the chitter-chatter, again, with Loretta Young, who was rumored his hot-moment years ago.

Marie Wilson and Ann Sheridan, a couple of Hollywood "eskimos," become playful at their igloo—and while you may wonder about Marie's legs getting frostbitten you've gotta remember that this is just a "prop" shot, taken during that heat wave

I GOT A SMILE OUT OF THE BOSS!
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

Say, who said the boss wasn't human? Right in the middle of a Board meeting he wanted a stick of Beeman's. And with every Director casting hopeful glances in my direction I opened an extra pack in my purse and passed it around.

"Have a treat on Miss Street," said the boss. "You never tasted a tangier flavor. Relax and rejoice with Beeman's. Even our new budget will be easier to take. You will find that flavor as fresh as an ocean breeze."

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

There is a Dr. Scholl Remedy, Appliance or Arch Support for Every Foot Trouble

King of the Hoss Operas

[*Continued from page* 50]

and there and also worked a day now and then when the operators took a day off. But since this didn't seem to be a very successful way to make much money, one day I took my railroad pass and went to New York hoping I might make some phonograph records. Shucks, I certainly found I had bitten off more'n I could chew."

Drawly-voiced, quiet, and modest, Gene made the rounds of phonograph recording companies, but without success. No one would give him an audition, and he was about ready to hit the grit for the wide open spaces where men are men whether they can sing or not when he suddenly hit upon what he considered a very brilliant idea. Which it was eventually!

"I went down to the Victor Company," he says, "and sat in the reception room for three days a-running hoping to be heard. Toward the end of the third day I got tired of waiting and took my guitar from its case and began to sing and play, and pretty soon a nice looking girl came along and said Mr. Art Satherly was ready to give me an audition. After Mr. Satherly heard me he said I wasn't quite ready and for me to go back to Oklahoma and get on a radio program.

"Well, shucks, it was pretty easy with Mr. Satherly's help, and I got a radio job in no time and broadcasted for a year from station KVOO. I was known as Oklahoma's Yodeling Cowboy. Whenever I wasn't yodeling I was working for the Frisco Railroad. Finally, I got tired of doing both so went back to New York to see what could be done about recording in the big city. Sure enough, this time I was ready and I made records for Victor, then signed a contract with the American Recording Company to whom I am still under contract for records."

IN 1931, when Gene had been making records for a year he went on an early morning program for Sears-Roebuck, at thirty dollars a week. Two weeks passed. Then his fan mail began to pour in, and in such large amounts that the contract was torn up and a new one signed. Station WLS kept the cowpoke from Texas on this early morning broadcast daily for four years after which he went on the National Barn Dance show as star and master of ceremonies.

In 1934, the president of Mascot Pictures, Nat Levine, went to New York to find a singing cowboy. Mr. Levine, in the course of his inquiries, finally met Art Satherly, and Art it was who suggested Gene. The first meeting between the producer and the cowboy crooner resulted in a one-picture contract. The picture was a Ken Maynard western titled *Old Santa Fe* in which Gene did a barn dance sequence. When the picture was finished Gene returned to Chicago and his Barn Dance program. But not for long because when *Old Santa Fe* was released, its reception was favorable enough for the studio to bring him back to Hollywood to co-star with Frankie Darro in *The Phantom's Empire*, a serial. In December of 1934 he made his first musical western, *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*, a picture that definitely established him as a musical cowboy with a great celluloid future.

He's scheduled to make eight pictures next year and will start immediately upon his return from his personal appearance tour.

The late Will Rogers was one of Gene's closest friends. These two met when Gene was working for the Frisco Railroad in

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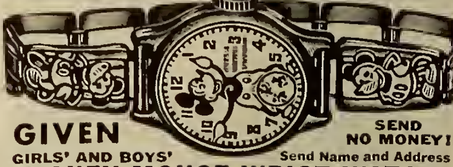

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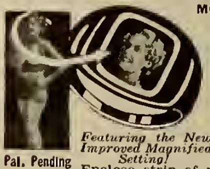

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Claremore, Oklahoma. When Will came in to wire his daily newspaper column, he always stayed to talk and to listen to Gene sing and play. Roger's favorite song was *Home On The Range*. The last time Gene sang this song—and it's probably the last time he ever will sing it—was at the commemoration of Rogers' birthday, shortly after his death.

Everyone who works closely with Gene is from Oklahoma. One by one he has brought his old-time friends and range buddies to Hollywood. Probably the friend to whom he is most loyal and the one who would gladly sell his soul to the devil if he thought Gene would benefit by the transaction is Smiley Burnette, better known as Frog Millhouse, the name he plays under in all of Gene's films. Gene discovered Smiley operating a one-man radio station in the middle-west, took him on the National Barn Dance radio program and later brought him to Hollywood under personal contract.

Gene's favorite horse, "Champion," is from Oklahoma, too. Champ was raised on the ranch adjacent to Gene's boyhood home and undoubtedly is the most pampered horse in all the world. Smiley told us that if he is ever reincarnated he wants to be Gene Autry's horse.

A TRAILER, expensively equipped, is Champ's home when on location. And when this horse steps before the camera he is, by far, the best dressed individual on the set. His saddle trimmings are hand-stamped silver, the saddle itself is worth $3,500, and the bridle about $1,500.

"Champ," Gene declares, "is a great camera hog. None of this sly cheating before the lens for him. No turning of his head nor looking at the camera out of the corner of his eye to attract attention. He looks at it full-face and loves to hear the director shout, Action! He loves the women, too. We had finished a sequence one day and the girls on the set started to gather around him. When we were called back for close-ups we found Champ's nose all covered with lipstick!

"He likes to see himself on the screen, too. We were on a personal appearance tour once, playing the Riviera Theatre in Milwaukee. One of our pictures was playing after our appearance and when we finished we went out front to put Champ in his trailer, but the rascal wasn't there. We looked backstage and still no sign of him. Then, suddenly we heard a roar from the audience down front and we found Champ standing on the stage quietly watching himself in the picture! He literally eats up applause. Lots of times on these personal appearances I'd leave him in the wings and come out again without him. When he heard the hand-clapping he'd come out, push me off the stage with his nose and go back for his own share of applause. And how he loves it! As vain as a woman, that Champ is, but shucks, he sure does deserve it."

No other male star spends more on his clothes than this cowpoke from Texas. He wears nothing but beautifully tailored western garb. As a matter-of-fact, he doesn't even own an ordinary civilian or business suit, nor an ordinary pair of shoes! His suits cost around a hundred dollars, his shirts never less than twenty-five bucks a piece, his hats—of which he has a large collection—from seventy-five to a hundred dollars each, and his hand-made boots in the neighborhood of seventy-five dollars a pair. For formal evening wear Gene has a tailored white cowboy suit, white hat, white leather boots, and a black cowboy tie.

"My first big song hit," he said, when we finally got around to the "words and music" department of our interview, " was *Silver Haired Daddy of Mine* written in 1929. More than 750,000 copies have been sold and it's still going strong. Phonograph records of the song have hit the million and a half mark. During the seven years I've been making records about ten million 'platters' have been sold."

Not bad for an ex-railroader, ex-telegraph operator, ex-cow waddie who quit throwing switches, punching cattle and tapping on telegraph keys to become king of the horse operas!

ONE of the secrets of Gene's tremendous popularity is his complete lack of pretense. He is the most natural and unaffected person in all Hollywood—or elsewhere, for that matter. His smile is one of the most heart-warming we've seen in a long, long time—that is, when he smiles. He is a bashful cuss and when he's making a picture the script girl has to jump up and down, wave at him, and make funny faces to win a grin for the camera. When he sings alone before the camera he wants to look at his feet and the whole company has to go into screwball antics to make him look up toward the camera.

Another secret of his popularity is the fact that he never hesitates to give his time to his fans. He answers his fan mail personally and autographs every single picture he sends out.

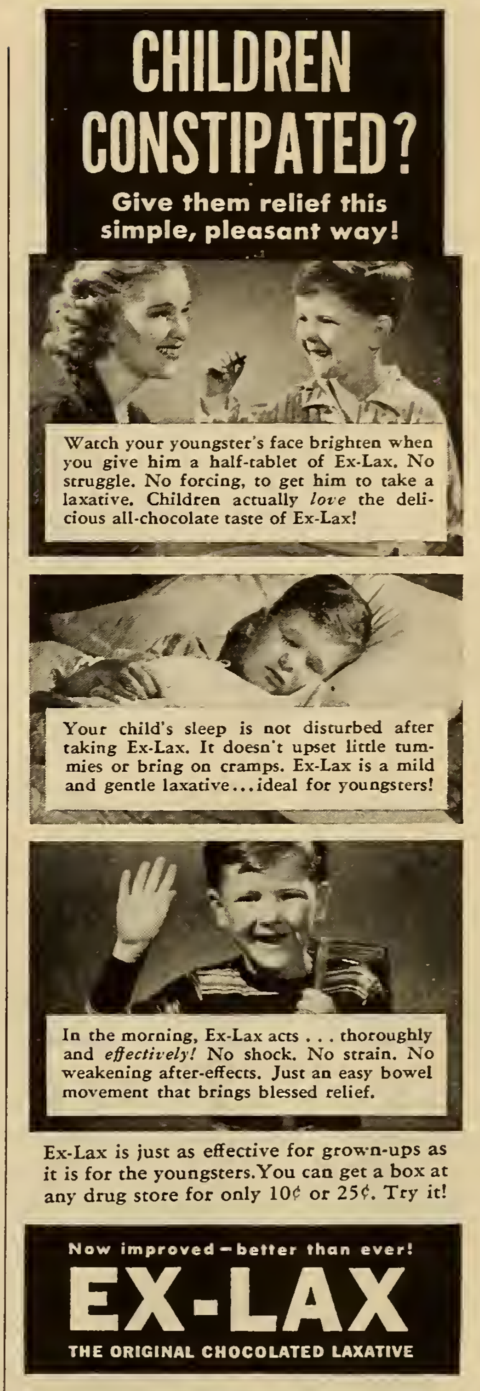
"Most of my spare time right now," he said, "is spent with my horses and watching the house I'm building in San Fernando Valley. I'm sure going to miss the ranch and the boys on this tour, but shucks, I'll only be gone for two or three weeks, so maybe I can stand it. Hope so, anyway!"

For exercise, Gene goes in for wrestling pretty heavily and from what his cowboy friends say he knows everything there is in the book about rasslin'. He likes the sport so well that he's taken Dude Chick, the world's junior heavyweight champion, under his wing and the youngster has been doing exceedingly well under Gene's management. For hobbies he collects spurs. He started out to collect horns of the fast disappearing Texas longhorns but quit that when his cowboy pranksters sent him a carload of them.

"I only go when I must," Gene told us when we said we'd never seen him in any of the Hollywood nightspots. "There's nothing exciting about night clubs and besides, I don't like to lose sleep and I don't care to drink. I like fresh air and I've never yet sniffed any in a night club. I guess I'm still just a cowpoke who'd rather attend a rodeo than all the gay night clubs put together! I just don't savvy this Hollywood glamour and maybe it's just as well I didn't. Do I like to make westerns? Shucks, feller I wouldn't make anything else. But they've got to be real westerns—men in the saddles, plenty of cows, plenty of action. They're clean and wholesome and the whole family can go to 'em and enjoy 'em. Golly, I certainly would look sick plucking my guitar and yodeling in a society drama, wouldn't I?"

Shucks, we said, we sorta thought he would and that maybe he was a smart hombre not to get funny notions like so many movie actors do when they get sprinkled a little with star-dust. His legion of fans must think the same way—or why the four thousand and more fan letters each month, the enormous song and record sales that have made the recording companies and sheet music publishers rich, and the ease with which he keeps four careers going all at once?

It's surprising, isn't it, when all is said and done, what a drawly-voiced, sun tanned, modest guy can do with a saddle and guitar?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Gorgeous Korjus

[*Continued from page 48*]

blonde, but not one of those cool, enameled ones. She is as warm and joyous as a summer morning in the wheatfields of her native Poland. Born in Warsaw, she received the major portion of her musical education in the Moscow conservatoire, and gives you her hand like one of those Russian ladies who expect you to click your heels, bow and kiss it.

"That was a difficult scene," she said, as the make-up artist patted a powder puff on her flushed face and the hair-dresser worked on her golden tresses. These two busybodies then left the room, and Miss Korjus continued:

"I am so happy to work with Mr. Gravet. He is a very nice man. He helps me, teaches me camera tricks. Other actors wouldn't do that. You know how nervous a person is if she doesn't know what to do. This is my first picture. But Mr. Gravet tells me nice things to make me comfortable."

She speaks with an accent, but considering the short time she has been in Hollywood, with remarkable fluency.

"I couldn't speak a word of English when I first came here," she admitted, laughing. "English is my favorite language. Because it has few swear words."

Well, compared to Russian, which she speaks like a native, English has no swear words at all. She learned her English with a teacher and by listening to the radio. "Every minute of my free time. News, speeches, plays." But for long she thought good-by meant hello. "And one day I went to a party and said to the hostess on leaving, 'You are wonderful horses.'"

AS THIS was her first magazine interview, and nobody knew much about her, I wanted nothing less than her life story. But she said it would take her several days to tell it, so we had to compromise and I asked her only such questions as were necessary for this personality sketch. Noticing that she is a girl of joyous enthusiasms—you know the type, every minute is precious and must be enjoyed to the full—I asked her what has been the greatest thrill in her life.

"When I got news that Irving Thalberg wanted me! I couldn't believe it. I couldn't sleep. Then I received a telegram from him when I was singing *The Magic Flute* at the Berlin Opera. He said in the telegram we want to make picture, yes or no. A Danish tenor who translated the telegram for me said, 'Surely you wouldn't give up opera for the movies.' 'I will,' I said, 'and how!' You see, I've always been crazy about the cinema. One night I sat up with neighbors until five o'clock the next morning waiting for a long-distance telephone call from the studio. I knew they would call me at five, but I couldn't sleep. I was too excited. A month after that I got a good contract and came to Hollywood. I didn't tell the director of the Berlin Opera anything until I was ready to sign the contract. He didn't want me to leave opera."

She came to Hollywood with her husband, Kuno Foelsch, a professor of mathematics. So romantic was her conception of the movie capital that she didn't know she was already in Hollywood while driving through its streets. "They tell me this is Hollywood, but I couldn't see studios and stars. Oh, I was so scared. I thought they wouldn't like me at the studio. But everybody was so charming. The executives smiled and were very nice. They seemed to like me, but they told me I

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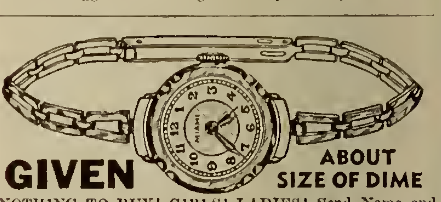

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was too fat! They asked me to lose ten pounds and come back."

SHE lost ten pounds and went back. But they couldn't see the difference. You can't be too thin for the movies. The screen has a tendency to show you fatter than you really are. So Miss Korjus, by a rigorous diet, shed her operatic poundage to her present slim proportions. She impresses you as a typical daughter of the land of Norsemen. There is a rich earthliness, a peasant vigor and candor about her, and she is devoid of the slick subterfuges and affectations of boudoir heroines. Her father, she said, was half Swedish, half Estonian, her mother is half Polish, half Russian, and lives in "Petersburg." People in that part of the former Russian Empire are very mixed, but no matter what the language they speak, they are all predominantly blonde. And incidentally, her name is pronounced Kor-yus.

She described her daily routine:

"Every morning I get up at 6, even when I'm not working and don't have to. I take my big police dog and go for a walk. I live close to the ocean, where the air is so clean. I walk one hour, then I go back for breakfast—orange or tomato juice, two boiled eggs and dark Swedish bread—*chyorny khleb*," she explained in Russian. "I sing from 9 to 12—three hours. I sing a whole opera through—*la Traviata, Tristan and Isolde, Rigoletto,* etc. Lunch at 12—half a pound of raw meat, one egg, and one onion. Onion is very good, it cleans the whole system. After lunch I swim. I can swim half an hour without stopping. I just lie in the water and float around, like this—" She showed with her arms how, holding a comb.

"Then I go home, and I am a little tired. I read in the garden. I read everything about Johann Strauss I can get. I read in English only. Sometimes I sing, play the piano. I read until I can't any more. I do everything until I can't any more—even eating." She emphasized this last word with a dazzling smile and by hitting me lightly with her comb. "For dinner, I eat everything! Once a day my body needs everything it has been accustomed to. I have a French cook, but I am a good cook myself. I can make very good borsch. Ah!" But I had to give her the recipe for shashlik, lamb barbecued on skewers, the most popular food in Russia next to borsch, but not so well known in the Polish sector. "I'll make shashlik tomorrow," she announced. (I remember Marlene Dietrich going into ecstasies over shashlik during a gastronomical conversation with her. They used to serve it at the Russian Eagle on Vine Street on swords.)

"At night, I make big fire, wear dressing-gown, put cream on my face, and sit by the fireplace. I can't sleep with cream on my face, and I'm busy all day. My dog is in a corner, and my beautiful Angora cat purrs like this—" she imitated the sound. "Oh, it's so wonderful! There are no lights in the room, only the flames of the fire. I sit there and listen to records. I have two thousand records and a machine that plays 12 records at one time. If people visit me, I keep them for dinner, and then they have to listen to the music. No talking is allowed. They can talk only when I am changing the records."

MILIZA doesn't care for parties, crowds, noise—except on the sets. The studio is like a second home for her. She goes to a party "once in a months" and gives a party "once in a months," too. Free, brilliant conversation is what attracts her in a party. She doesn't like gatherings where people are stiff and constrained. So she lives a quiet musical life—in grand style. Besides the cook, she

[*Continued on page* 85]

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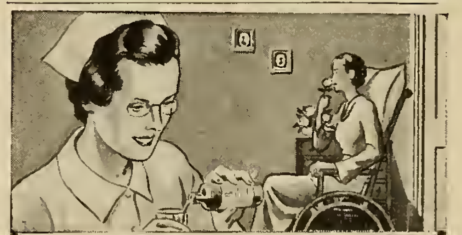

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PERTUSSIN

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Pick-ups Without Let-downs

[*Continued from page* 58]

Cream or lemon? The latter may have its thin slices pricked with whole cloves for special flavor; add colored cubes of sugar for sheer glamor; and, of course, the indispensable plate of dainty cakes, cookies, or thinly buttered bread and a jolly pot of jam.

Coffee is the favorite among the hot drinks, but a popular runner-up which will be scratched by few bettors is cocoa, the drink with the 'chawklit' flavor. Cocoa is not only most invigorating, but equally nourishing, because of its high percentage of sweet nut oils. Hence when a hot drink with real food value is called for, order cocoa. It makes an ideal breakfast drink for growing children and for the convalescent, and equally for the hungry, hearty members of the young set who come home 'famished' from the late shows, skating, or a long auto drive.

OTHER nations excel us in the understanding and service of cocoa, and among these are all the Caribbean and South American peoples where a morning cup of chocolate is very popular. They also often combine the best flavors of their two favorite drinks, cocoa and coffee, in a way not usual with us. Sometimes called Spanish Cocoa, the following recipe is given because it will make an invigorating novelty for an evening buffet or party:

CARIBBEAN COCOA FOR THE CROWD

4 squares unsweetened chocolate cut in pieces
¼ cup flour
⅔ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 cups strong coffee infusion
6 cups milk
2 cups water
1 teaspoon vanilla
Marshmallows

Use double boiler. Combine cut chocolate, flour, sugar and salt with coffee infusion, and blend over direct heat 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add milk and water, and heat over hot water, stirring to blend perfectly. Add vanilla. Beat (in boiler) with rotary beater until light and frothy. Serve immediately, and drop 1-2 marshmallows in each cup. (Serves 12)

Mention a moment ago of coffee, recalls that there are countless persons who adore coffee, but who nevertheless feel that they cannot take it at night because it keeps them awake. Whether this idea is only a bit of psychological thinking, or whether it is a fact does not matter, because the problem is easily solved by serving decaffeinated coffee at all evening occasions. "But that pepless coffee never tastes the same," some coffee addict may complain. But it does—*if made right!* Such coffee blends are decaffeinated *before* the coffee beans are roasted, thus leaving intact all the full flavor brought out by roasting. Here are some simple rules for making this coffee the best way:

DECAFFEINATED COFFEE—MADE RIGHT

Make the coffee *strong.*

Use 1 rounded tablespoon Drip Grind to 1 standard measuring cup of water. Or, 1 heaping tablespoon Regular Grind.

Percolate longer than ordinary coffee—allow percolator to "perk" 20 minutes slowly and evenly.

And still speaking of coffee, how many ever tried these variations on a coffee bean's brew?

Vienna Coffee: Top cup of hot beverage with sweetened whipped cream.

Cinnamon Coffee: Sprinkle grated nutmeg and cinnamon on whipped cream topping.

Almond Coffee: A few drops of almond

KRAFT DINNER
KRAFT DINNER
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A basket complete with all the Kraft-Phoenix De Luxe Cheese Assortment, as illustrated, is the 29th Prize in MOTION PICTURE'S BEAUTIFUL LEGS CONTEST You can win extract added to any cocoa-coffee drink is delicious.

Southern Coffee: Grate orange rind and sprinkle on whipped cream topping.

CEREAL coffee, by whatever name called, is another hot drink of great appeal to children and for those to whom coffee itself is taboo. Made correctly, such cereal drinks are extremely nourishing, since they are blended from toasted whole wheat and bran, with a sweetening of molasses, which gives both flavor and sugar values. Many of the most noted young stars of the silver screen have their diets carefully checked each day or each meal, and for them such natural food drinks are always specified. Here is how Number 1 box-office attraction, Shirley Temple, takes her breakfast beverage:

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S "GROWN-UP" COFFEE

Cereal Syrup:

1 cup beverage cereal
1½ cups boiling water
2 cups sugar or honey
Hot milk

Combine beverage cereal, boiling water, and sugar, and simmer over low heat about 10 minutes or until smooth syrup is formed. Use 1 tablespoon syrup to 1 cup hot milk, as breakfast "coffee" for children, or for in-between meals beverage. Deliciously wholesome poured over vanilla ice cream. (Makes about 2½ cups syrup.)

Malted milk is still another specialized drink which is extremely useful these chill days. It too, is a pick-up without a let-down, and is packed with strength-giving milk values in compressed form. And it can be served equally well as a cream soup, which is a way to help mothers bring more milk into the child's meals. Easily made, here it is:

MALTED MILK SOUP

2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon minced onion
2 tablespoons flour
3 cups rich milk
¼ cup malted milk
Salt, pepper
Minced parsley
Whole wheat wafers

Melt butter, and saute onion in it until a light brown. Blend in flour, add milk, stirring to a smooth consistency. Add malted milk, and blend again. Season, and add minced parsley just before serving with wheat wafers. (Serves 2-3.)

Variations: Replace half amount of milk with tomato juice, celery or asparagus liquid, or clam broth.

AND, of course, for the convalescent child or adult, malted milk is always a stand-by as a safe and simple drink and first aid for the ailing appetite. Serve it hot, or serve it cold with a beaten egg yolk if, perhaps, the patient is ordered "a soft diet." Or blend and mix it with orange or chocolate or cocoa syrup, etc. Make it double strength and pour over hot buttered toast to replace the usual "milk toast." Combine a generous tablespoon of malted milk into the usual mixture of prune whip, and make a simple vanilla ice cream including a generous proportion of malted milk.

If the mother has a child who seems a bit under par, and who needs special care, the use of some of these nutritive food drinks will pull up weight surprisingly.

The hot nourishing food drink which peps you up with no let-down scores all winter long. Plan such a beverage for your next informal party, be sure the kiddies are getting their values from it, and if you are struggling with an invalid or convalescent, even a patient with a common cold, give him food drinks as tonics.

FREE! FREE!

Let me send you *"What Shall I Serve With Winter Beverages?"*, a practical, helpful leaflet containing such good suggestions as recipes for "Gingerbread with Peppermint Cream Frosting," "Toasted Almond Macaroons," and "Malted Cocoa Cookies."

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(This offer expires December 15, 1938).

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MP-11

Gorgeous Korjus

[*Continued from page* 83]

has a secretary-accompanist, a dressmaker and a chauffeur-bodyguard living in her Spanish mansion. A gardener tends to her flowers and trees.

She wears slacks every day, but likes beautiful clothes, and her dressmaker is always busy making them. She prefers Grecian styles, hates jewelry and never wears any, but is mad about perfumes. She considers herself the ugly duckling of her family, which is blessed with unusual good looks. But of the five sisters, she was the first to marry—married at 18. She said this with some pride as in Europe it is customary for older sisters to marry first, and she isn't the oldest. "My sisters are so beautiful," she asserted, "that people would stop in the streets to look at them."

She doesn't keep a diary. "I don't want anybody to know how I feel. Later, when I am an old lady, I shall write a book to be published after my death, when I wouldn't care what people might think about me." And she burst into an operatic laugh. She outlined her life program:

"I hope to be ten years in pictures, spend the best time of my life in Hollywood. Then ten years of concert and opera. After I have finished my singing career, I will spend the rest of my life teaching."

And with this declaration, she got up and swept back to the set in her regal gown, where Director Duvivier and Mme. Albertina Rasch were waiting for her. As I left the set she was dancing with Gravet and her singing had reached the climax of dashing-a-champagne-glass-against-the-floor, and I saw her flourishing her white picture hat with the ostrich feathers.

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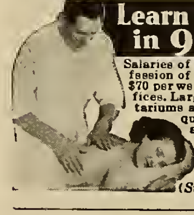

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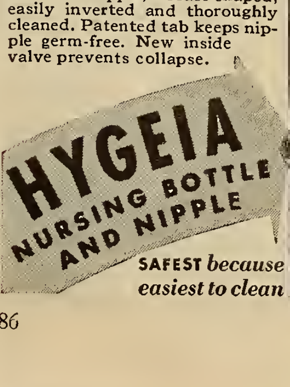

"Plenty on the Ball"

[*Continued from page 78*]

that California is the place for her to take root. Even likeable, Irish Hall who has been her pretty constant escort for two years, isn't enough to tie Lucille permanently to the Pacific Slope. The actress, whose life has been splashed with contrasts—poverty and plenty, snubs and sycophancy—rebels at the monotony of the California scene and climate. However, "love is a habit," with her. Perhaps her friendship for Hall falls easily into that category, too.

"What Al Hall wanted when he met me was someone who could interest him in the lovely ranch that he owned," continues the heroine of this modern romance. "He needed someone to make him stay out there, and I was the one to do it." The Hall ranch is now the home of Lucille's ace hobby; dog-breeding. There is no room in her trick modern Hollywood apartment for such a fancy.

Self-analytical, Lucille recognizes the maternal instinct in her assortment of traits. "It gets me into trouble," she says. "I am always wanting to 'fix things up' for people. People usually don't appreciate it." Last year, Lucille's desire to 'fix things up' took an inward curve. Suddenly realizing that film audiences throughout the country considered her a flippant, if not brazen, blonde, after seeing her in *Nina, Broadway Bill, Top Hat, Follow the Fleet, Winterset, That Girl from Paris*, she took herself in hand.

"On my last trip to New York I went by boat and fell in with a group of older travellers. Very acutely I soon discovered that I was being called 'that blonde,'" said the ex-blonde. "Its inference was all wrong. Instead of waiting to get to New York to do something about my hair, I dashed off the boat at Havana and had my hair dyed a shade nearer its natural color, which is a sort of tan with chestnut lights. It made an immediate and unmistakable change in me. For the better, I hope."

You didn't need binoculars to observe the new Lucille in *Stage Door* (in which she distinguished herself), *Joy of Living, Having Wonderful Time*, and in her latest *Room Service* with the irrepressible Marx Brothers, Groucho, Chico, Harpo.

Movie Quiz

[*Continued from page 63*]

of awards will be made by an honorary committee.

Q. When will the list of winners be announced?

A. The complete list of prize awards will be released early in 1939, as soon as possible after the contest closes.

A final word of advice. Movie Quiz is not a "trick" contest. There are no catch questions. All that is required is first-hand knowledge of 30 of the 100-odd motion pictures released during August, September and October. Without seeing those 30 pictures it would be impossible to win a prize through sheer guess-work. But if you have seen them, or are going to see them, and can remember what you see, there's no reason why one of you shouldn't win that $50,000 first prize.

Good luck!

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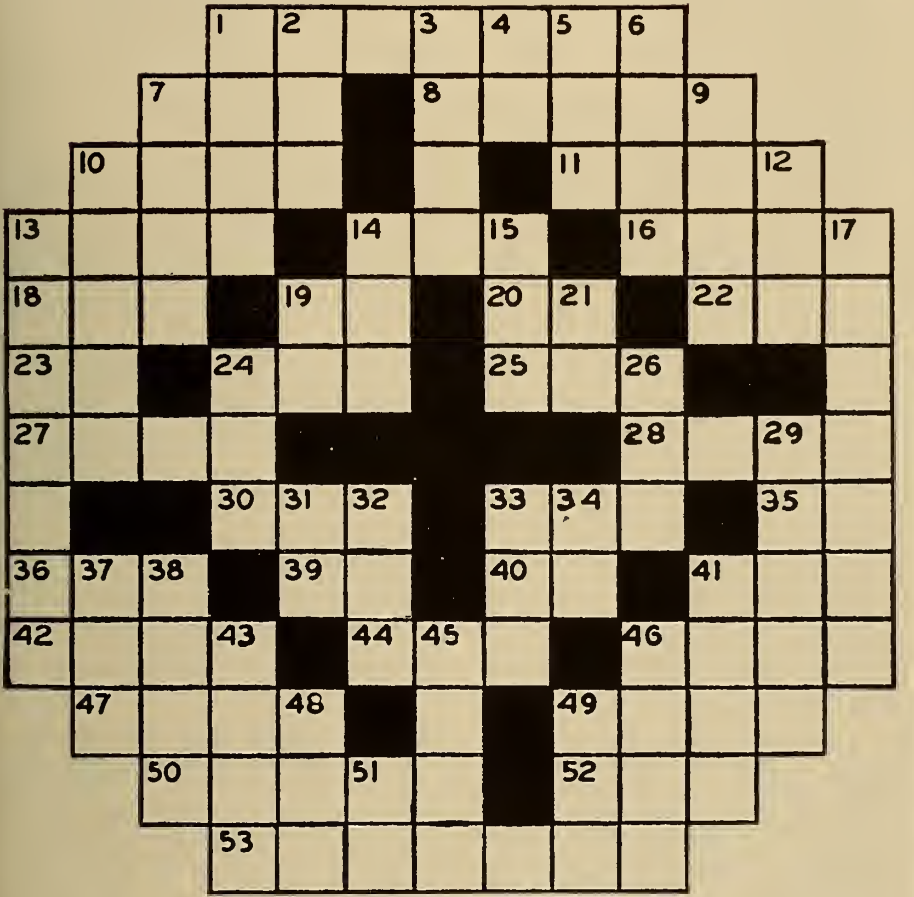

ACROSS

1. Bette Davis' latest film
7. Mrs. Walter Huston
8. First name of Miss Todd, comedienne
10. *Gold Is Where You ——— It*
11. Von Hemisch in *Romance In the Dark*
13. Month in which Jeanette MacDonald was born
14. Kind of dance for which Astaire is famous
16. Lanky comedian who was Homer Busby in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*
18. Date in April on which Wallace Beery celebrates birth
19. ———*Couldn't Say No*
20. *A Yank ——— Oxford*
22. Mrs. Eddie Cantor
23. Director Newfield's initials
24. *My ——— Kentucky Home*
25. Mr. Kennedy but not Edgar
27. Ann Sothern's are blue-grey
28. He was Karl in *Wise Girl*
30. To perform in a motion picture
33. Remember Marceline ——?
35. Margaret Sullavan's birthplace (abbr.)
36. ——— *Off Girls*
39. *Merrily ——— Live*
40. Short for Mr. Lowe
41. His last name is Blue
42. First name of singing comedienne in *Goldwyn Follies*
44. ——— *American Sweetheart*
46. Catastrophe of *In Old Chicago*
47. Her last name is January
49. Mrs. Buddy Rogers
50. Miss Barkow in *Sally, Irene and Mary*
52. *The Baroness ——— The Butler*
53. Hero of *International Settlement*

DOWN

1. Robinson's screen daughter in *A Slight Case of Murder*
2. *West of Rainbow's ———*
3. Her last name is Dunn
4. Mr. Aherne's initials
5. ——— *Tide*
6. First name of featured actor in *Little Miss Roughneck* (poss.)
7. Date in May on which Mr. Barthelmess was born
9. Mrs. Errol Flynn
10. Descriptive of *Bringing Up Baby*
12. Short for Mr. Blackmer
13. Simon-Ameche film
14. ———Healy was a comedian
15. Bill in *Women Are Like That*
17. Glenda Farrell's boy friend in *Torchy Blane* series
19. Initials of comedian married to Mildred Davis
21. *Dangerous ——— Know*
24. Widow of Martin Johnson, famous for jungle pictures
26. Month in which Minna Gombell celebrates birth
29. ——— *Day's A Holiday*
31. Miss Witherspoon's initials
32. Anna May Wong likes this beverage
33. Roy ——— Ruth directed *Happy Landing*
34. Initials of Miss Dvorak
37. Edgar Bergen's native state (abbr.)
38. It thickens in mystery dramas
41. One of Snow White's feathered friends
43. Gladys Swarthout sings them
45. You'll see her in *Swiss Miss*
46. Feathery props used by Sally Rand
48. *Wolves Of The ———*
49. Month in which George Brent was born (abbr.)
51. Eddie Nugent's initials

You will find the solution to this puzzle in next month's issue—the December MOTION PICTURE.

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The Girl Who Never Played Hollywood's Game

[*Continued from page 24*]

make-up table. "This way I can get myself almost full length," she laughed. A round hat of delphinium-blue crowned her redgold curls. It's her eyes, though, that hold you—pansy-brown, quiet and clear, giving you an inexplicable sense of peace.

It's not so long since the smart guys were saying: "Gaynor's through." Even as they croaked, that cunning showman, David O. Selznick, was laying his plans for *A Star Is Born*. From that picture Gaynor emerged, as important a movie figure as she's ever been.

To play the Hollywood game, she should have gone straight into another picture, capitalizing on her renewed popularity. Over a year passed before she started *The Young in Heart* for Selznick-International. She had nothing lined up to follow but a holiday. She wanted nothing more, for the time being. Then Metro found themselves in a spot. *Three Loves Has Nancy* was ready to go into production, and the girl scheduled for the lead was found to be unsuitable. Through Selznick, they made their plea to Gaynor. Would she do it? Would she, for the love of heaven, postpone her vacation and help them out of a jam? She had to make her decision overnight. She read the script, liked it and agreed to do it. The point is, however, it was *Nancy* who had to have Janet, not Janet *Nancy*.

Most other stars in Janet's position would have been scrabbling and fighting and breaking their hearts to get roles. In her attitude lies the story of what she's like.

"I WAS satisfied to wait after *A Star Is Born* as long as Mr. Selznick thought it necessary to wait. And that was until he found a good script. People said to me, 'But you can't afford to be off the screen so long.' 'Why can't I afford it?' 'Because the public will forget you.' "Well," she laughed, "I'd rather have them forget me than be irritated by me in a poor role. You can be forgotten kindly. It's hard to be kind to a source of annoyance.

"I don't believe you can keep things by clutching at them—not people, not possessions, not a career. You're likely to find yourself clutching a husk without substance. I don't mean that you shouldn't fight for what you want—up to a point. Nor that I mean to give up the movies till they give me up. But when they do, I'd like to believe that I'll depart quietly, say thank you for a lovely time, and go find me another kind of lovely time someplace else.

"Maybe philosophy has less to do with it than my physical make-up. Maybe I'd react differently if I were as strong as a horse—in which case, I'm glad I'm *not* as strong as a horse. When I work, I have to give up everything else. I have no other life. With four weeks off, I've got to use the first two to recuperate from my last picture, and the last two to store up strength for my next.

"When I've had any considerable time between pictures, I've gone away on trips. I love to travel. It's like having the inside of your head refurbished with new ideas and impressions. But there's always been that sense of pressure. You had to go by this boat, return on that one. You could never fall in love with a place, and say, 'Let's stay awhile,' because the cameras would be waiting. Don't, for heaven's sake, get the notion that I've been sorry for myself. I know the same thing holds true of all the working world, to a far greater degree. I know I belong to the lucky few—how well I know! All I'm trying to do is explain one actress' viewpoint.

"SOME of us feel, 'I'll *die* if I can't go on in the movies. It's my life.' Much as I love them, the movies are *not* my life. How sad, if they were—to have your life end so long before its time. My life is full of a number of other things, which I hope to go on enjoying when the movies are through with me. I've never been happier, for instance, than I was during that year between *A Star Is Born* and *The Young in Heart*. It was my first taste of leisure, the first chance I've had since I started work, of leading a tranquil, normal life with time on my hands—time to read, time to see my friends when, how and as often as I pleased, time to loaf if I felt like it. I gloried in that year. I went to New York, and suddenly it occurred to me that I'd never been up to New England." She turned to me, her small face aglow. "You can't imagine the thrill, when I realized that there was nothing to prevent my going to New England then and there. Then I thought, 'No. I'd like to see it in October, when the leaves are turning.' Well, there was nothing to prevent my waiting till October either. I sent for my car, had my chauffeur meet me, we drove up through New England in October, and I felt like a queen.

"There's so much in the world to see and do and think and feel. Nobody who can help it would want to be tied down to one small section, geographically or emotionally. The movies don't owe me a thing. They've given me work. They've withheld freedom of movement, but they've given me the possibility of that freedom later on. If I had to quit now, I'd be in their debt. And what should I lose? Glamor? Being in the limelight?" She smiled softly. "I don't like the limelight. It hurts my eyes."

I asked her about other variations from the norm. "I had all that out with myself long ago," she said, "and it's quite simple, once you've decided what's important and

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HE NEEDED MY KISSES

Sometimes compassion leads a woman into strange, uncharted paths. That happened to Judy—and in one short week she lived a lifetime of remorse and ecstasy. Read her thrilling confession in the November ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale.

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unimportant to you. 'As a star,' they told me, 'you must live in such-and-such a neighborhood, you must go with such-and-such people, you must be seen at such-and-such places. At first I was bewildered and dazzled. Pretty soon I began asking myself, 'Why must I? If I like the house I'm living in, if parties tire me, if I want to conserve my energy for my work and for people who have no importance to the movies but who are my friends, is it really so necessary that I should do violence to my own wishes?'

"MOTHER and I talked it over. My mother's a very wise woman. 'Do you want to do what others think you ought to do or what makes you happy?' she asked me. 'I'd rather see you earn twenty-five dollars a week and belong to yourself.'

"We decided to stick it out along that line. What was the worst that could happen? 'If you don't live like a movie star,' we were told, 'you'll soon stop being a movie star.' 'Doesn't one's work on the screen count at all?' 'Yes, it counts, but so does the other.' We decided to risk it. Well—" her face turned mischievous, "—the people who liked me in pictures didn't seem to care an awful lot where I lived."

A Chinese sage has said that wisdom was the elimination of non-essentials. By that definition Janet has achieved wisdom. When she says that the limelight hurts her eyes, she means just that. She knows that a certain amount of publicity is part of a movie star's job. She has too much humor to wrap herself in an aura of mystery, she's too kindly and well-bred to be rude to newspaper people. She will lend herself willingly to legitimate publicity plans, but she'll permit nothing to cheapen her dignity. Above all, she will not allow her personal affairs to be exploited to make a Roman holiday.

She couldn't prevent the press from speculating on her friendship with Tyrone Power. All she could do was keep her own counsel and go her own way, which she did serenely. If people were curious, if writers wrote articles on WILL JANET GAYNOR MARRY TYRONE POWER AND WHY NOT? that was their business and didn't affect her course by a hairs-breadth. She contributed no word to stir up the eddies.

Now all the talk is of Adrian, Metro's famous designer of clothes, who met Janet when she went over there to make *Three Loves Has Nancy*. Again people are whispering: "Adrian's mad about her. D'you suppose she'll marry him?" In other walks of life, it's possible for a man and woman to be friends in peace, without having the world raise a pother about it. Not in the movies. In the movies, for some reason, no middle ground is allowed between complete indifference and romantic love.

OF ONE thing you may be sure. Whatever the feeling between them, Hollywood won't spoil it. To the movie world, it may be good publicity. Janet will see it at its innate worth, free of non-essentials, as she would have done if she'd been a clerk in Podunk or the empress of Russia.

She doesn't play the Hollywood game, either in great things or small. As we talked, she caught sight of the maid assigned to her by Metro on this picture. "Oh, I didn't mean you to wait," she cried. "Please go and have your lunch. You must be hungry."

The girl broke in to a broad grin. "What's so funny?" smiled Janet.

"Tain't so funny," she answered slowly, "as it's nice. Yore the seventh lady I worked for, but yore the first one that ever took keer to think my stummick doan' get hungry, convenient to yours."

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FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE. FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORNING!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

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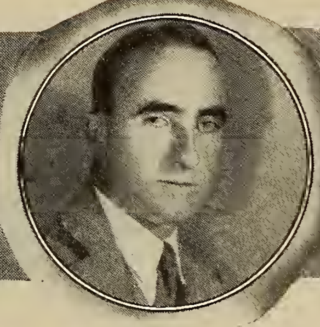


BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

BUSINESS seems to be picking up around the movie theatres, as it seems to be picking up in other industries and enterprises. And this in spite of the film industry's Greatest Year campaign, the slogan of which is Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment. There's something naive about this slogan. I believe they could have struck off a better one and registered modesty. Since the movie public has been staying away from picture houses in droves they're not going to be suddenly reminded to return to them just because in Hollywood's eyes there's nothing better in entertainment.

It's as if the industry assumed a patronizing slant like a mother at Christmas time who tells Junior: "now if you'll be a good boy and mind mamma, Santa Claus will give you that bicycle." One thing the industry must learn to respect and that is the intelligence of its public. There are plenty who, upon reading this slogan, are saying: "You're telling me" or "so what?" or "is that so?" But assume that the slogan does guide a few millions back into the theatres—what are they going to do to keep them there once the contest is over?

The answer is obvious: GOOD PICTURES. Every movie mogul knows that there's nothing wrong with the box-office that good pictures won't cure. Give them good sound plots that tell the story with realities and humanities; give them lifelike characters and Hollywood's better players will make them entertaining.

Neat Dressing, Poor Filling

THE dressing is far better than the filling. Every picture, nearly, is well staged and photographed. Technically, they're perfect. It's the filling that has to be digested—and when you can't even masticate it, much less swallow it, then you have the answer why patrons have stayed away from the movies. The public has become fed up with cycle plots—wherein a hit picture has attracted the public to such an extent that the identical plot is dished up by rival companies over a period of time. The twins, Cinderella and Pollyanna, and their brother Rollo, still carry on, but Hollywood doesn't yet realize that they are dying of pernicious anemia.

There are too many pictures being made. One company makes 60 to 70 films a year. So another company has to make as many or lose prestige or "face" as the Japs call it. So it becomes a general practice of all the major companies to equal or surpass one another on the year's total product. And what does this develop? It develops the double feature—the bane of the industry in all of its ramifications. There aren't enough good stories being written to attract patrons. It's natural that the public is fed constant repetition. On the other hand studios have a big investment in players who must be kept employed. To keep a rival studio from putting in a claim if an option isn't lifted, the player is kept on the payroll and put to work. If the star is unfortunate enough to make a smelly picture then he suffers loss of prestige and popularity and the patron says: "So-and-So is slipping."

I'd like to see the day when the big companies make no more than 30 pictures a year—which is a fraction over one every two weeks. With more time spent picking stories—with fewer stories—and these with definite appeal—with some options dropped and the real worthies retained, I think the industry would be seeing daylight ahead. It would hold its public because pictures would be on a higher plane—and patrons who have been turning their backs on the box-office would return. Even potential patrons, now too bored, would be attracted.

There are too many pictures, too many players. Mr. and Mrs. Public are fed up.

Needs A Bit Of Paring

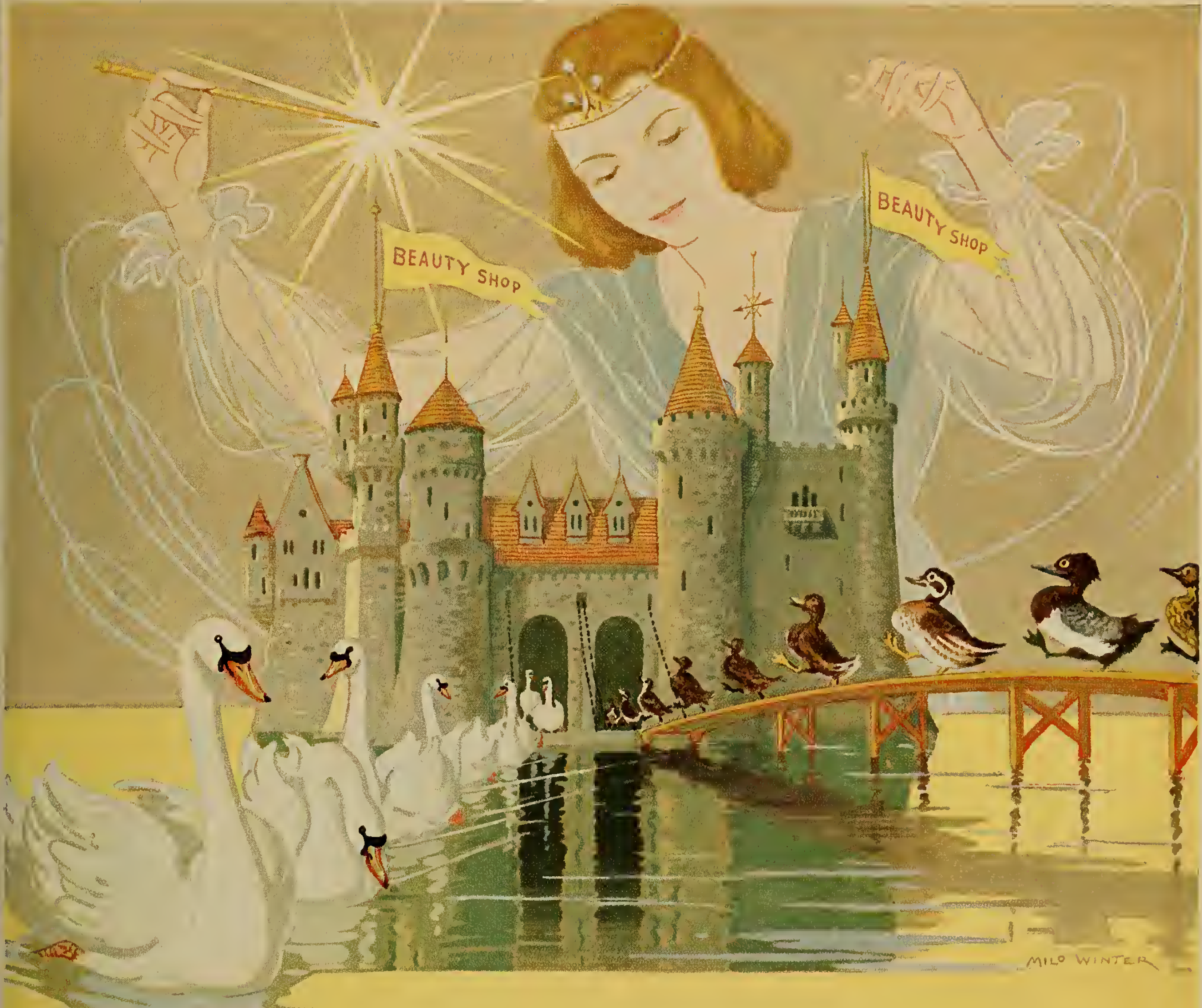
CUTTING down on stories and double features would do away with Bingo, Screeno, Bank Night, Auction Night—and all the other evils that have cropped up to lure the public into theatres. Then give 'em their money's worth and a mental stimulant in a well-balanced program. Then the producers could stand one hundred per cent behind the slogan: Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment. If you ask those fellows in Washington what's the matter with business they'll give you the stock retort: Over-Production. We make too much of everything (once it proves a popular product) in this country. Detroit makes too many cars and has to shut down several weeks every year, and Hollywood makes too many pictures. Hollywood asks: "Can't we please 'em anymore?" They could please them if they'd only put things under control.

Good Pictures—Good Business

YES, business is picking up. In the big cities the bedecked ballyhooers in front of the movie palaces are shouting: "Standing Room Only For A Short While." They get the better pictures first. Before better ones make the neighborhoods and small towns the cash customers are in for a flock of double features—with a set of dishes or some auctioned store clothes thrown in. There are no uniformed lobbyists handing out the hauteur: "Only A Short Wait For Seats." There, the customers take the dishes and cash and potatoes and flour even if they *can't take* the double feature. Pop and Mom and Junior get tired eyes and fidgety nerves sitting through 3 or 4 hours of junk.

Now if they could just see in the Bingo Bijou such worthies as *Algiers; Professor, Beware; The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse; Three Comrades;* The *Judge Hardy* gems; *Test Pilot; The Rage of Paris; Sing You Sinners; Alexander's Ragtime Band* (despite the central characters never age in 25 years); *Carefree* and *Four Daughters* everything would be just dandy. This *Four Daughters* is something out of the ordinary—a picture that doesn't need a Best Entertainment slogan to pull you in. Word of mouth will sell it. Which brings me back to the oft-told phrase: "There's Nothing The Matter With the Box-Office That A Good Picture Won't Cure. If all stories were told as simply, humanly and realistically there'd be no bad movies.

A little thought, a little care, a little common sense, a little discretion—that's all that's needed. Double features wouldn't be needed—neither would Bank Night, Bingo, Screeno and all the rest of the sorry mess that has hurt the picture business—and brought it down in the Bingo spots to the level of a cheap carnival's razzle-dazzle. Let Hollywood lift up its head and look high and aim higher. Then we'll be on the high-road of Best Entertainment. Meanwhile, how are your dishes holding up, Mr. Dudrap?



Every Day Is Miracle Day

ONCE UPON A TIME there were ugly ducklings . . . . .

And once upon a time it was a wonderfully kind fairy godmother, waving her magic wand, who bestowed the rich gift of beauty on fortunate girl babies.

And at that time there were lots of ugly ducklings because only lucky little princesses had such lavish fairy godmothers. All the others were left out in the bitter cold of ugliness or just plain-Janeliness.

The fairy godmother still exists, but she's changed her instruments of witchery. And because she's changed, there are no more ugly ducklings. The fairy godmother's garb is now streamlined, her generosity far flung. She is, if you please, the modern beauty shop, dispensing the rich gift of beauty to princess and poor alike.

The standards of beauty are higher in America than anywhere else in the world. Income level doesn't matter. A woman's natural heritage of beauty—or the lack of it—doesn't matter. Beauty is every American woman's for the asking, thanks to the beauty shop, the twentieth century fairy godmother!

The deft hand of the well trained beauty operator waves as a magic wand over the plainest of plain Janes, the ugliest of ugly ducklings, erasing mediocrity, replacing it with individualized beauty. No woman in the world has such weapons against lack of good looks as the typical beauty shop offers the American woman.

That benevolent fairy godmother, the beauty shop, indulges in no ring-rubbing or crystal gazing today. She practices her wondrous art with scientific knowledge, a fine skill and superlative mechanical equipment. She has potions that give the sheen of starlight to the hair and myriad other preparations that in themselves are pleasant sorcery captured in jars and bottles.

Beauty problems? There are none any more. That fairy godmother knows all the answers. New found glamor is the reward of the ugly duckling who would be a swan, the middling-fair who would be a beauty and the beauty who would be glorified, if she but join the great American trek to the beauty shop. Every day is miracle day in the modern beauty shop.

Offered by Drene Shampoo in recognition of the magic services of the beauty shops of America

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AT 3,000 AUCTIONS
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"IT'S TOASTED"
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LUCKY STRIKE
Easy on Your Throat–
Because "IT'S TOASTED"

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Otis Rucker—independent auctionee
has smoked Luckies for 21 years

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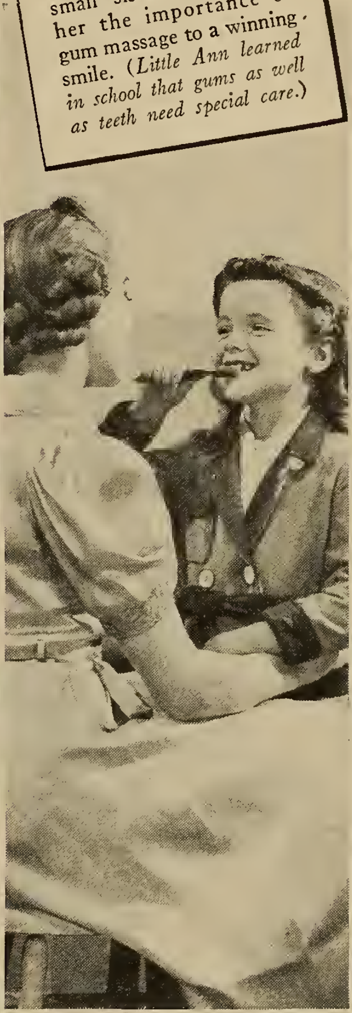
"I've been an auctioneer and warehouseman ever since 1909," says this typical expert. "I started smoking Luckies in 1917. The finest tobacco sold at auction goes into them. Most of my friends in the business smoke Luckies, too."

Sworn records show, in fact, that among *independent* buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen, Luckies have *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

Yes, Luckies give you the finest tobacco. And they are *kind* to your throat, too! Their exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in *all* tobacco. So Luckies are a light smoke—easy on your throat. Try Luckies for a week, and see.

Sworn Records Show That–WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST–IT'S LUCKIES 2 T

Poor lonely Sue! Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (*But what man wants to play Romeo to dull teeth and dingy gums, a drab, lack-lustre smile?*)



There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (*Little Ann learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.*)

Life's a lot of fun when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be if she would start with Ipana today. (*For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling.*)

Lovely Smiles win Romance—

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

How swiftly masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums, deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the commonsense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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TOOTH PASTE
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OCT 31 1938

MOTION PICTURE

Incorporating

Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVI- No. 5 DECEMBER, 1938 Twenty-seventh Year

Features

What Every Girl Should Know ... James Reid 21
Love And Acting Don't Mix ... Fred Colton 22
Confessions Of A Contest Winner ... Gladys Hall 24
Why The Tones Should Stay Married ... Dorothy Spensley 26
What's Biting Errol Flynn? ... Dan Camp 28
Where Stars Get In A Lather ... Temple Crane 40
Studio Designer Confesses ... Leon Surmelian 44

Personalities

He Owes It All To Will Rogers (Joel McCrea) ... Ida Zeitlin 38
Tarzan Is My Downfall (Maureen O'Sullivan) ... Faith Service 42
Survival Of The Fittest (John Garfield) ... Roger Carroll 43
Horning In On Hollywood (Johnnie Davis) ... E. J. Smithson 50

Pictorial Features

Come On, Co-Ed! ... 19
Sunny Boy ... 20
Two Hearts That Beat For One ... 25
Our Own News Camera ... 30
A Day With Bob At His Ranch ... 32
Let's Go Fishing With Errol Flynn ... 34
Bette Davis—Earthquake Victim ... 36
Lovesick ... 39
Full Of Ginger ... 47

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler ... Harry Lang 6
You Know Your Movies? (crossword puzzle) ... 12
Hollywood's Trick Parties ... 13
Picture Parade ... 16
Between Ourselves ... 18
The Talk Of Hollywood ... 48
On The Sets With The Stars ... 58

To the Ladies

The Golden Rule ... Denise Caine 8
Light Your Home Like the Stars ... Mrs. Christine Frederick 10
Joy Hodges Goes High Hat ... 46
Trim Your Christmas Menus with Golden Orange Balls ... Mrs. Christine Frederick 56
Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips ... 78

AL ALLARD
Art Director

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Western Editor

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

IS SONJA HENIE MONEY-MAD?

There has been a great hue and cry raised over the above question. It has been gossiped in Hollywood that the Norwegian star whose skating talent has made her one of the wealthiest actresses in the world cares nothing about anything except accumulating money and more money. Now MOTION PICTURE is coming to Miss Henie's defense to show you that she is NOT money-mad—that what she has earned has been accomplished through her exceptional talent. There are other inspiring, revealing stories about your movie favorites in the January issue that you won't want to miss reading. Be sure to order your copy of MOTION PICTURE early from your regular dealer!

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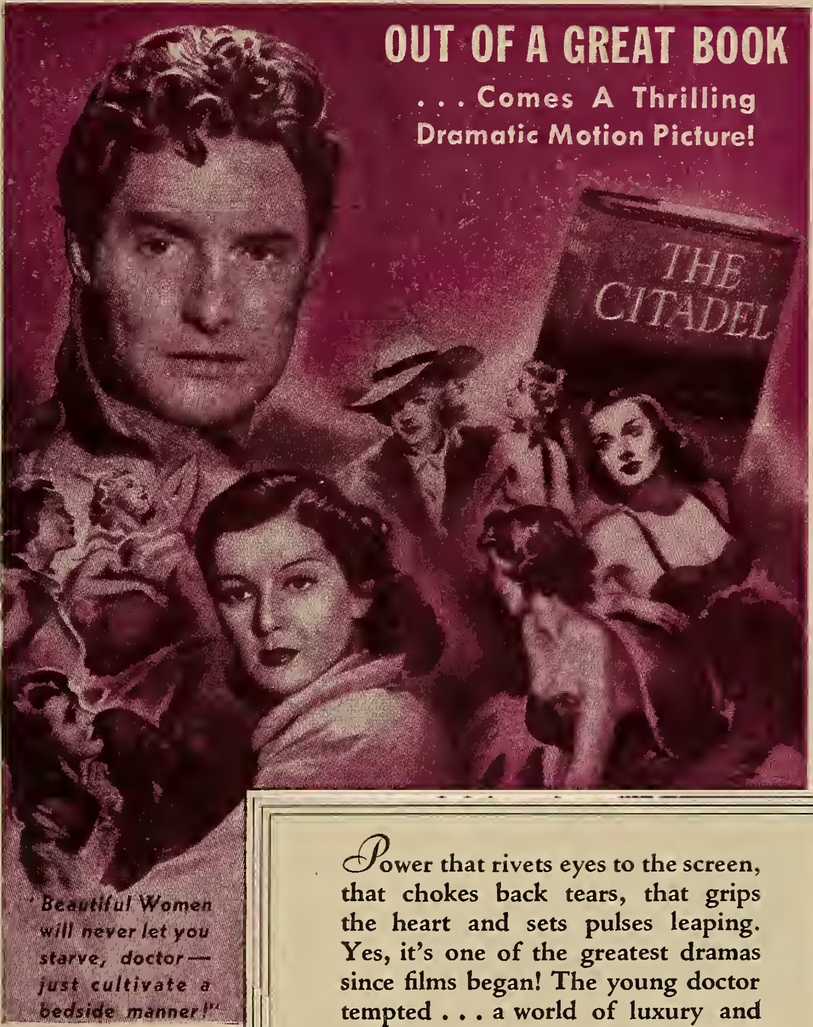
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. . . Comes A Thrilling Dramatic Motion Picture!
THE CITADEL
"Beautiful Women will never let you starve, doctor— just cultivate a bedside manner!"

*P*ower that rivets eyes to the screen, that chokes back tears, that grips the heart and sets pulses leaping. Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas since films began! The young doctor tempted . . . a world of luxury and beautiful women within easy reach but the cry of humanity calling him back to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL
IN

THE CITADEL

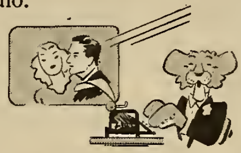
A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION
Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin
with **RALPH RICHARDSON**
REX HARRISON · EMLYN WILLIAMS
Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR

With everybody writing a column, I don't see why I should not take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about some of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures and personalities. And folks, I've got the inside dope on everything that goes on in the world's greatest studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he knew was "what he read in the papers." All I know is what I see on the screen (and what my spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The Citadel" in our advertisement on the left. It's made of the sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer, is "Sweethearts", which, with appropriate fanfare, brings us once again that thrush-throated pair, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★

"Sweethearts" is their first *modern* musical. Modern as the dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the "glad girl") and Alan Campbell.

Hunt Stromberg, who produced "Naughty Marietta", "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", and Director W. S. Van Dyke II, are the sweethearts who give us "Sweethearts"—and it's all in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more about pictures, write for my little book, "The Screen Forecast," M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. It's free!

SCREEN FORECAST

Just call me *Leo*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

BY HARRY LANG

Ernest Truex and a quintette of dancing girls shuffle off to Buffalo or lunch as they practice a swing step on the Universal lot. You'll see them in *Freshman Year*

NEVER has your snooper seen Hollywood having so much tongue-waggling and chin-jittering fun as it is in the wake of the Joan-Tone debacle. Usually, when some cinema mrandmrs hit the rocks, Hollywood shrugs a shoulder and asks, "So what?" But over the Joan-Tone bust-up, Hollywood still finds luscious morsels of chatter. Such as the ever-important matter of who's dating whom! . . . For a long time, neither Joan nor Franchot twosomed. Franchot stagged it to niteries, now and then danced an isolated step with some cinema cutie. Joan didn't step out at all, save as one of a large non-twosoming party. Joan even went so far as to tell a reporter: "I wouldn't know how to act if I went out, now, with anyone besides Franchot . . ." But Joan must have learned. She's been out now and then with Cesar Romero, most notably. True, Cesar's an "old friend" of both Joan and Tone.

As for Franchot, he's weaning from the stag diet. Recent stepper-outers-with-Franchot have included Margaret Tallichet, Ann Morriss, Marjorie Weaver. True, Franchot usually sees that it's in a foursome—with sometimes the Norman Fosters along, sometimes Pat di Cicco and a gal friend . . . Still true to their profession, both Joan and Franchot now and then put on a little drama of lost love. Such as Tone's

[*Continued on page* 11]

HEAD over heels (for the moment, anyway) are Janet Gaynor and M-G-M's famous designer Adrian (first name's Gilbert). Janet, whose heart affairs have made print more than once, is reported really in love this time (What! *Again?*). Take it from Janet herself, as whispered to a close friend of years' standing: "Adrian is the first man I've ever been able to look UP to!"

(A few months ago, when all was torrid between Janet and Tyrone Power, Janet confided that "Ty is the first man I ever could have FUN with!")

Anyway, these nights Janet and Adrian are a steady twosome. They spend much time at the Bublichki, little Russian eatery that is the favorite tete-a-tete spot for so many Hollywood heart-thumpers. Janet invites many close friends to her home to meet Adrian, shows him off with pride and glowing eyes. Adrian himself ecstatically says over and over: "It is the first time I have ever been in love in my whole life." That's 35 years or so. . . .

■

Hedy Lamarr is seldom seen in public without Reginald Gardiner, English comedian, at her side. At Tallulah Bankhead's *I Am Different* premiere

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Busby Berkeley and pretty Claire James;
She's the latest of the many Berkeley flames.

Clarke Andrews, radio tycoon, gives bride Claire Trevor the after-wedding kiss. Like all girls in love she shuts her eyes for it. No kidding, they'll do it every time

7 GREAT PERSONALITIES

JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.
"Rupert of Hentzau"

PAULETTE
GODDARD
In her talking debut

ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"

BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs. Topper"

Selznick International
presents

JANET
GAYNOR

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE
GODDARD

in

THE YOUNG IN HEART

with
ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson *Directed by Richard Wallace*
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK..*Released thru United Artists*

RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance

THIS IS ONE OF THE
MOVIE QUIZ
$250000.00
CONTEST
PICTURES

From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie

LIGHT YOUR HOME LIKE THE STARS!

STARS KNOW THEIR "LIGHTS" SO TAKE A TIP FROM THEM ON HOW TO BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOME

The Stuart Erwins use a tall lamp to light their piano and music corner. This lamp can be moved to chair if needed for reading

Beside their divan the Erwins place a table lamp to make bedtime story reading a family affair. Small lamp tables either side of fireplace give balance

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

HOMES of the motion picture stars are distinguished by luxury lighting. Whether it is the star's beautiful restful boudoir, her dramatic dining-room, her ultra-smart living-rooms, or the terrace where she serves superb supper parties, it is luxury lighting which she prefers. And the same may be said of the home and rooms where your favorite man star takes his ease; for the term "luxury lighting" is only a new coinage for the increased livability and comfort, absence of irritating glare, and preference for eyesight-conserving light fixtures and lamps.

Who, if not the motion picture stars, should know best about this new, modern and better lighting? Do they not have to face highpowered kleigs and batteries of other strong lighting units for hours all their long working days? Do they not know that never a frown or wrinkle must mar the smoothness of their audience or "picture" face? So what more natural that in their homes they insist that the lighting be safe, smooth, restful, relaxed, with every attention paid to safeguarding their precious vision and highly insured screen personalities.

So, too, luxury lighting can make a world of difference to you, to your family, and to your home. It's not only an idea for the castles of the motion picture stars but quite as possible for you and your cottage, for your apartment, or the home where expenditures are limited.

The eyes of mankind have been accustomed to the lavish light of outdoors for thousands of years. Yet the moment we move out of the direct rays of the sun, the level of illumination decreases. Sitting in the shade of a tree, we may have some 1,000 footcandles of light; when we move to the porch, a bare 500; indoors when we close the window, only 200 candles, while at night, when we turn on the average electric table lamp, our illumination level for seeing drops to only 1/100 of what it was when we sat under the tree. If we pull our chair to the window, we may sew in comfort in daylight, but only six feet away your husband in his reading chair may have to frown in his effort to read the evening newspaper!

There is certainly something radically wrong when we work, play, or walk outdoors under hundreds of footcandles, and then try to sew, study, or read with only five footcandles in our homes. Here are the four most important factors in obtaining eye comfort or luxury lighting:

1. Have enough light (quantity) for the seeing task to be done.
2. Avoid glare.
3. Avoid too severe a contrast between the light on the task and the light throughout the room.
4. Have correct direction of light.

HOW much light is enough? The minimum levels of light need today are not a matter of guesswork. A little mechanism will measure light for you just as a ther- [*Continued on page* 81]

Did you know there was style in Light Conditioning? Did you know that lighting *can* and *has* kept pace with style? Let us prove it to you by sending you FREE an illustrated booklet entitled "There's Style In Light Conditioning, Too." You'll find further details in the above article.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 6]

The boy and girl grow older—meaning Mary Hay Barthelmess and her brother, Stewart, who make up foursome with Papa Dick Barthelmess and Mary Pickford, who're older, too. Papa Dick is back in Hollywood after several years abroad

stepping over to Joan's car on the M-G-M lot, to pat their pet dog as it sat in the car waiting for Joan; or sending tons of flowers to Joan's dressing-room. Joan, for her part, keeps an autographed photo of ex-hubby Tone on her dressing-room table, thumbs through fan magazines till she comes to portraits of him at which she gazes soulfully . . . It's good theatre.

◆

STILL No. 1 swain of movieland is Cesar Romero, who, in addition to serving as Joan Crawford's rebound-catcher these days, is also finding time to squire such divergent types of cinema ladies as new-divorcee Venita (ex-Oakie) Varden, and stage-screen-veteran Lenore Ulric!

Hollywood is saying it won't be long now before fashion designer Adrian and Janet Gaynor go marching to the preacher man

◆

AGAIN at the discussion stage is the A. C. Blumenthal—Peggy Fears settlement-and-divorce matter. If it goes through, it will leave A. C., better known as "Bloomey," as one of the go-get-him goals of Hollywood gals. Bloomey has money; he has charm. Of his charm, certainly, Hollywood's gals are not unaware . . . Most consistent Bloomey-pal has been June Lang, who just got her own final divorce from Victor Orsatti, after that disastrous try at matrimony. However, June's mama, assiduous director of her daughter's activities, is said not to relish the idea of June's romancing with Bloomey too much. She'd rather have 'em "good friends." Anyway, June isn't by any means the sole gal in A. C.'s life. Recent twosome companion of his has been Geraldine Spreckels, the San Francisco heiress and movie-aspirant, who spends frequent times with Charlie Chaplin, denying romance.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Who is Glenda Farrell with?—
Arnold Kunody, or Van Smith?

◆

MOST optimistic venture in all Hollywood history is the "Golden Wedding Club." Members are Hollywood's younger married set. Object is to keep going until they all celebrate at least their golden marriage anniversary! How quaint. Charter members are the Jackie Coogans, the Tom Browns, the Jon Halls, the Jimmie Ellisons. Asked to join have been the Gene Raymonds, the John Paynes, the Joel McCreas, *et al* . . . Note: NONE of the charter member couples have been married one year, let alone fifty.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
David (heart-throb) Niven and cute Amanda Duff—
How that boy gets around is a caution, sure enuf!

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Frankie Chester and Dancer Movita
Are finding life gets swita and swita!

◆

LATEST Cupidata on Who's Whose: Whitney Bourne and rich George Rowan warming up the niteries . . . Joan Valerie and the Earl of Warwick . . . Shirley Temple's brother Hula-Hutting with Bonita Granville . . . Olivia de Havilland finding Billy Bakewell nice company when not telephoning to George Brent . . . Townsend Netcher and Lorraine Eddy . . . Melodye Raye (she's Martha's sister) just dotes on orchestra-leader Bill Roberts . . . Virginia Grey with Richard Arlen . . . Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger La Conga'ing . . . Eddie Albert and Jane Bryan . . . Janet Shaw and Larry Williams . . . Richard Greene and

[*Continued on page* 14]

Remember Simone Simon? Whatever became of her, you ask? Well, she went back to France to be greeted at Havre by smart, pretty, young-looking mama

WHY WAS CLEOPATRA *Never Kissed?*

➔ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too. She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener — Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that" — but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

Here is a *scientifically* made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer — fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions — yet the cost to use Italian Balm is negligible because it is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. Try it FREE. Send coupon below.

Campana's
Italian Balm

FREE

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
571 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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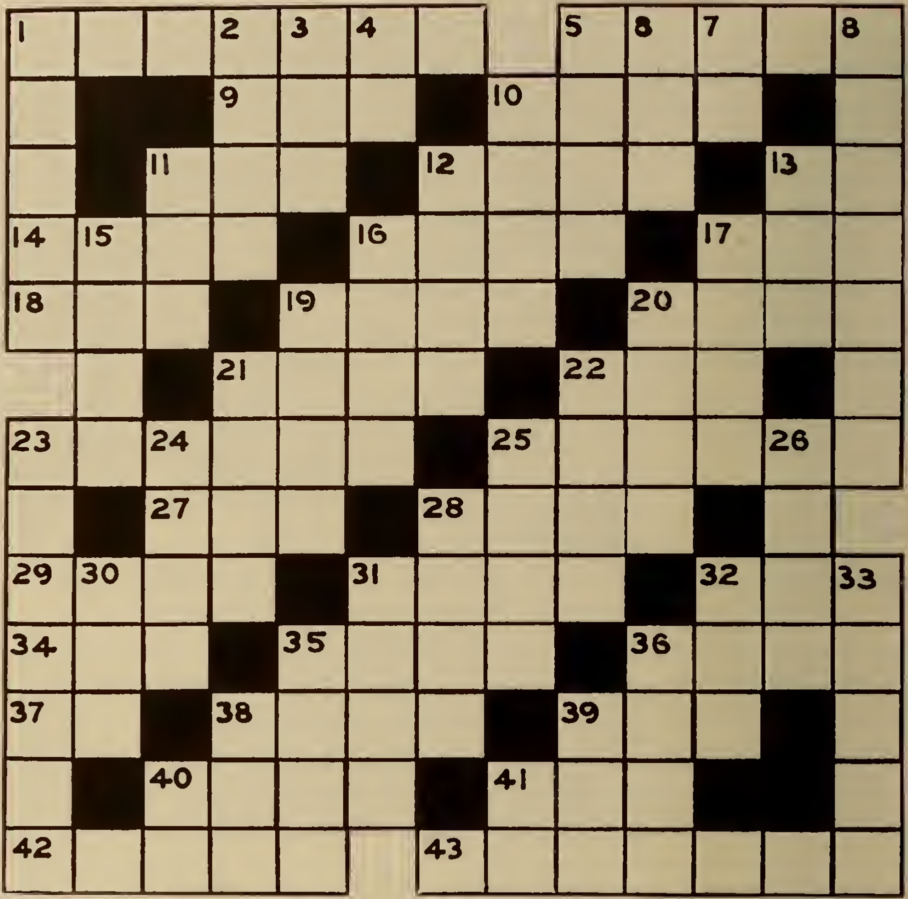
*City*____________*State*________

In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F571 Caledonia Road, Toronto

YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!



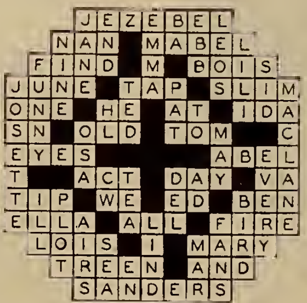
ACROSS

1. Long-nosed comedian
5. Sheriff in *Love Is a Headache*
9. *Cassidy of —— 20*
10. First name of one who was Sandra in *Invisible Enemy*
11. *Four —— and a Prayer*
12. Middle name of Leatrice Gilbert, seen in *Of Human Hearts* (poss.)
13. *The Crime of —— Hallet*
14. Strip of motion picture film
16. Bing Crosby sometimes whistles it
17. To register grief in sound films
18. Descriptive of Stan Laurel's screen pal
19. Claudette's real name
20. One of *Three Comrades*
21. Bill ——, Jr. is a boy actor
22. Mark Twain character portrayed by Tommy Kelly
23. Any of three comedians who often appeared with late Ted Healy
25. First name of hero of *Reckless Living*
27. Zorina dances upon them (sing.)
28. Star of *Gold Diggers in Paris*
29. First name of Comedian Rhodes
31. Heroine of *Swiss Miss*
32. It is used when players' contracts are signed
34. Short for Charles Ruggles' brother, a director
35. Small parts in screen plays
36. Frank in *Go Chase Yourself*
37. Initials of Director Dwan
38. Priscilla Lane's screen mother in *Love, Honor and Behave*
39. Deanna Durbin's birthplace (abbr.)
40. Betty in *She Loved a Fireman*
41. Famous baseball player seen in *Rawhide*
42. Miss Barkow in *Sally, Irene and Mary*
43. He played in *The Awful Truth* and *Fools For Scandal*

DOWN

1. Dopey is one
2. Rogers in *Law of the Underworld*
3. Heroine of *Reckless Living*
4. Tom Ricketts' initials
5. Comedienne in *College Swing*
6. What Mr. Jolson is called (poss.)
7. Initials of one who had title role in *King of Newsboys*
8. Lola Lane's comical screen parent in *Hollywood Hotel*
10. Alice Faye's husband
11. *I —— My Love Again*
12. Month in which James Cagney was born
13. First name of male lead in *Who Killed Gail Preston?*
15. Buck Jones starred in *Headin' ——*
16. *Ebb ——*
17. *—— Blondes Are Dangerous*
19. Box or stall in a theatre
20. Her last name is Wing
21. Constable Sacker in *Bulldog Drummond's Peril*
22. Dot Marshall in *Hollywood Hotel*
23. He plays opposite Ginger Rogers in *Vivacious Lady*
24. Mr. Harlan, but not Kenneth
25. *Mama —— Wild*
26. *Spy ——*
28. First name of feminine lead in *The Shadow*
30. Color of Ann Sheridan's hair
31. *The Wife of General ——*
32. Mr. Keith's first name
33. First name of a singer in *The Goldwyn Follies*
35. *——To the West*
36. First name of a star of *Torchy Blane In Panama*
38. He appears in shorts with Meany and Miny
39. Bob Steele had title role in *—— Kid* (abbr.)
40. *Sing and —— Happy*
41. Initials of Frances Farmer's husband

Last Month's Solution



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Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

DRINK-of-the-month—the pink champagne that featured the refreshment menu at the Charles Boyer-Pat Paterson housewarming. And wotta house, WOTTA house . . . !!! Like something Cecil De Mille must have dreamed about in the bathtub-picture era . . . All marble floors on the ground floor. Two—count 'em—libraries. Books in 'em, too. Dining-room table top of old gold glass, underlaid with tapestry, omigawd! Next to dining room a trick salon that might have been called a conservatory in olden times—with a roll-backable glass roof. And crammed with Japanese dwarf trees, tropical fish, ash trays of jade and carnelian, and a couple of fireplaces imported *en masse* from Paris . . . Complete set of rooms each for Marster Boyer and Mistress Paterson. Hers with a sitting-room ceiling of suede leather. Now stop me, stop me. And how's your seventeen-fifty-a-month hall room, my frans . . . ? Among the housewarming guests, Joan Crawford and Miriam Hopkins, talking babies. Joan lamenting not having one. Act of the evening, Ronnie Colman's Big Apple with Benita Hume. More jools than a rajah's turban—Crawford with her star sapphires—and that pink champagne . . . !!!

DOING the Nite Spots—vacation widowers and widows patronizing the House of Murphy . . . such as Chet Morris while Sue and the kids are back East; and Rita Kaufman Lowe waiting for Eddie to come home from Chicago . . . Bill Seiter and Marion Nixon celebrate their fourth anniversary at Bob's . . . the Bublichki with two princes in one night—David Mdivani and Prince Eristoff . . . Lupe and her new tarzan Wilcoxon at La Conga . . . ditto Martha Raye and Mister Raye-to-be, Dave Rose . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in Mermaid's darkest corner . . . Paula Stone hostessing Henry Willson's birthday party at the Victor Hugo.

THEY missed the last car . . . At the ocean spots, celebrating, were the younger set in a dutch-treat party: the Jackie Coogans, Paula Stone, Phyllis Fraser, Gloria Brewster and Claude Stroud, Elaine Shepard, Henry Willson . . . Party started at the Coogans', thence to the Venice amusement pier, where they parked their cars and rode the two-miles along the boardwalk (which is cement!) in those nickel-a-ride side-saddle electric cars. Whooped it up at Ocean Park, end of the line, until so late the cars had stopped running—and they all had to walk back to Venice to get their autos!

HAWAIIAN luau at Catalina Isthmus was Lupe Velez' idea of divorce-time celebration. Eats: three boars and a common, everyday pig, stuffed with herbs, covered with palm leaves and gunny sacks, sand, put in a stone-lined, superheated pit, and cooked for hours and hours and hours, Hawaiian style. They call it "puaa kalua". Other items on the menu: tuna cooked in banana palm leaves; poi. Highlight of the evening was an unscheduled demonstration of sea-rescuing by Gene Markey, when he heard about an overturned boat in the channel, sailed his yacht to the scene, pulled seven fishermen to safety.

NITESPOTTING Some More—Eleanor Powell gives a party at La Conga for her standin, Lee Bailey, with Bruce Cabot and Jean Hamilton and Frances Drake and Cecil Howard and Gale Page, *et al*, among guests . . . William Fields helping the Nat Deverichs celebrate their 23rd wedding at the House of Murphy . . . Stan Laurel and Illiana regular guests there . . . equally regular Bublichki-ites are Janet Gaynor and flame-of-the-season Adrian . . . Seymour Felix' daughter Marilyn debuts as dancer at the Victor Hugo to first-nighters Al and Ruby Jolson, Benny Fields and Blossom Seeley, Lana Turner with Breg Bautzer, *et al* . . . Tony Averill feeding tamales and enchiladas to Eve Warwick at Club Zarape . . . Sugar Kane and Alexander D'Arcy Hula Hutting . . . Al Rogell's pals birthday-partying him at Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom's . . .

BIRTHDAY party for Andrea Leeds was in Universal studio's Indian Room eatery. Archie Mayo offhandedly told her to drop in there and see him on her way home, and when Andrea did, there were all her palsy-walsies congregated to do her a "happy birthday to you!" Big steak dinner. And a birthday cake, three feet in dameter . . . Swimming-and-barbecue was the combine Anita Louise dished out for a crowd of friends at the Sunset Plaza where she lives. Late afternoon arrivals, according to the invite, with plunge into the Plaza pool as item No. 1 on the program, followed by steaks and spaghetti served from an outdoor grill. Gag of the evening was the water fight in the pool—with water pistols furnished free by Hostess Louise. and water furnished free by the management. Pistoleers included Margaret Lindsay, Bob Abbott, Glenda Farrell, Buddy Adler, Paula Stone, William Henry.

STILL Nite-Clubbing Around—La Conga rhumba club still packing 'em in, including such rhumbabies as John Payne and Anne Shirley, Dixie Dunbar, Carl Laemmle, Jr., with June Lang.

She won College Honors

. . . but "Flunked" as a Wife!

One subject she hadn't learned was Feminine Hygiene—with "LYSOL"

MANY family doctors—and husbands, too—have seen otherwise happy marriages fail, for lack of knowledge about proper feminine hygiene. A wife may not be conscious, herself, of any neglect on her part. That's the tragic thing about so many cases of "incompatibility". Wives don't realize . . . and husbands can seldom bring themselves to the point of mentioning it. If only there could be more frankness . . . but the subject of feminine hygiene is so delicate.

If there is any doubt in *your* mind about feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". For more than 50 years "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, hospitals, and thousands of women, for the exacting needs of feminine hygiene.

Some of the important reasons why it is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 12-M.P., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet, "*Lysol vs. Germs*" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

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NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 11]

Paulette Goddard is happy sandwiched between Michael Brooke and David Niven, two Englishmen who sure get around this Hollywood—and who know all the private phone numbers as well as the best time to put through the calls

Arleen Whelan . . . Michael Whalen and Ilona Massey . . . Gwen Kenyon, cooling from Buddy Westmore, warming with John Howard who's cooling from Kay Griffth, and isn't Hollywood confusing? . . . Grace Johnstone with Frank Fay, who isn't going to fight it out in court with Barbara Stanwyck after all . . . on account of out-of-court settlements are less messy. . . .

■

HO-HUMMMMM note: Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler did it.

■

HOLLYWOOD like to know whether it's true that June Knight has really swapped her career for matrimony. Now that she's married to handsome BUT wealthy Texas Oil Tycoon Arthur A. Cameron, it's a cinch she doesn't HAVE to work. And Cameron, the insiders know, isn't anxious to have his bride continue the career that made her famous. He's given her a big home in Texas, and has told her that she can make him happiest of all by promising to quit the screen forever. She recently was cast for the lead role in a N. Y. musical but stepped out.

■

CANNIEST Romeo of movieland is George Brent, these days. Always vehement in his denials of heart-interest, George is protecting himself even more than usual, recently, with the "safety-in-numbers" technique. No sooner do the gossips of Hollywood think he's all a-jitter over Merle Oberon than George ups and confuses them by spending $75 in a few days on long-distance calls from location to Olivia de Havilland. So then when the chatterers have decided it's romance between George and Olivia, George again switches the numbers and steps out with Loretta Young, an old-time flame. And just when the knowit-alls are positive it's a rekindling, George confuses them again by going for Nancy Torres in a big way. Smart lad that Irishman. And just wait till the swell Swede, Garbo herself, gets back in the picture . . .! And anyway, who's the gal in New York whom George phones to so often?

FRANCES DRAKE, who's been dodging rumors often and much, has stopped dodging. She admits that she's engaged. The boy is, of course, handsome Cecil Howard, dubbed "the Honorable," son of the late Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire. No wedding date's been set. One of Frances' most talked-over past romances was the alleged one with Howard Hughes, who rates as a swain only second to his rating as aviator. At that time, Frances announced right out loud that "I have no intention of marrying while I'm in Hollywood; it's too precarious an adventure to risk." Hmmmmm. . . .

■

THOSE who cynicized that he'd soon forget may as well know that Bill Powell has set aside a fund to assure that there shall be placed at the crypt of Jean Harlow, every day, a fresh gardenia.

■

NAME of the picture is *Sweetheart.* Since the beginning of production on it, four of the Albertina Rasch girls who worked in it have been married: Lynn Bayley, Mimi Dawn, Mary Manners, Loy Tilden.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Judith Barrett and newsman Landon Laird;
All her other boy friends have been frigidaired.

[*Continued on page* 15]

There was still another happy flock of Movieland Tourists who, in taking the third trip to Hollywood, were party guests of Bob Burns. He played the bazooka for them

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 14]

AND don't be surprised if there's another divorce soon, with a marriage to follow. Maybe Edna Best and Herbert Marshall will finally get together on getting apart. Edna's been living in England, and is on the verge of giving "Bart" his freedom. Whereupon he'll probably marry Lee Russell.

■

ANOTHER wedding-maybe is in the cards. This time it's Wayne Morris who's reported headed altarward—and NOT with any of the Hollywood lovelies with whom he's been exploring love's ramifications of late. Light-of-his-eyes seems to be a Minnesota gal named Audrey Peterson. Society, not pix. While on a New York trip he fell hook, line and sinker for society deb Betty Jane Ferguson, escorting her everywhere. She likes him, too.

■

GREATER love hath no wife than this: Joan Blondell drives 15 miles a day between home and studio, just to meet hubby Dick Powell and ride home with him.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jack Otterson and Bob Abbott—
Both of 'em have the Margaret Lindsay habit.

This bit of domestic bliss has gone by-by. Jack Oakie and Venita Varden will be divorced after a marriage of two years

Two pairs of love-birds make merry on dance-floor. At left are Martha Raye and her Dave Rose, who'll soon marry, and Lupe Velez and her new tarzan, Henry Wilcoxon

LUPE'S new tarzan is Henry Wilcoxon. Johnneeeee's trying to decide between Patricia Wilder and Ann Wigton.

■

IN A hurry to take the marital plunge again were the only-just-divorced Humphrey Bogart and Mary Phillips. No surprise to the readers of this department were either the Mary Phillips-Kenneth McKenna marriage, or the week-later wedding of Bogart and Mayo Methot.

■

ADRIENNE AMES' latest interest seems to be Allan McMartin, the rich Canadian. Although music-publisher Gus Schirmer isn't by any means out of the picture.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Charlie Martin and pretty Nan Grey—
They've already set the wedding day.

■

HOLLYWOOD like to know why Robert Montgomery spends so much time at the nite clubs instead of home?—and what's behind all these rumors that the Tony Martins (she's Alice Faye, you remember) are on the verge of corroborating all the predictions that it wouldn't last?—and how the Don Ameche marital rift reports got started? —and whether or not it's true that Annabella and hubby, Jean Murat, are about to call it definitely off?—and why George Brent's ex-wife, Connie Worth, isn't speaking to scenario-writer, Ivan Goff, any more?—and what busted up the engagement of Jane Bryan and Phil Kellogg?—and why Bill Davis and Marjorie Weaver have suddenly dropped below freezing?

[*Continued on page* 62]

One Hollywood couple that continues to "turtle-dove" it everywhere are the Geo. MacDonalds. The wifey is Jean Parker

PICTURE

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES

BOYS TOWN

—AAAA—

If you are looking for reality be sure and see *Boys Town* for this is a factual drama based on the life of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Edward J. Flanagan who, out in Omaha, has made the rehabilitation of boys his life's work. From Father Flanagan Metro borrowed his catch phrase "There is no such thing as a bad boy" and have built a magnificent drama around it. Given excellent direction, a superb cast and a gripping story, *Boys Town* developed into a dramatic, powerful and human film. Spencer Tracy in the role of Father Flanagan equals his superb performance as Manuel in *Captains Courageous* and Mickey Rooney proves himself the most talented young star in pictures today. As the bad, tough boy Mickey gives such a convincing performance that he even opened up the tear ducts of your hardened reporter in a gripping scene that finally brings about his reformation. Besides Tracy and Rooney there's Henry Hull, Leslie Fenton, Frankie Thomas, *et al.* The dialogue and performances are so brilliant they are inspirational.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

—AAAA—

We haven't seen the stage play as yet so we can't make any comparison between the two, but we can't see how it can be any better than this because in our estimation *You Can't Take It With You* is tops in screen entertainment. It has the most perfect blending of humor, pathos and romance and under the artistic guidance of Frank Capra results in a notable triumph for the box-office. The stars, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold deliver beautifully and the assisting cast including such top-notchers as Spring Byington, Donald Meek, Samuel S. Hinds, Halliwell Hobbes, Mischa Auer, Ann Miller, H. B. Warner, Dubbs Taylor and Hazel Forbes uphold the quality of the stars' performances. Ever since *Three Cornered Moon* your reviewer has been waiting for another of these zanny family things and the *Sycamore* family here even eclipses the hilarious moments spent with the *Rimplegars*. It's a story of an uninhibited family and their clash with the upper strata when poor girl meets rich boy. It's homey, human and a howl.—*Columbia.*

IF I WERE KING

—AAA½—

If I Were King will help to convince you that "Movies are your best entertainment," for here is a picture that has all the ingredients of enjoyment—romance, action and comedy plus a brilliant cast. Ronald Colman as Francois Villon, the vagabond poet, is simply superb and Basil Rathbone as the eccentric King Louis XI is so sincere and convincing that he almost steals the show—he would if it were someone else than Colman. Frances Dee is beautiful and sympathetic as the Princess DeVaucelles and Ellen Drew scores as the trollop who dies nobly for France. There's also C. V. France, Henry Wilcoxon and others too numerous to mention. Most of you know the story of Francois Villon but for those of you who have forgotten and those of you who haven't caught up on your reading it is the story of a poet and adventurer who had the girls all aflutter and who saved Paris from the invasion of the Burgundians. *If I Were King* has all the regal splendor of the court of that period and the drama of old-time court treachery. —*Paramount.*

PARADE

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

—AAA½—

You will find all the action, thrills and adventure contained in a newsreel in *Too Hot To Handle* plus some grand comedy and drama which makes this one of the most exciting melodramas. It is the story of two newsreel cameramen and their adventures with the camera and with love. It takes you to China, the Caribbean and the jungles. Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon, both cameramen, are competitors professionally and romantically and Myrna Loy, an aviatrix, is the object of their affections and the subject of their disruptions. There's also Leo Carrillo, Walter Connolly, Henry Kolker and Marjorie Main, among others. If you can overlook a little hokum you will find *Too Hot To Handle* exciting and entertaining. It's fast moving, has a good story, a splendid cast and an elaborate production. Clark Gable and Myrna Loy are superb and the assisting cast upholds the quality of the stars' performances. The air scenes are terrific, particularly one scene flying over a burning munitions ship.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

ROOM SERVICE

—AAA—

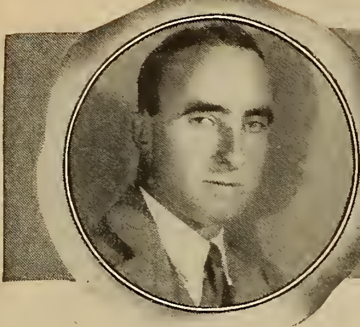
Another Broadway hit reaches the screen this month but unfortunately we cannot do a rave over it. *Room Service* was a knockout on Broadway—it ran 16 months—and should have resulted in as hilarious a comedy on the screen. Not only did RKO have a riotous play to work with but cast it with the Marx Brothers. But, perhaps the disappointing result is not due to the story or the Marxes but to the fact that they were unsuited to each other. Now *Room Service* is funny and you'll get a load of laughs out of it but it just isn't up to our expectations. And as for the Marx Brothers they are funny, too, but they don't have the occasion here to do their particular comedy. Only Harpo really has a chance to do his screwy stuff and as a result he bags most of the laughs. In addition to the Marxes there's Lucille Ball, Frank Albertson, Ann Miller and a number of the original Broadway cast. The story is about a theatrical manager and his company who can't go on with their show because they have been living on the cuff at a hotel and can't get out of hock.—*RKO-Radio.*

MY LUCKY STAR

—AAA—

It's too bad the producers slipped a bit on this latest Sonja Henie starrer because we have been used to expecting nothing but the best in a Henie picture and consequently felt the lowering of standards immediately. We hope that this action wasn't deliberate on the part of the producers and that they haven't become too cocky as a result of Miss Henie's previous successes. After all, Miss Henie hasn't let success go to her head. Although *My Lucky Star* won't wow you it still has sufficient entertainment values to give you a jolly evening. There are numerous skating scenes and one, in particular, *Alice In Wonderland*, is one of the most beautifully produced ice ballets. The story—its real weakness—is projected against a college atmosphere which lends itself gracefully to the skating interludes. Richard Greene is seen opposite Miss Henie in the romantic spot and there's also Cesar Romero, Louise Hovick, Buddy Ebsen and Joan Davis. These last two, by the way, make a grand comedy team.—*20th Century-Fox.*

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES



BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

HOW would you like to see the cowboy stars throw away their mandolins and guitars, yell "Yippee" or go in for old-fashioned hog-calling, or just be strong silent men like they were in the pre-jitterbug era — instead of mooning around the corner of the cowshed, sittin' on the fences (not ridin' 'em) while they cro-o-o-n that ditty about the little dog-ie-e-e-e who gits a-long, or the one about that home on the range-e-e? Times have changed for the hard-ridin' hombre who could handle a pair of six-guns as easy as he could rope a stray and temperamental cow. While there are a few cowhands still making good out in the sagebrush—who can handle a cow-pony, a gun and lariat in expert fashion, the movie-going jitterbugs would just as lief exchange him for the drug-store type.

The latter knows how to swing it. He can out-Crosby Bing, himself, with anything from "Flat Foot Floogie" to "Polly Wolly Doodle." And he can tickle a mean mandolin to boot. He looks just as cowboyish, too—under that big Stetson, but if he really rode out on the lone prairie-e-e after that stray cow, or an ornery herd the alkali would linger in his larynx—and naturally, the crooning notes would choke in his throat. Without a voice he would be branded N. G.

Now you all know that every item of a cowpoke's apparel and paraphernalia has a reason for being in the "toot" ensemble. His Stetson and bandana are worn to keep the sun and dust out of his eyes and mouth; his chaps are to save the wear and tear on his pants and to make painless the pointed barbs of outrageous cactus—to say nothing of barbed wire. His boots are high-heeled to carry spurs more easily as well as to keep them from slipping out of the stirrups.

New Cowboy's Throat-Sprayer

THIS crooning cowboy has added a new gadget to his get-up. And, like him, it stems straight from the drugstore. It's what they call an atomizer. He took it with him when he went to Hollywood. He would no more "reckon" (a Western word he picked up between Omaha and a Hollywood pharmacy) being without it than a lead cow would be without its bell. So as he lopes over the lower acre he's not yelling "Yippee"; he's spraying his throat and saying "Ah."

Well, it's not my job to condemn him since he seems to be in good favor, but I do sorta sigh for the old-fashioned gun-totin', hard-ridin' cowboy star whose quick trigger-finger sent bad Injuns and mean hombres biting the dust—whose six-shooters (not his voice) did all the singing necessary—whose hoss was as colorful as its rider—whose job was playing valet to the cows. There are quite a few of the old-timers left, come to think of it, and most of them wouldn't know a bar of music from the Bar H ranch. It's perfectly fine to whistle (or sing) while you work, but regardless of what Disney's Dwarfs tell you, a cowboy should have his mind on his job—and his job is to do right by the cows. Buck Jones is still around and immensely popular though he goes in for store-clothes drama too often. And Ken Maynard knows his "boots and saddle" even if he can't sing it. And this Autry man is as good as they come. He can do anything that Tom Mix ever did in his hey-day. He can even sing. But what I'm getting at here is that Hollywood should let the crooners take care of crooning and the cowhands take care of the cows.

Bette Davis as Scarlett—Maybe

I THOUGHT I wouldn't have to bring it up again and I may be putting my neck way out, but it looks as if this *Scarlett* girl (from G. W. T. W.) will be given to Bette Davis to play. Warners are making arrangements with Selznick-International so that she can be released to make the story. And it's about time. The casting of the Georgia spitfire, has made everyone a little weary. Announcements were made usually by columnists putting in a plug for favorites, that Katie Hepburn, Paulette Goddard, Miriam Hopkins, Norma Shearer or a dozen others would or should play it. The ribbers and kidders got in their digs, too—saying the studio was waiting for Shirley Temple to grow up and likewise searching for Gracie Allen's brother to play *Rhett Butler*.

But it seems pretty definite now that Bette Davis is the winnah, and Bette with her emotional flair and the experience gained in the role of a Southern belle (remember *Jezebel*?) should humanize *Scarlett* as she appears in the book. Davis has the temperament to bring forth all the tempestuous moods that made *Scarlett* one of the most colorful characters ever drawn. And how about the dashing *Butler*? Will he be played by Errol Flynn—now that a Warner star is set for *Rhett's* light o' love?

VIVI—Sections in this Issue

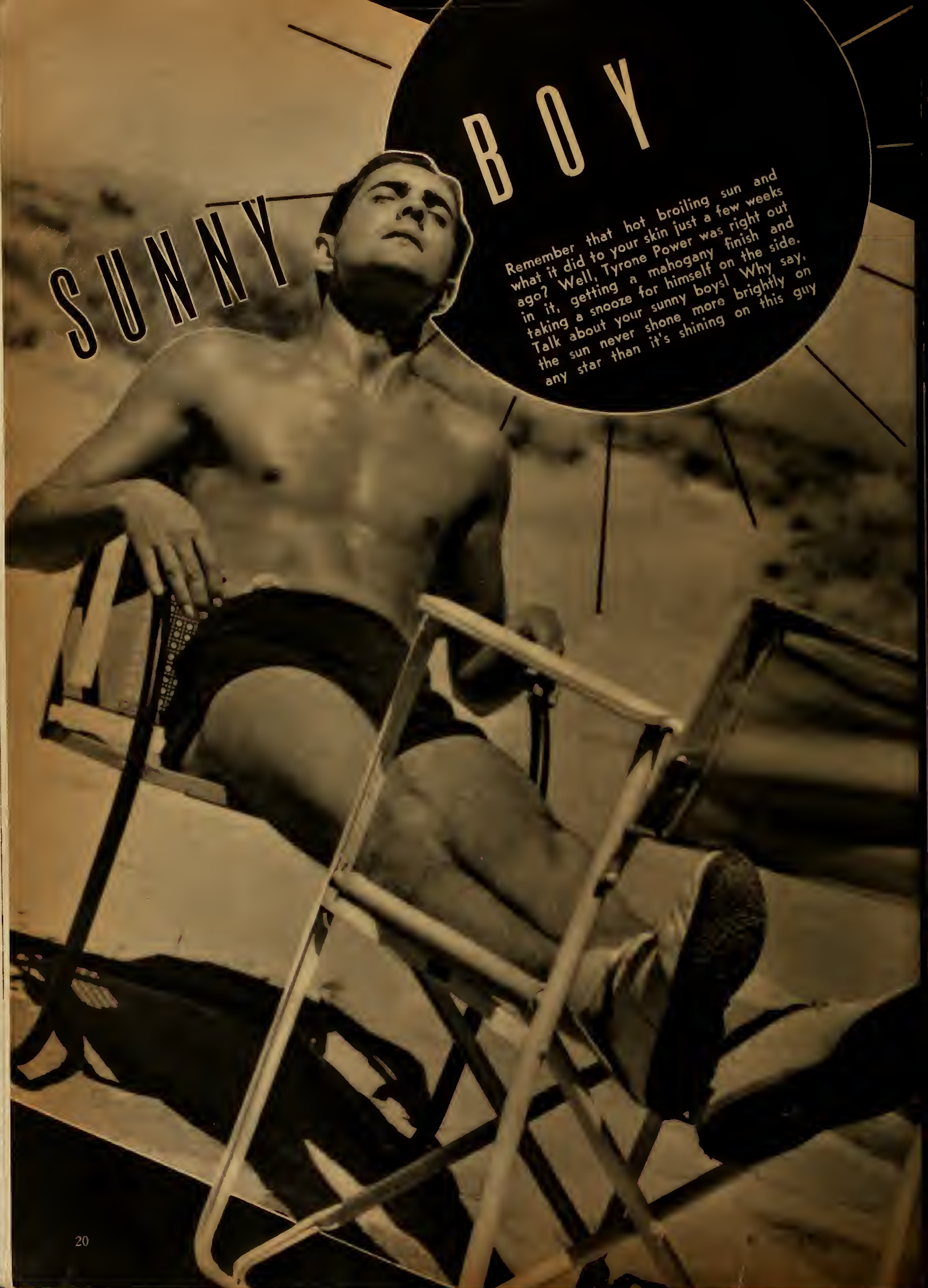
AND speaking of Flynn I hope you've read the story on him and from him in this issue. You learn what is driving him on; you look upon a cross-section of his character, rather a VIVI-section of what makes him tick. In addition to Flynn you have been given a variety of themes on other stars. Ann Sheridan has confessed that entering Hollywood as a beauty winner is not a bed of roses. Such a story will spare girls, bent on Hollywood, the customary heartaches and headaches. And there's John Garfield who's not ashamed to admit that he came up from New York slums; Maureen O'Sullivan wants a stronger film diet than keeping house for a Tarzan; Joel McCrea gives credit to Will Rogers in making him find his real mission in life; Barbara Stanwyck gives you a great untold story—that of a Big Sister to lonely and friendless girls. And Joan and Franchot should stay married in the Better Opinion of Hollywood. These are but samples in an issue studded with a lively and authoritative presentation of your Hollywood and mine. And next month this magazine will carry on its same drive in offering you stimulating, inspiring, revealing stories, VIVI-sections of character and pictorial highlights as they pertain to Hollywood and its colorful people.

Yes, MOTION PICTURES and MOTION PICTURE are your BEST ENTERTAINMENT. And speaking of BEST ENTERTAINMENT, don't miss *You Can't Take It With You*. A rollicking story that never muffs a scene in provoking laughs. The playing is perfectly timed and keyed along life-like lines. With no hamming anywhere, everyone is natural. And dealing in naturalness is where Director Frank Capra shines.

COME ON CO-ED!

Hold this co-ed? Yes, just try and hold her — meaning Marjorie Weaver who blossoms forth in *Hold That Co-Ed*, the college football film. So, come on you co-ed, don't hold up the game. Heave the ball so we can get going, else a bunch of sophs will jump the stands and throw you for a 20-yard loss

SUNNY BOY



Remember that hot broiling sun and what it did to your skin just a few weeks ago? Well, Tyrone Power was right out in it, getting a mahogany finish and taking a snooze for himself on the side. Talk about your sunny boys! Why say, the sun never shone more brightly on any star than it's shining on this guy

Colbert and Cooper didn't socialize for *Bluebeard's 8th Wife*, but weren't cool

Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie made love scenes more effective after romance cooled

Bob Taylor's best romancing on screen was opposite Garbo. He didn't love her

vate life can't palpitate satisfactorily when paired on the screen?

Presently, we'll get around to telling what the stars themselves think is the answer. But, first let us prove that our statement is indubitably true. It's a bit too stunning to offer unsupported. Even the film producers, who know the facts from bitter experience, can hardly accept them. So at intervals they try again. Next—who knows?—they may try Gable and Lombard. The tremendous publicity value attached to placing famous off-screen flames opposite each other in heart-throb films is what tempts the picture-makers. Yet the fact that they try so seldom is significant. They think too much of their investments and the prestige of their stars to indulge often in the experiment.

Examples of failure are many, of success almost none. It takes a bit of inside understanding of Hollywood love affairs to trace all the examples. Some apparent exceptions in various films weren't legitimately so, because stars paired in them, once in love off-screen, were no longer in love when the pictures were made. In other instances they were never in love, but let press-agents say they were, for publicity's sake.

TYPICAL of this sort of confusion was the Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power example. Behind the scenes, Sonja and Power had called it "quits" and had found new loves in time to make their cinematic cooing fairly effective. But the studio saw a chance to capitalize on their widely-publicized romance by prolonging it artificially. An attempt to conceal the break-up until after the picture was released was successful. Also, the screen effectiveness of the Power-Loretta Young combine springs from the fact that their "romance" was never more than a press-agent rumor. Both had other heart interests while making four highly successful pictures together.

More effective than the Power-Henie combination was the Henie-Don Ameche pairing. In fact Don has proved a high-powered lover for every cinema beauty placed opposite him. Why? Perhaps because, between those throbbingly passionate love scenes, he tells the girls all about the latest doings of his children!

Often, the most effective screen lovers actually dislike each other. Not many, probably, entertain such lively dislike as one couple that was particularly torrid on celluloid. Their feud started when the man objected to the lady's garlic breath. She defied him, so he ate peanuts, garlic and sour wine to annoy her. In the grand finale of their tender love scenes, she got her revenge with a breath compounded of a mixture of garlic, beer and high-powered Italian cheese!

Most publicized of feuds was the Gene Raymond-Ann Sothern war. Yet experts agree that while it was raging, Gene and Ann made love-scene history.

The Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire and Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy duos don't hate while they kiss. But, like several other pairs, they have been thrown into a definite rivalry, lover against lover. Partisan fans and alert employers cause this by continually raising the question: which of a given twosome is the team's greatest attraction?

[*Continued on page 77*]

Bill Powell-Carole Lombard, divorced, made fine love in *My Man Godfrey*

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck carry torch. But Bob did better with Garbo

The screen effectiveness of Power and Young is because romance was a rumor

CONFESSIONS OF A CONTEST WINNER

IT TOOK ANN SHERIDAN FIVE GRIM YEARS AFTER WINNING A BEAUTY CONTEST TO GET STARTED IN HOLLYWOOD. THE TOWN IS PREJUDICED

Ann has a spectacular beauty, but you can buy pretty faces for a dime a dozen in Hollywood. A contest winner, says Ann, hasn't got anything that 4 out of 5 girls can't duplicate. It takes stamina back of that face. Winning a contest gets you to Hollywood, sure, but it *doesn't always keep you there*

BY GLADYS HALL

ON THE set of *Angels With Dirty Faces*, Jimmy Cagney to right of her, Pat O'Brien to left of her, the only girl in the cast, chosen after five other luminaries had tested for the part, *Letter of Introduction* "in her pocket," Universal hankering to buy her contract from Warner Brothers, her star rising so doggone fast you can actually see it streaking along the cat-walk of the sound stages . . . in such an enviable spot did I behold Ann Sheridan.

"Pretty soft," I sez to myself; "nice going," I sez. . .

Annie, they call her in the studio . . . and that's really all you need to know about La Sheridan. For you don't call a girl Annie unless you like the stuff she's made of. Especially you don't call a girl who looks like Ann Sheridan, Annie! Can you imagine calling Dietrich, *Marlie?* Not that there is any resemblance between the two killer-dillers. . . Annie is the very antithesis of artificiality and pose . . . but she does have a spectacular beauty, a dramatic beauty, so effulgent is the thick red beauty of her hair, so resplendent the hazel of her eyes, the white of her teeth, the imperious curves of breast and mouth and brows.

But it's when she begins to talk that Annie of Texas makes you her friend for life. For when Annie talks she kicks her shoes off and puts her feet on the kitchen table, figuratively speaking. She throws away the aura of the Proud Beauty she might so legitimately, so lavishly wear and, with hat flung on the floor beside her, bottle of coke in hand, launches into good pungent Americanese, with no coy reservations, no preenings, no perfumed, purring phrases.

Annie will tell you, in no time at all, that being a contest winner is the devil of a note; that to be labeled a contest winner is the deadliest thing that can happen to you in Hollywood; that to be known as a contest winner is akin to being known as an Untouchable in Mother India.

"A contest winner," shouts Annie, breezily, "no, I wouldn't try it. Not again. Why, any little Mehitable hitch-hiking in from Duluth would have done better than I've done, no doubt, and in half the time. At least she'd have as good a chance. Five years it's taken me to come out from under the table. Five pretty grim years. . . .

"It does just one thing for you, being a contest winner, and only one—it gets your tootsies over the doorsill of a studio. And there it leaves your tootsies like a pair of scuffed shoes that no one bothers to polish.

"To win a beauty contest is like bringing coals to a Newcastle honeycombed with coal. For Hollywood is teeming with pretty faces, beautiful faces, young, pretty *and* beautiful faces. You can buy pretty faces for a dime a dozen in Hollywood. You see them in restaurants, peering at you over your sunny-side-ups, in the dime stores, in Drive-In restaurants, crawling all over the place. A plague of locusts would look anemic compared to the plague of young lovelies which besiege Hollywood. So where does a Contest Winner get off at? She hasn't really got anything to offer that four out of five girls on Hollywood Boulevard can't duplicate, perhaps excel. Except that she's had her face in the papers. That may [*Continued on page 63*]

TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT FOR ONE

Someone is up in the sky cutting didoes in a plane and you can bet it isn't Corrigan else Ray Milland and Louise Campbell would be looking toward Ireland. It's your old pal Fred MacMurray who's the third member of the aviation triangle, *Men With Wings*, which is all done in Technicolor. Ray and Louise register suspense, hoping that Fred—as a test pilot—comes through okay

WHY THE TONES SHOULD STAY MARRIED

After the Joan-Doug, Jr. wedding in 1929, they acted together in *Our Modern Maidens.* In 1933 when she divorced Doug she made *Dancing Lady* with Franchot—and married him in 1935

The Tones were never keen on partying, but did step out on special occasions. Here they step out prior to the big bust-up

HOLLYWOOD AND THEIR PUBLIC IS ALL UPSET OVER THE SEPARATION OF THE TONES. THERE'S A REASON, POWERFUL AS LOVE—AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS—THAT MAY POSSIBLY RE-UNITE THEM

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IF YOU believe in perfect complements—two beings which mutually complete each other and together constitute a whole, then the marital separation announced on July 19 by Joan and Franchot Tone (she is Glamor-Girl Crawford, as if we need tell you) is so much hooey. As surely as Summer follows Spring, there should be a reunion. Why? It's the wackiest theory on record, yet it holds truth.

It's advanced by a studious, middle-aged fellow who knows Tone; has long admired Crawford. Admired her for the intense drive, the urge for knowledge, that has sky-rocketed her up among the top-bracketed players of the film industry—and, moreover, has kept her there. Long before the separation which cleft their almost-three year marriage (the Tones were married in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, October 11, 1935), this man looked approvingly upon a feature of their union that should have made it as sound as Gibraltar's Rock.

Even now, with Joan living alone in her Brentwood Heights' home, and Franchot in an apartment-hotel, it may be this bond, as powerful as physical love, that will bring them together again. Perhaps they, themselves, do not recognize the strength of the bond. Certainly few people in Hollywood do. But whether they have the acuteness of vision of our middle-aged observer, or whether they have not, Hollywood is hoping that the Tones, an intelligent, modern, fact-facing young couple, will re-unite. Their marriage is too right to be severed.

"Joan and Franchot have something stronger than love to hold them together," says our observer. "You might easily pass it off as 'mutual interests' and that is what Hollywood does, mostly. But if their friends will look further into the thing that has made the Tones' marriage of deeper importance they will see that rare joining of mental desires.

"Franchot is the Teacher. Joan is the Student. Now don't run away, and don't think that I am going abstruse on you. I am not," continued the gentleman. "There are always the seekers after knowledge and there are the teachers, in this world. A marriage between the two is fortunate because it gives each one a tangible hold on the other when the first bright flush of romance is over and the long years stretch out ahead.

"Anyone knowing Tone, knows the brilliance of his mind. He is as keen-witted as a razor, and more than that, he has the gift of being able to impart his wisdom to others. Not only that; he *likes* to. I have seen him on the sets, time after time, giving helpful hints to stage actors, like he once was and still is, of course, who are fresh from the

[*Continued on page* 73]

When Joan arrived in Hollywood, famous as a dancer, she was billed as town's most perfect figure. Note how she keeps that figure in trim by playing badminton

The honeymooners registered happiness when they arrived back in Hollywood after being married in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, October 11, 1935

WHAT'S BITING ERROL

ERROL SOUNDS OFF PLENTY. THE SCREEN'S MOST RESTLESS STAR SAYS HE MAY BE IN A RUT, DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER HE'S HAPPY OR NOT, ITCHES TO GO ADVENTURING IN CHINA, ADMITS HE'S LAZY AND ACTING IS A GRAND WAY TO MAKE A LIVING--AND DEMANDS SILENCE ABOUT DIVORCE RUMORS

AS FAR as *I'm* concerned, Errol Flynn is a triple-asterisked liar . . . ! And I don't give a toot in a tornado whether he knows it or not. As a matter of fact, I'm sending him a carbon-copy of this story right now, so he'll know how I feel about him. . . .

All that doesn't alter, in any way, my other opinions about him. For instance, that he's probably the most charming so-and-so in all Hollywood. That, in contrast to a lot of other stars I won't bother naming here, he's a refreshing relief from the current epidemic of stuffed-shirtedness that's making Hollywood about as dull as an annual bank statement. And that I'd rather listen and not believe a lot of Errol's dam' lies than to listen and not believe the platitudinous self-burblings of too many other interviewees . . . !

Probably you want to know what's gotten me this way. Well, it's like this: Just now, I came away from the set, out at Warner studios, where they're reshooting *Dawn Patrol.* I'd gone out there to visit Flynn, who's one of the aviators in that heart-twisting film-story, and to ask him point-blank what about all these rumors that he's plotting to get a Reno-decree from Lili.

So I asked him. And he looked at me and told me to go to hell, and offered to knock my so-and-so block off if I insisted on asking questions like that.

"There's been enough asterisk-dash-dash misunderstanding and false rumor about Lili and me already," he said, in that deceptively mild manner of his. "And all I want about it, from now on, is—SILENCE!"

Now, that's not what makes me start off this piece by calling him a liar. About that, I'm quite sure Errol is not lying. There's no doubt whatever that silence is all he wants from others about himself and his Lili. So, being definitely in need of the block he offered to knock off my shoulders, I quickly switched the subject. After all, he's six-feet-two, and he's knocked the block off bigger guys than I am. So I gave him silence about Lili, and asked him what he was doing, *still,* in Hollywood?

"A couple of years ago, Flynn," I reminded him, "I sat across from you over in the studio lunchroom here. You felt lousy and you told me that you were already fed up to the gullet on Hollywood, and you'd probably get out. So here, two years and more later, you're still here, behaving like a blankety-blank moom-pitcha star, and. . . ."

He looked at me with a perfectly asinine grin—the sort of grin that Errol Flynn pulls when he's about to make some utterly preposterous statement. He did just that. He said:

"Well, I'm sort of resigned to Hollywood, now. I'm in a rut. I —why, I even *LIKE* being a motion picture star."

AND that, dear children, is why I rise on my hind legs and howl to the world—and to Errol Flynn himself!—that he's a triple asterisked blankety blank — !!! *** so-and-so liar. !!!

As a matter of downright honest truth, Errol is probably the most painfully restless star in all Hollywood. True, he's got almost everything that any guy would total up to happiness: he's handsome, and he's got a body like the ads in the health magazines; he's dragging down more money every week from the Messrs. Warner than you or I make in a year or so; he's got a job that's right down his alley, because all he has to do is play soldier or something he used to like playing ever since he stopped wearing didies; he's got the prettiest and most vivacious gal in movies for a wife, and there are probably a few assorted thousands of other gals who'd like to take her place any day in the week, or wish that polygamy was legal; he's got a swell house in Beverly Hills; he's got a yacht that's a millionaire's dream; he's got more friends than a newspaperman has bill collectors — and he's got his whole young life still ahead of him without having to worry about cirrhosis of the liver or whether his back'll ache.

FLYNN?

BY DAN CAMP

And yet he has the ineffable gall to sit there on the set of *Dawn Patrol* and moo at me: "—I don't know whether I'm happy or not!"

Maybe he really means it. But it still isn't true. A lot of people are like that—always wishing they were something else than what they are, you know. Errol probably fancies that he'd be a lot happier bumming around the China war front, getting pot-shotted at by Japanese soldiers, and eating rice and fish-insides when and if he can find any, than he is living on three grand a week in Hollywood, surrounded by palsy-walsies and lovely mammas instead of yellow laundrymen with guns.

ERROL hasn't ever gotten over being fifteen years old. That's what's biting him. I hope he never does. The world at large, and certainly Hollywood, in particular, needs more overgrown brats like he is. He's what Hollywood needs to save it from getting too dam' stuffy. I'm not complaining about his being that way. All I'm trying to do is to tell Errol he needn't sit there like an ex-pants-maker and try to kid either me or himself.

"Don't know whether I'm happy. . . ." Fooey! He gets up in the morning in a simple but swell house richer in luxuries than Father Divine's idea of heaven; he goes to a studio, and does a day's "work" by clowning around with a gang of fellows that includes his [*Continued on page* 59]

Way over yonder are Errol, wifey Lili Damita and his pal, Patric Knowles, caught in a serious mood by the candid camera. Then comes Lili giving hubby an adoring look as he lights up at a dinner party. At left, a favorite sitting, and above, a candid taken after finishing *Dawn Patrol*. Turn to page 34 and find candids of him on a fishing trip

Left, up and right are Lupe and her John-e-e in their last kiss before she got her divorce. . . A public kiss, too, in a Hollywood restaurant! . . . Sigrid Gurie and her Great Dane, Rolf, off for a swim in Lake Arrowhead where she spent recent vacation. . . Andrea Leeds on location gets her vitamin quota from the sun. . . An off-stage shot of cast in *Girls' School*

OUR OWN N

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE

At right and over are starlets Peggy Moran, Susan Hayward, Janet Shaw, Jan Holm off for a canter in jodhpurs. . . June Travis works out in gym to keep in trim . . . Dick Powell pulls a "Lon Chaney" as scullery maid in *Kiss and Run*

NS CAMERA

HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Right and up, Alan Bruce shows Teddy Peters, Suzanne Ridgway the art of making a football soar for Joe Penner's *Mr. Doodle Kicks Off* . . . Eleanor Powell practices new dance routines with aid of mirror. . . When a sweetheart gets fractious, toss her in. . . Merle Oberon dunked by Gary Cooper for *The Cowboy and the Lady*, ruined 4 expensive gowns for scene

Left and over are husky James Ellison whose favorite sport is to pick up huge surf board and ride the waves. . . Mickey Rooney goes into close harmony while resting his "dogs". . . Marjorie Weaver plays musical chairs

A DAY WITH BOB

1

2

(1) Since Bob Taylor bought that Northridge ranch out San Fernando Valley way he likes to pitch alfalfa to keep in trim

(2) Bob spends his spare time at the ranch. When the hay is stacked sufficiently high he takes off, lands in a soft spot

(5) With the halter free of knots, Bob leads his horse out to saddle him. It won't be long now before Bob is off for a canter

(6) Bob and his horse have a get-together as the horse, acting as a stooge, listens to Bob tell him how he'll play a love scene

5

6

AT HIS RANCH

3

4

(3) With hay-jumping out of his system, Bob turns to the problem of straightening the halter so he can exercise his horse

(4) It wouldn't do to ride a saddle grimy with dirt (what would Barbara say?) so he applies elbow-grease to give it a shine

(7) And Bob never showed *more* affection—even when playing with Garbo, than he does toward his hoss, which reciprocates

(8) So Bob, a member of Hollywood's horsey set, rides his favorite. With the love stuff over he rides in the valley

7

8

LET'S GO FISHING WITH ERROL FLYNN

Errol, one of Hollywood's best sportsmen, likes nothing better than deep-sea fishing. Sometimes he takes boon companions — sometimes he takes his wife, Lili Damita. At top and across . . . the Flynns set out for tarpon and sailfish in their yacht and Errol, stripped for action, watches the helmsman. . . At right, across and down, he casts a weather eye on the topsail . . . gets ready to hoist the mainsail . . . and catches a suntan while waiting for fish to bite. . . Yo ho

Errol has all the necessary gadgets—even diving helmets to explore the ocean floor. He prepares to go down under. Below, Errol shows his luck in bringing in a huge sailfish, but the big baby at the right is a shark—his best catch of the year. Did Lili hide below deck when Errol gaffed it? Two bottom photos show Errol swimming with water skis in home waters safe from sharks—and calling it a day with Lili after a bit of rowboat fishing

BETTE DAVIS—EARTHQUAKE VICTIM

1 In *The Sisters*, locale San Francisco, Bette Davis listens to rumbling of earthquake. Panicky, she feels trapped

2 Alone and helpless, there's no apparent escape from the horror, realizing her home (maybe her life) is doomed

3 The quake starts its terrible destruction. Bette cowers in a corner of the room as bricks, walls tumble about her

4 Unmindful of death or injury, Bette returns to the heap of bricks by the chair to salvage treasures buried in avalanche

5 What was a few moments, before, a peaceful room has been quickly changed into a room of frightful destruction

6 By some miracle she is rescued by friend (Lee Patrick) and together they cling, horror-stricken and helpless

7 The women, hysterical and frightened, console each other as they see complete devastation wrought by the quake

8 The quake having spent itself, Lee's hysteria increases as she gazes horrified at ceiling. Bette is too dazed to cry

9 Nothing of value has been spared in the wreckage. Bette hopes to salvage a keepsake as she gropes among the ruins

10 Soldiers rescue the women. One tenderly takes Bette who is reluctant about leaving what was once home

HE OWES IT ALL TO WILL ROGERS

By IDA ZEITLIN

WHEN WILL ROGERS MET JOEL MC CREA WHILE MAKING "LIGHTNIN' ", A FRIENDSHIP WAS BORN THAT DIDN'T END WITH WILL'S DEPARTURE. HE SAW IN JOEL A MAN AFTER HIS OWN HEART—AND GUIDED HIM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. JOEL GIVES WILL CREDIT IN THIS STORY

THIS is the story of how Joel McCrea met Will Rogers and of how they became friends. It's the story of how the older man recognized in the younger something akin to himself, and of how he responded to it. It's the story of a friendship that didn't end with Will's death. What he gave McCrea, McCrea will always keep.

I heard part of the story out at Universal where McCrea was making *Youth Takes A Fling*. The rest I read between the lines.

Joel has stopped counting the roles he's played. Yet it's not so many years since he finished his first part with Evelyn Brent and Louis Wolheim, and withdrew to his dressing-room, wondering, "Where do I go from here?"

As if in answer, a knock came at the door and a man he didn't know stepped in. McCrea sized him up as an insurance agent. "Can't afford—" he began.

"Can't afford what? To play in a Will Rogers picture?"

The actor fixed him with a wary eye. "You an agent?"

"I'm a director—Henry King."

"Holy smoke," said McCrea simply.

"I saw that test Borzage made of you for *Liliom*. I want you to play the juvenile lead in *Lightnin'*. How about it?"

"When do we start?"

"We leave for location at Lake Tahoe tomorrow evening. Better meet me at the train."

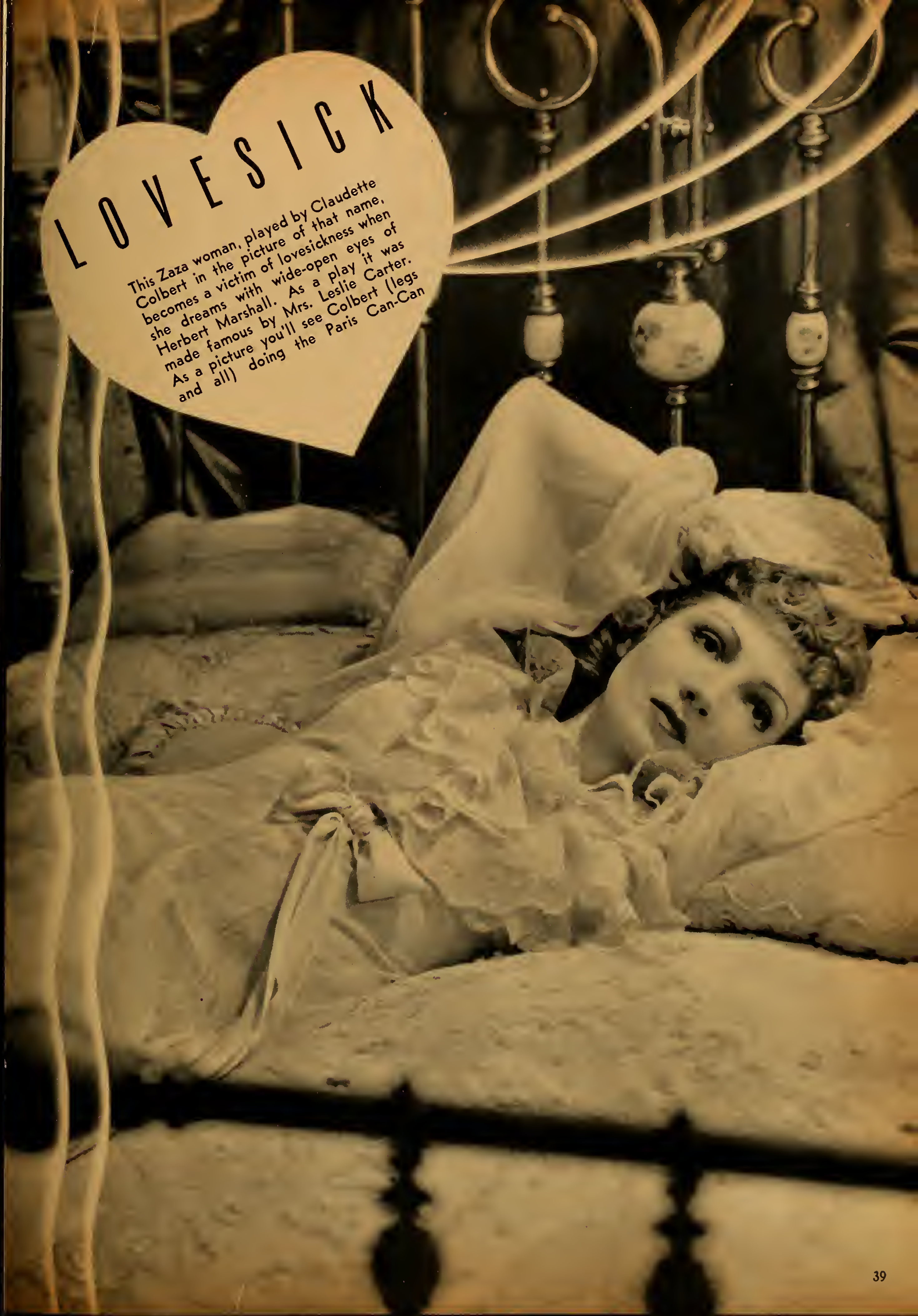
At the train next night King caught his recruit sending hopeful glances up and down the platform and out toward the gate. "No use watching," he explained. "Will drove up. He likes to look at ranches and talk to cowboys."

A car called for them at the Tahoe station. McCrea didn't understand why King chuckled at sight of an ancient

[*Continued on page 79*]

LOVESICK

This Zaza woman, played by Claudette Colbert in the picture of that name, becomes a victim of lovesickness when she dreams with wide-open eyes of Herbert Marshall. As a play it was made famous by Mrs. Leslie Carter. As a picture you'll see Colbert (legs and all) doing the Paris Can-Can



WHERE STARS GET IN A Lather

By TEMPLE CRANE

WHEN Cecil De Mille first brought Glamor to the up-till-then humble bathroom, he started something! Ever since, Hollywood film players have driven plumbers crazy with their bathroom ambitions.

"Picture people have made Hollywood the greatest plumbing center in the world," is the statement of J. Hokom, head of a local plumbing firm. *"There is a bathroom for every third room in the film capital!"*

Gloria Swanson may have seemed pretty ultra back about 1917 when she dipped into that first marble-and-onyx sunken tub, but now the private bathrooms of Hollywood make the first De Mille bathtub scene look like Grandma's tintype.

Silken divans, electric back-dryers, gold and jeweled fittings are not at all unusual, and no little starlet considers her bathroom complete without handsome drapes, rugs, shower curtains, and sometimes specially made soap to match!

Never before reported in any article, the bathrooms of Holly-

Where Marie Wilson gets in a lather is in the shower. With the water just right she reaches for soap

Below, right, across the page, Shirley Temple in her bathroom (white with red for relief), Rosemary Lane playing "peek-a-boo" in the glass-enclosed shower of bathroom, and Margot Grahame, finishing shower, reaches for towel

Across top of opposite page, Warren William wants privacy in shower, but dog wants a bath, too. Joe E. Brown at his morning shave in a "homey" bathroom. Eddie Horton gives dogs a bath

SH-H-H! MOVIE STARS HAVE MADE HOLLYWOOD THE GREATEST PLUMBING CENTER IN THE WORLD! THERE'S A BATHROOM FOR EVERY THIRD ROOM IN TOWN! MOST OF THEM ARE LARGE AND FANCY! PLUMBERS ARE BEING DRIVEN CRAZY OUTFITTING BATHS WITH TRICKY GADGETS!

wood have such unusual uses as cocktail lounges, conference chambers, reading rooms, gymnasiums, and even art studios—and we'll prove that last one in a moment! They are decorated with fishpools, two-inch thick waterproof rugs, murals, oil paintings, library shelves, aviaries, music boxes, and radios.

Among the more magnificent bathrooms, those of Joan Crawford and of William Powell are considered tops by interior decorators. Powell's is a handsomely masculine affair of marble and mirrors, with many of the accessories hand-hewn out of solid hunks of marble. In the massage and exercise chambers adjoining, *even the rubbing tables are slabs of solid marble.*

Joan's bathroom is also austerely white, with a general effect of mirrors, crystals and white marble with inlaid designs. According to the latest bulletins, by the way, white is coming back as THE color for the bath, with the present variety of rainbow hues—all the way from pale orchid to deepest black—no longer fashionable!

Joan Blondell speaks the mind of every feminine star when she says, "After a hard day's work at the studio, nothing is more restful than a hot tub, fragrantly scented and relaxing every muscle."

No wonder the bath is important in Hollywood. There Madame gives her orders to the cook—while reclining in a steaming tub. Monsieur dictates to his secretary while being massaged. Others chat over the phone. (Almost [*Continued on page* 69]

You can see where Evalyn Knapp gets in a lather. She'll take a tub anytime over a shower. It relaxes her

TARZAN IS MY DOWNFALL

By FAITH SERVICE

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN SAYS SHE HAS EVERYTHING EXCEPTING A "BUT" OR TWO. IF SHE CAN'T GO UP IN PICTURES, SHE WON'T GO DOWN. SHE DOESN'T WANT TO SHINNY UP A TREE WITH "TARZAN" OR KEEP HOUSE IN A CAVE

"WE LIVE the most wonderful life," sighed Maureen O'Sullivan as we sat down to lunch in the M-G-M commissary, "I am sure we must be the envy of everyone who knows us."

These words rejuvenated me. They carried me from sight and sound of the Mourners' Bench on which, for so long, so many of us have been wailing depressions, recessions, taxes and wars—and what is the world coming to? The unveiled joyousness in the Irish blue eyes of Maureen was something to behold.

But Maureen had no sooner said it than she added in the same breath, "I'm not speaking of tomorrow, you know. I wouldn't dare. I'm terribly superstitious about my happiness. I'm terribly afraid to touch it even with words, lest I might frighten it away. I only speak of today.

"That is the way I feel . . . I know very well how many things may happen. . . . Tomorrow, everything may be changed . . . John and I. . . . All my dreams have come true so far, even to my being a movie actress, too, living here in Hollywood.

"I have

[*Continued on page* 64]

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

THE STORY OF JOHN GARFIELD, NEW MAN OF THE HOUR, IS LIKE A MANHATTAN MELODRAMA. IT TOOK COURAGE TO ESCAPE THE BACKGROUND OF HIS BOYHOOD DAYS. HE CAME UP THE HARD WAY FROM NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE SLUMS

By ROGER CARROLL

JOHN GARFIELD, who became an acting sensation and a star overnight in *Four Daughters,* is wading through a flood of interviews. Every lunch hour, he faces another one. And he isn't too happy about it. Talking about himself embarrasses him. And reporters won't let him talk about anything else.

Today, at a nearby table in Warner's Green Room, sit a half-dozen script writers. Most of them are ex-New Yorkers, who knew John when. They are relishing his discomfiture. Sitting where he can see all of them as he talks, all of them are taunting him with grins. The grins say, 'Good old John—he was an actor once. Now look at him. Going Hollywood—talking about himself."

With Job-like patience, John tries to ignore the grins, answer the reporter's questions as expected. But there's an amused gleam in his dark eyes at the silent heckling from the sidelines. One of the boys sees the gleam. He decides to capitalize on it. He calls over, with affected innocence, "What do you hear from the Fates, John?" (John is a fatalist in *Four Daughters*).

John gives up. A smile starts, spreads into a wide, boyish grin. He appreciates the [*Continued on page* 80]

STUDIO DESIGNER Confesses

By LEON SURMELIAN

Wherever you find Carole Lombard making a picture, there you'll also find Travis Banton—for Carole will wear only Banton-made clothes. The panel above shows Carole in Banton's latest creation for *Made for Each Other*. At left, the designer wins Carole's approval of a sketch he made for a glamorous evening gown

At left are Dietrich and Banton, who deserves credit for making her over in the Hollywood manner. She wears one of his designs

Left, Carole, in a Banton creation, stands against the wall of the designer's hand-painted dining-room. Right, Claudette Colbert is fitted in a Banton style

STUDIO DESIGNERS KNOW MORE ABOUT THE ART OF GLAMORIZING THE STARS BECAUSE THEY DRESS THEM. TRAVIS BANTON HAS GLORIFIED LOMBARD AND DIETRICH. HERE HE TELLS ABOUT IT

"GOWNS by Travis Banton." This name is invested with an aura of cinematic glamor, though you never see his face on the screen. He is a robust, youngish man in his early forties, with brown hair and pale-green eyes. There is a certain *distinguè* manner about him. French words and phrases are common in his speech, and he knows how to talk the King's English.

A studio fashion designer like Banton contributes much to your enjoyment of films, and adds a certain artistic elegance to the life of the screen colony. There is nothing like his house in Hollywood. It's the kind of *palazzo* where a woman can't help but play queen. Here, on occasion, he gives fashion reviews, with celebrated glamor girls like Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and Helen Vinson, swathed in his latest creations, acting as models. Josef von Sternberg is credited with the making of Marlene Dietrich as Hollywood's foremost exponent of feminine allure. No matter what you may think of her as an actress, her decorative appeal is undeniable. But the credit for making Marlene over from a plumpish German fräulein to what every woman would like to be, belongs, in my opinion, to Travis Banton.

He is an artist devoted to the glorification of womanly charms through the medium of clothes. On the silver walls of his dining-room he has drawn lovely women of flowery graces dancing a sort of ethereal dance. His house, by the way, is a study in blue-and-silver, and blue-and-gold. To tell the truth, it's a little spooky, as if inhabited by the spirits of the people who made or owned the fine old panels, the drapes, gilt chairs, consoles, mirrors in massive silver frames, with which its interiors abound. On entering the salon, or the playroom, you feel as though a Florentine duke or Venetian doge has just departed with his *entourage*.

Banton, incidentally, is a bachelor and lives with his mother. He employs four servants, a gardener, and a secretary. And withal, remains a regular guy. There is nothing fluttery, eccentric, phony, about him. He is not only one of the best-informed, but also one of the best-liked men in Hollywood.

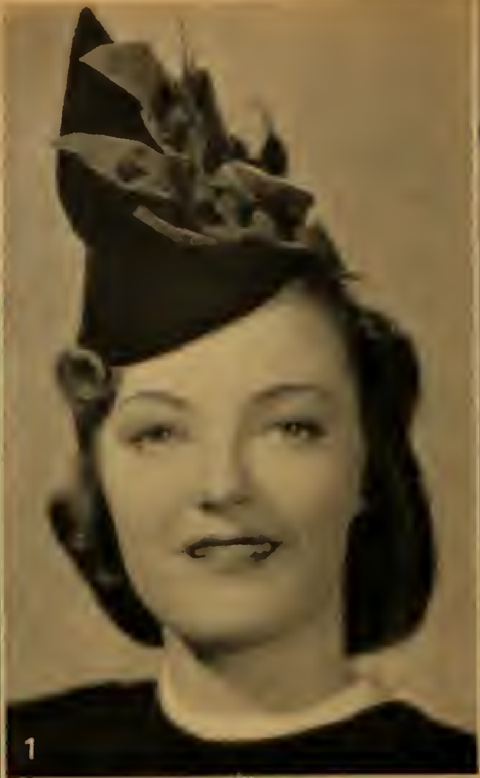
After fourteen years with Paramount, he is now working as an independent designer. You can always find him wherever Carole Lombard is making a picture, for that lady, like Claudette Colbert, will wear only Banton-made clothes. So he was busy designing sundry confections for her at Selznick-International, where she is currently playing in *Made for Each Other*, when I asked him to give us the lowdown on his profession.

"To begin at the beginning," he said, "I first break down the script according to the clothes the star should wear in different sequences. Then, after consulting the star and director, I make several sketches, embodying our ideas, and when these sketches are approved, and the materials chosen, the fittings and the rest follow as routine matters. But it often happens, as in Carole's present picture, that I don't have a completed script and that greatly complicates my work."

Does he always use real materials? "Absolutely. You can't cheat the camera. In a close-up, the details of a dress are magnified several times, and any defect in material or workmanship will be shown with painful clarity. I always use the most beautiful materials I can get. For instance, the three leading silk companies in the world are in Lyons, France, and they always send me their latest samples. In France, people are very cinema-conscious. These manufacturers appreciate the prestige of the American screen. I had an amusing experience in London last year. Duplicates of all the clothes I had designed for Carole in *Rhumba* were on exhibit in the windows of one of the most fashionable stores."

[*Continued on page* 67]

JOY HODGES *Goes* HIGH HAT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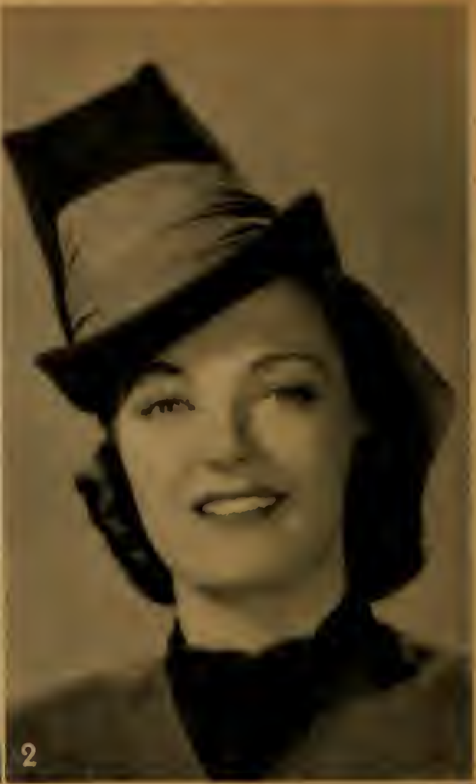
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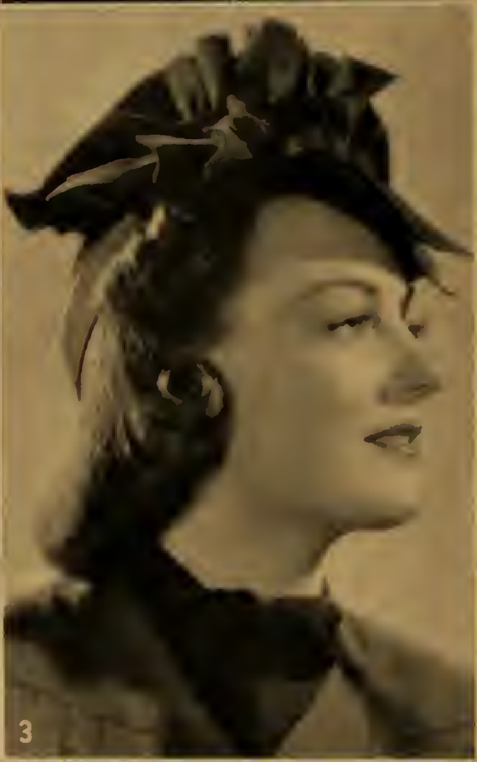
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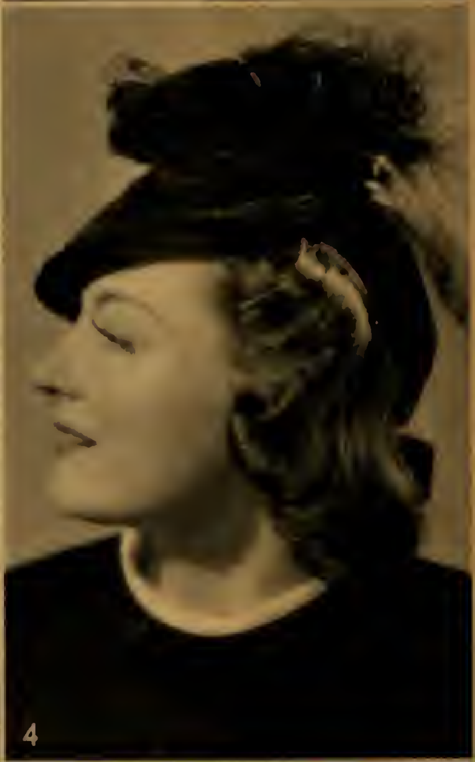
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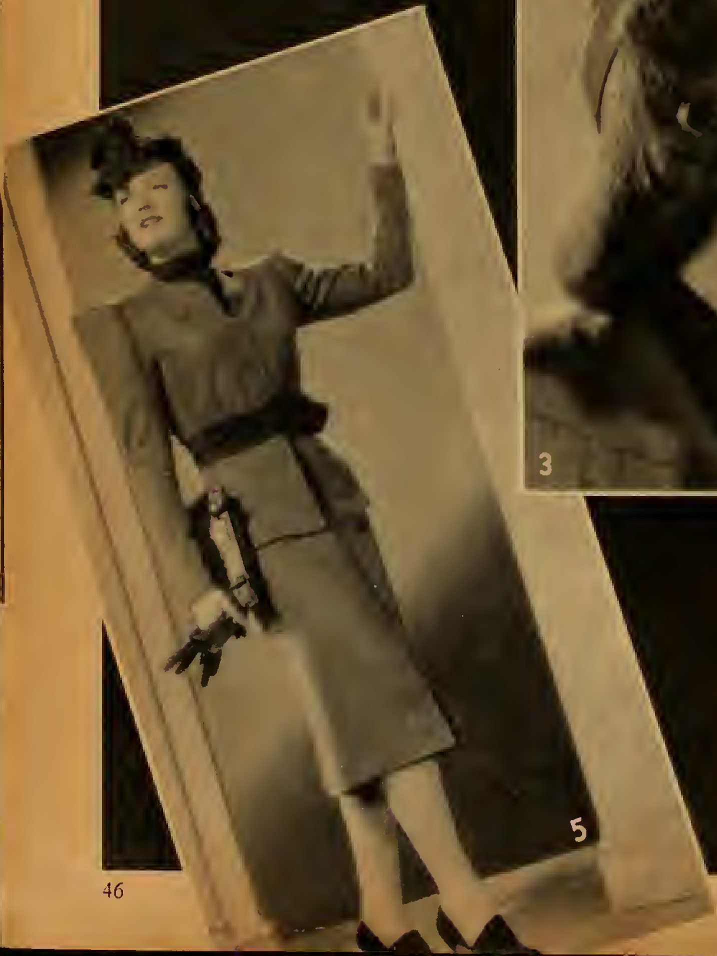
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If you want to be headed right for Winter take a tip from Joy Hodges, starring in *Service De Luxe*, and go high hat. Here's how it's done: 1—A peaked black velvet trimmed with American beauty bows and a chartreuse bird perched at top. 2—Stove-pipe of wine felt with a moss green suede band continuing into a bandeau at the back. 3—Just brown and teal blue felt skirt bows. 4—A Watteau inspiration of black ostrich feathers with royal copen and black tips. Add a long, flowing black veil caught at the back. 5—Complement No. 3 with a two piece brown frock

FULL OF GINGER

The bike craze is sweeping the country like a prairie fire and in no part of the USA has it caught on like it has in Hollywood. When Missy Rogers gets on her new bike she trims down for action, looking mighty, mighty nifty as she steps on the pedals. Bike riding keeps her full of ginger. Wonder if she's riding tandem, too

Jean Hersholt says "Go!" to the Quins as they start a race on their rocking-horses in their new one, *Five of a Kind*
"Copyright 1938 *NEA Service, Inc."*

THE TALK OF

So You Won't Grow Tired of Charlie

■ You can hear Charlie McCarthy's drolleries once every week on the radio—BUT—you'll only be able to SEE the little wooden head once a YEAR on the screen. Edgar Bergen, smartest showman in movies, has decided to limit Charlie's screen appearances to one picture per annum. Bergen figures McCarthy would wear out his welcome if he made a picture oftener than that.

A Stand Out

■ Glamor-gal not only of the world, but of blase Hollywood itself, is Hedy Lamarr. She's the sex-appeal queen of the world's sex capital. One of the most famous lovers of movieland said of her:

"She's so gorgeous, so lovely, so wonnaful, that I get a kick right down to my toes even when I see her out with Reginald Gardiner!"

Real Glamor

■ Hedy's glamor is real, innate, *part* of her. It's not like the synthetic glamor of other so-called glamor-gals of the screen. Which reminds me of Constance Bennett's newest touch of this-is-Hollywood. . . .

Seems she's bought a new dressing room-trailer. Universal got the first glimpse of it, and practically everybody swooned. It's got mirrored walls, hot and cold running water, all modern improvements with plumbing—and two maids. Between takes, Connie spends all her time in it. Playing solitaire. And yawning.

Doubling as campfire girls or sumpin are the Misses Moran, Lord, Deane, Lucius, O'Driscoll who love the woods in *Girls' School*

A bale of hay for a love seat finds boy (Bill Henry), girl (Betty Grable), going hey-hey in *Campus Confessions*

Stableboy Mickey Rooney and former veterinarian Wally Berry, now track bum, in coming *Stablemates*

Jitters

■ And talking of Hedy Lamarr-vellous: Hollywood is giggling over the coincidence that was revealed when Joan Bennett put on the dark wig she wears in sequences of *Trade Winds*. With the dark hair, Joan's a ringer for Hedy! And will *that* give Hollywood, the jitters. . . !

No Severest Critic Here

■ Anti-battle rule in the home of Anne Shirley and hubby John Payne is this: Neither may, within the walls of their domicile, criticize the other's acting.

Any More At Home Like Yours, Martha?

■ All Hollywood is waiting to see whether or not Melodye Raye's mouth is as big as Martha's. . . ! Second, all Hollywood is waiting to see whether Melodye's legs are as lovely as Martha's.

Or didn't you know that Martha has a kid sister, named Melodye, who is only 17 years old, and on her way from Chicago, where she's been going to school. Martha believes Melodye has a big chance on the screen, and is going to back her in a drive for screen stardom.

The Rex Bells (Clara Bow) in a family group. Next to Mom is Rex Larbow, then Pop—and unnamed new son on lap

HOLLYWOOD

Talk Loud, Say Nothing

■ Recipes for Hollywood success as voiced by Lupe Velez: "The secret of success of Hollywood is to talk loud when you've got nothing to say. I learned that my first three days in Hollywood—and I've been doing it ever since."

Close-Up

■ Most intense amateur photographer in Hollywood is Victor Jory. Also, he possesses the queerest baby-portrait in all movieland. He took it himself. It's a close-up—NOT of the baby, but of the baby's first tooth!

Gable No Show-Off Now

■ Clark Gable has deserted the ranks of he-stars with flossy foreign or trick American cars. Clark, aside from that sequence where he drove around in the famous Carole Lombard "Valentine" flivver, has been going for these flashy low-slung cars. But the other day, he sold the one he had and bought one of the lowest-priced American roadsters.

"I'm tired of being conspicuous," he says. Not tired of being conspicuous, however, are others—among them, Errol Flynn. Errol has a long, racy English job, with a right-hand drive. It's slung so low that he can't roll over a toothpick without scraping the transmission! It's black, and glitters with gadgets. To top it off, Errol's big grey Doberman pinscher, Arno, rides alongside his master. It's quite a sight, roaring down the boulevards. . . !

[*Continued on page* 52]

Striking a pose affected by best emotional actresses, Eleanore Whitney hopes to be one if Paramount permits

Flash! Flash! And Flash! Claudette Colbert displays her gams doing the Can-Can with Bert Lahr in *Zaza*

Battle of Catalina

■ Talk of Hollywood is the verbal battle that resounded from tip to tip of Catalina Island the other night, when Lupe Velez and Iliana Laurel told each other off loudly and frankly, after they'd taken instant dislike to each other.

What the girls said, for the most part, needn't be reprinted here. Neither Lupe nor Iliana withhold the choicer characterizations, when they're telling people off. This time, they really spoke!

Parting shot was Lupe's:

"—hmph! I should get into a fight with you and give you free publicity . . .!"

Lupeee Knows Publeeeecitee

■ Say this for Lupe, however: she certainly does know her onions when it comes to publicity. The other day, just before she went into court to divorce Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe was giving an interview. In the midst of it, she went tragic, and exclaimed:

"Oh, after I lose my Johnneee, I shall never, never, never, never, never marry again . . ."

Then, in an instant, Lupe came to earth: "But don't you dare preent that!" she screamed at the interviewer.

"Because suppose I should get married again!"

Misses Parker, Kenyon, Darcy, Duval, DeForest, Casey and Mathews help Jack (Buck) Benny ride again in *Artists and Models Abroad*

BY E. J. SMITHSON

TRUMPET-TOOTER JOHNNIE "SCAT" DAVIS HAS BEEN BLOWING HOT MUSIC SINCE HE WAS 12. HE BLEW SO HOT, HARD, AND GOOD THAT HE BLEW HIMSELF RIGHT INTO HOLLYWOOD AND MOVIES

Johnnie comes from a musical family, but his Dad didn't like it when Johnnie began to toot hot jazz. But the hot tooting led to good jobs with big bands—even to a band of his own. When he began "scat" singing, to boot, Hollywood called—and Johnnie answered

HORNING IN ON HOLLYWOOD

PROBABLY the most disappointed man in all Indiana was the father of John Gus Davis— Johnnie "Scat" Davis to you—that dark and dismal day he was confronted by the disquieting news that his trumpet-tooting son was a musical radical, a contumacious convert to blatant jazz.

It was, so Davis Senior said in no uncertain terms, a hellofanote, and he didn't mean sharps or flats, either! Something, he told son John, was going to be done about it—and sure enough, there was. The trumpet-tooting youngster refused to be reconverted and went right on blowing hot on his silver cornet and he blew so hard and so good in the years that followed that he finally blew himself right into Hollywood and motion pictures where he is now enjoying the sweet, financial music that comes from the horn of plenty and a long-term contract with Warners.

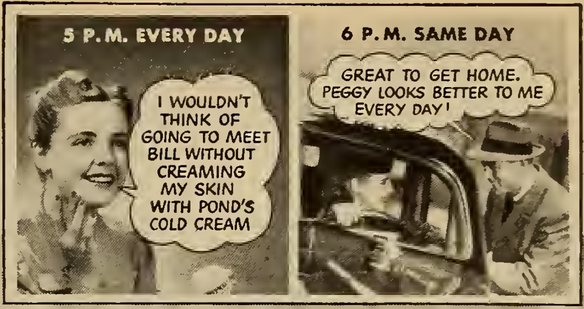
"My switch to jazz was a great blow to father," Johnnie admits, "and I didn't blame him for trying to make me see the light, but the new vogue in music was exciting, and I liked the swing of it. Although he never came right out and said so I think father did, too, after a while. But I guess you can't teach old musicians new tricks any more than you can dogs, and I never heard him play a bar of jazz in my life."

Maybe if Johnnie had been older when he became a tooting exponent of jazz his father wouldn't have objected so much, but Johnnie was only 12 at the time. The rest of the family agreed with Dad, and Johnnie soon found himself the musical blacksheep of the Davis menage, but, as we said, being a stubborn young gent he refused to be swerved and his silver cornet continued to give out those ear-piercing, nerve-tingling, triple-tongued notes until the neighbors finally said there ought to be a law.

"Being an obedient son," Johnnie says, "I finally consented to attend strictly to my musical knitting. After all, I was only being fair to father, who had been teaching me since I was three years old. I don't know when I learned to read music, but it must have been when I was pretty young. Once in a while though, I'd backslide a little. I had an uncle in Terre Haute who owned and operated a theatre and occa-

[*Continued on page* 74]

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
–More Like a Honeymoon!


5 P.M. EVERY DAY
I WOULDN'T THINK OF GOING TO MEET BILL WITHOUT CREAMING MY SKIN WITH POND'S COLD CREAM
6 P.M. SAME DAY
GREAT TO GET HOME. PEGGY LOOKS BETTER TO ME EVERY DAY!

SHE KEEPS SKIN THRILLING
Happy Anniv
To Peggy + Bill
1933 1938

SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE . . . THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*

Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."

Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days . . . "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. **Extra 'skin-vitamin'** in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin . . . *gives sparkle* to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, **MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III** *(left)*
popular in New York's young married set

Amazing Pond's Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.

LIMITED SUPPLY . . . GET YOURS TODAY!

AMAZING
BOTH
POND'S
POND'S FACE POWDER

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page* 49]

Case of Flynn's Dog vs. Court

■ Arno, by the way manages to keep Flynn in hot water pretty near all the time. Like that weekend at Catalina. Errol, going ashore from his famous yacht, took Arno along. At the first opportunity, Arno started a fight with another dog. By the time the fight was over, Catalina's policeman had given Errol a ticket for having Arno at large, instead of on a leash.

Errol figured he'd fix that all right. BUT — when Errol appeared in court, he saw that the judge was the owner of the other dog . . .! Now Arno wears a leash in Avalon.

New Parlor Pastime

■ Newest game in Hollywood is still this name-game, wherein you take somebody's name, and twist it to something else. Best at it is Judy Garland, who offers these name-swings:

Clark Gable, Stark Fable; Shirley Temple, Squirrely Bumple; Jeanette MacDonald, Gillette McDonkey; Basil Rathbone, Rastle Bathroom; Mickey Rooney, Crickets Crooney; Nelson Eddy, Nice 'n Steady; Franchot Tone, Frenchy Fone. . . .

Another romance which blossomed some time ago is still flourishing. It features Alan Marshal and Margaret Tallichet. It's even a love match at tennis

Now Wears Long Dresses

■ Janet Gaynor hasn't stopped growing! It took a non-fitting dress to reveal it to her. Seems that Janet, seeking a dress for her small-town character in *Three Loves Has Nancy*, had the studio's wardrobe department locate a dress she'd worn three years ago in *Small Town Girl*.

The studio located the dress—and Janet tried it on. She found it didn't fit. Puzzled, Janet started an investigation—and finally, by comparing present-day measurements with some taken three years ago, Janet discovered that she has grown fully one inch since 1935. She was 4 feet 10 inches tall then; now is 4 feet 11 . . . !

This Richard Greene hasn't wasted any time going romantic since landing in Hollywood. He's squiring Arleen Whelan everywhere. It was love at first sight

Tip To Would-Be Screen-Writers

■ DON'T try to write a movie story about a movie star's private life—not a real one, that is. Some hopeful from the midwest has been trying to peddle a scenario titled "The Life and Loves of Greta Garbo."

Not a studio has even nibbled at it! Not even Disney.

Oakie Packing His Sweaters

■ Another post-divorce activity of Hollywood is the Jack Oakie program for more than a half-year to come. Having been divorced from Venita Varden, Jack is shaking the dust of Hollywood from his feet. Oh, no; not for good—but for long enough to let the bad taste of a wrecked marriage wash away. A neat half-hundred pounds under what he weighed less than a year ago, Oakie has made plans for a tour of Europe. By the time you read this, he'll probably be on his way. It'll be his first trip across the ocean.

One Sound Track Enuf For Gary

■ Unless things change tremendously, you won't be able to hear Gary Cooper sing to you out of your li'l victrola! He has just turned down an offer of $2,000 to make a recording of *The Cowboy's Lament* as he sings it for Sam Goldwyn's movie *The Lady and the Cowboy*.

Gypsy Strip-Teases An Artichoke

■ Giggliest gag of the month, is the one about Gypsy Rose Lee. Beg pardon, she's Louise Hovick, now, on account of the Hays' office doesn't want any reference to her strip-tease days, not even the name under which she undressed.

To get back to the story— Seems that Ex-Gypsy was lunching at a Boulevard cafe the other day, having an artichoke with mayonnaise for one thing. As she peeled off the artichoke leaves, leaf after leaf, Gypsy began to giggle, suddenly looked at the friend who was lunching with her, and wisecracked:

"This is the nearest thing to strip-teasing I've been allowed to do since I arrived in Hollywood."

It's oke by Mr. Hayes. Artichokes are sexless.

[*Continued on page* 54]

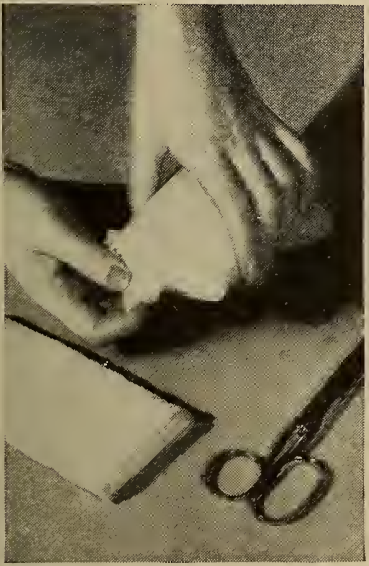
Hollywood has gone horsey for keeps. Executives and players are buying horses and building stables. Allan Jones-Bob Young celebrate opening of their stables

Life as a model taught me...

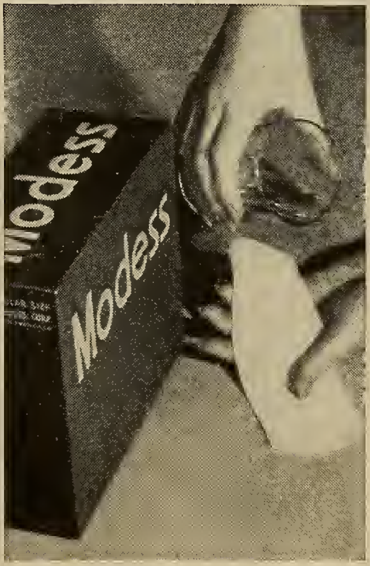
"Once I was a lady of leisure—with nothing to do but go to parties if I felt like it . . . take it easy if I didn't. But those days are gone forever! It was in the cards, I guess. You know the saying—'Friday's child is loving and giving . . . Saturday's child works hard for a living.' That's me!"

"Now I model clothes—at a shop where I used to buy them! And whew! —the weary miles we models trudge! Up and down . . . back and forth . . . shoulders back, 'tummy' in, head high!"

"Naturally 'certain days' are worse than others. But I soon learned from the other models how to make those days a lot easier! They introduced me to Modess—and, believe me, when you're on your feet all day, a napkin that doesn't chafe makes a world of difference!"



"If you'd like to know why Modess is so comfortable . . . just cut a pad in two. Feel that filler! It's like the down on a duck! So soft and fluffy—entirely different from napkins made of close-packed layers."



"And—see how safe Modess is! Take the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and drop water on it! That will show you why you need never worry again about ruining a dress . . . or being embarrassed."

"Then—if you're earning your own living and have to count the pennies, as I do . . . here's some more good news: Modess is easy on the pay envelope! Honestly—for all its comfort and security—Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin! So—take a tip from *me* and buy yourself a box of Modess *today*."

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 5th-12th

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page* 52]

Racket

■ It remained for Shirley Temple to cause the newest and strangest autograph racket in Hollywood. . . . When she returned to movieland after her recent tour, the railroad tracks for several hundred yards were bright with pennies. The train rolled over them and flattened them.

Next day, hundreds of the flattened coins, each with a strip of adhesive tape pasted on, were sent to the studio for Shirley to autograph, on the tape. Studio officials investigated, found that an autograph-racketeer was planning to sell the autographed pennies "flattened by Shirley's train," to Temple fans the land over.

Gag

■ Marie Wilson gag-of-the-month: Turning down a personal-appearance tour suggestion, Marie Wilsoned:

"Ooooo, I couldn't get up before so many people. I'm too subconscious. . . . !"

Marie has everyone guessing. No one knows whether Marie is really dumb or smart enough to play dumb.

When a girl's front name is Punkins as is the case with Punkins Parker you can't blame her for carrying a pumpkin around to ward off Hollygoblins on Hallowe'en

Eating More, Sleeping Better

■ Olivia de Havilland upsets all precedent by working herself fat! For 11 straight days, Olivia turned in 12 hours a day on *Wings of the Navy* and at the end of the period, had gained eight pounds.

"Simple," she explained; "You see, when I work hard, I eat more and sleep better."

Remember Nancy Carroll? Surely, you haven't forgotten the vivid redhead whose beauty is as appealing as ever. She stages her comeback with Deanna Durbin in *That Certain Age*

Racket

■ Always plaintive about fans' invasion of their privacy are the stars.

And, to do them justice, nine times out of ten, their plaints are justified. . . Consider, for instance, what happened to Joan Crawford, the other day. She came home in mid-day, from the studio. As the car approached her home, Joan beheld a group of people—utter strangers!—all over her lawn and front steps.

Joan, not one to dodge an issue, leaped from the car to investigate. Then she saw a man with a huge camera, taking a picture of all the people on her lawn.

"What," she demanded, "is the meaning of this?"

Sheepish, the cameraman explained that he'd been making quite a living, photographing tourists on the star's doorsteps.

But he's not doing it at Joan's house, any more!

Why Hollywood Comes High

■ "No wonder," screams Danielle Darrieux, "that movie stars get so much more money in Hollywood than in Europe!"

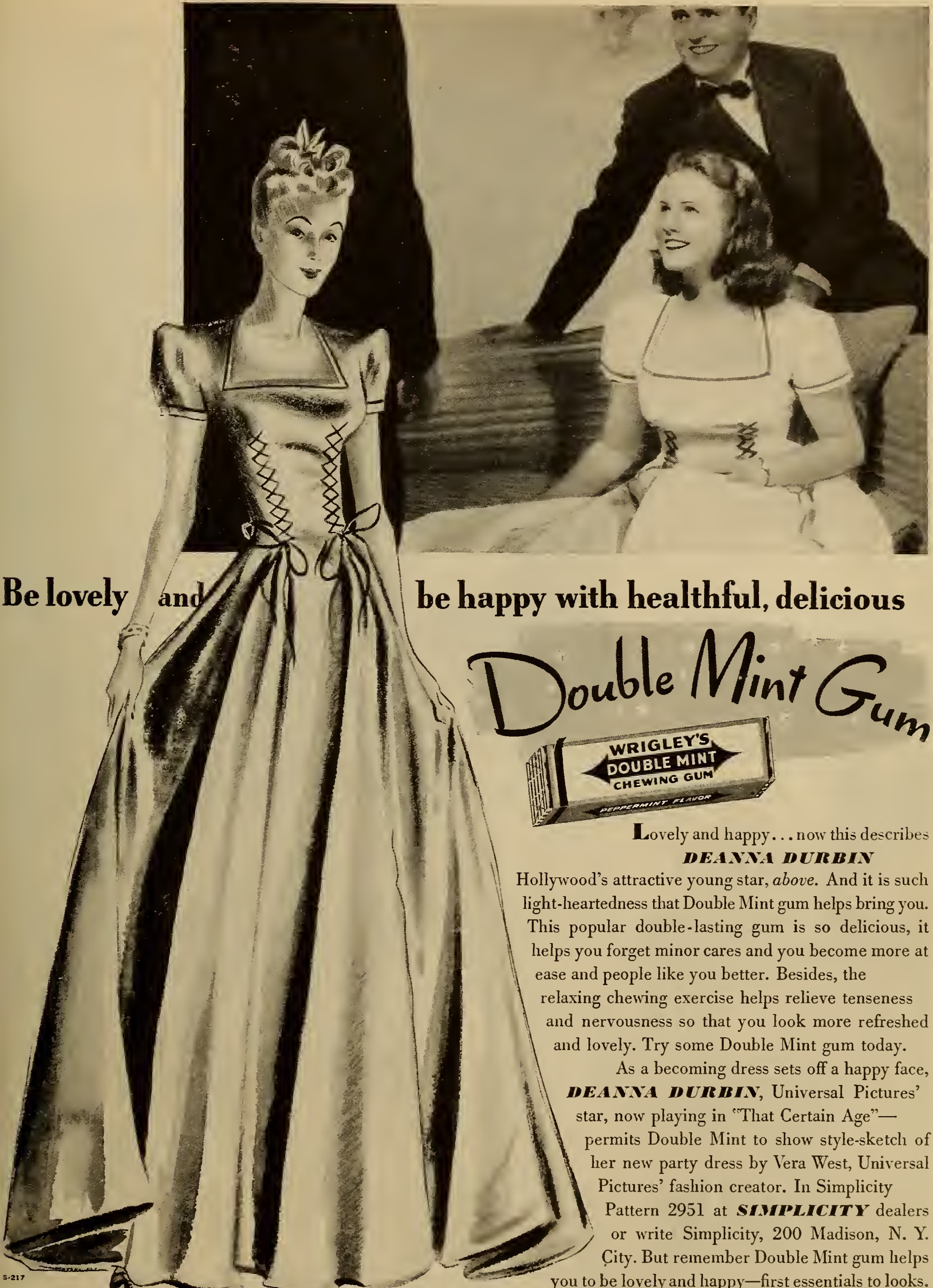
And then Danielle, who knows her Paris and her Hollywood, too, explained to us: In Paris, a secretary costs $60 a month; in Hollywood, $270! Other service costs per month: Cook, $30 in Paris; $120 in Hollywood; Personal maid, $21 as to $90; domestic, $28 as to $105. Paris, Danielle hires a chauffeur AND auto for $165 a month; in Hollywood, the auto costs her $240, and the chauffeur another $126. Beauty shops are just twice as costly in Hollywood. Clothes, ditto. And flowers—it costs her $50 in Hollywood to get $15 worth of Paris flowers. . . !

"But it's worth it," adds Danielle.

Horde of Horrors

■ Tip on What to Expect—Due for a big revival are horror films. The Hays' office is agin' 'em—but the movie-makers have found, by inquiry, that the fans are clamoring for 'em. You may expect to see draculas and frankensteins in hordes!

In toting a sheep dog around like Virginia Bruce totes her Chutney, be sure you wear a coat that looks good and doggy—to blend with dog's. It makes a dog proud



Be lovely and be happy with healthful, delicious Double Mint Gum

Lovely and happy... now this describes **DEANNA DURBIN** Hollywood's attractive young star, *above*. And it is such light-heartedness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. This popular double-lasting gum is so delicious, it helps you forget minor cares and you become more at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely. Try some Double Mint gum today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, **DEANNA DURBIN**, Universal Pictures' star, now playing in "That Certain Age"—permits Double Mint to show style-sketch of her new party dress by Vera West, Universal Pictures' fashion creator. In Simplicity Pattern 2951 at **SIMPLICITY** dealers or write Simplicity, 200 Madison, N. Y. City. But remember Double Mint gum helps you to be lovely and happy—first essentials to looks.

Healthful, delicious *Double Mint Gum* benefits your Digestion, Breath, Teeth. Sold everywhere. 5c. Get some today.

"MY SENSITIVE SKIN WON'T STAND ORDINARY CREMES."
"THEN TRY MY NEW CREME. IT CONTAINS OILS TAKEN FROM PURE DAIRY MILK!"

★ You have heard of famous beauties bathing in milk to preserve and enhance their beauty. Now science knows why. Milk contains certain delicate oils that are similar to the natural oils found in the human skin itself.

Now these precious milk-oils are being extracted and combined with other oils to make a new type of face creme that is winning millions of users. If your skin is too sensitive for ordinary cremes — try Duart Creme of Milk for cleansing and all skin care. This may be the *one creme* you have always hoped to find.

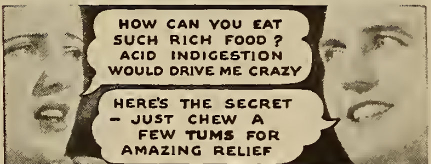
Ask for it by name at Drug, Department Store, 10c Store or Beauty Shop. Or write Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco. Sizes 25c, 40c, 50c, 80c, $1.65.

DUART
CREME OF MILK
creme

DUART

CREME OF MILK CREME

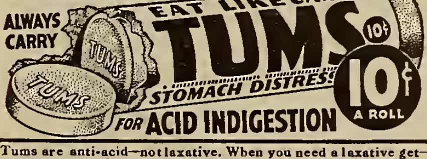
CONTAINS MILK-OILS BLENDED WITH OTHER OILS


HOW CAN YOU EAT SUCH RICH FOOD? ACID INDIGESTION WOULD DRIVE ME CRAZY
HERE'S THE SECRET – JUST CHEW A FEW TUMS FOR AMAZING RELIEF

YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda.* Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists.

You never know when or where

ALWAYS CARRY



FOR ACID INDIGESTION

Tums are anti-acid—not laxative. When you need a laxative get—

Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR

This all vegetable laxative brings such gentle, dependable relief for conditions due to constipation.

TRIM YOUR *Christmas Menus* WITH GOLDEN ORANGE BALLS

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Present your family at Christmas with a cake-type pudding and add a delicious orange sauce

FEEL down at the toe of your Christmas stocking, and you'll find it stuffed with a lovely golden ball! It's not so very long ago, either, that oranges were considered a luxury fruit little used except at holiday seasons. But, today, oranges are seasonable every day in the year, and we don't have to wait until Christmas to enjoy their sweet, health-giving juice. For, irradiated by sunshine, this natural juice supplies the tonic qualities of sunshine, and yields the energy, good teeth, and freedom from colds which are natural gifts to all sun-worshipers.

The hostess right now, however, is considering menus, plans, and decorations for the approaching holidays. Let her be generous with oranges: for Oranges are Good Looking! Good to Eat! Good with which to trim the Christmas menu's most decorative feast! From breakfast to midnight buffet, and all 'round the clock again, oranges can *star* in unusual, delicious dishes.

Oranges justly rate as versatile fruit *stars* in the food entertainment world because not only do we enjoy their juice and golden flesh, but they provide other novelty *turns.* Their rind (unlike that of most fruits which is only pared to be thrown away) yields the most exotic delicate perfume or *extract* with which to flavor cakes, cookies and desserts; their entire rind may also be candied, or preserved as in marmalades and confectionery uses. While a still further added attraction is the fact that the shell of the golden ball may serve as container or basket from which to offer fruit-cup, salad or sherbet.

Trim your holiday menus with golden orange balls utilized as follows:

JUICE—Cocktail Appetizer, Holiday Punch Bowl, Salad Dressings.

PEEL—Flavoring Extract, Garnish for Confectionery, Preserved in Marmalades, Relish for Meats.

PULP—Garnish, Fruit-Cup, Salads, Desserts.

SEGMENTED SLICES——Garnish, Entrees, Salads, Breakfast Fruit.

JUICE AND PEEL—Pudding Sauces, Cake Frostings and Fillings,

Confectionery, Holiday Baked Goodies.
SHELLS—Containers for Fruit-Cup, Sherbet or Salad.
PEEL, PULP & JUICE—Relish for Meats, Shortcakes & other Desserts, Preserves.

FOLLOWING is a simple recipe, but one which will be the gayest possible garnish and accompaniment to your holiday turkey or other roast meats. It is called:

BAKED ORANGES CANTON

8 large oranges
Sugar
Water
24 whole cloves
1 tablespoon minced, candied ginger
8 tablespoons butter

Slightly grate peel of oranges. Boil fruit in clear water 30 minutes until tender, then cool. Cut thin slice from ends and remove cores carefully. Arrange oranges in deep baking dish. Partially cover with syrup of 2 parts water to 1 part sugar flavored with ginger. Stick 3 cloves into each orange and press 1 tablespoon butter down into each cavity. Cover closely, and bake in moderate oven (375F) about 1½ hours, basting frequently. Serve around turkey or other meat platter, particularly roast duck.

What to have for a new pie filling in winter, is never a problem in the family which has once tasted this unusual orange pie—their cry is always "make us that pie again," and it's:

ORANGE NUT PIE

1 cup white corn syrup
4 tablespoons sugar
1 cup coarsely chopped pecans
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
3 tablespoons orange juice
3 eggs, well-beaten
Unbaked pastry shell

Combine ingredients in order given, mixing thoroughly until well blended. Pour into unbaked crust. Bake in moderate oven, about 50 minutes, until well browned. May also be made into tarts. Cover with meringue, if desired.

IT'S the sauce which makes the pudding! Often the simplest of pudding desserts, such as good old-fashioned bread or rice pudding—always top favorites with men—or any cake-type steamed pudding, is really *made* by a fruity, flavored sauce such as this one in which orange juice, pulp and rind, are all blended:

ORANGE DESSERT SAUCE

2 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
1 cup orange juice & pulp
1 orange rind grated
⅓ cup hot water
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Use double boiler. Beat egg yolks very thick and lemon-colored. Beat in sugar. Add juice and pulp, with rind, and beat. Add hot water and cook, stirring continuously, until thick and velvety. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Fold in stiffly whipped cream, and serve immediately on any starch-y or cake-type dessert. (Simply grand on plum or fig pudding, too.)

To let every reader become better acquainted with the many new taste temptations where food is trimmed with golden orange balls, there is a special leaflet which you can have by mailing the coupon below (just paste it on a card) to Christine Frederick, c/o MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. This offer expires January 15, 1939.

Please send me the special leaflet, ORANGES TRIM THE HOLIDAY FEAST, which includes such novelties as *Sarong Salad, Orange Dumplings, Cider-Orange Pudding,* and others of equal deliciousness. I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name...

Street Address...

City and State..

MP-12

GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!
WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!
I'M SORRY I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, HONEY. BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF YOUR BLARNEY, MISTER!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY--I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

HERE'S THAT NEW BLACK LIPSTICK

that magically changes to your own personal shade of a new, more alluring South Sea RED the instant it touches your lips!

New TATTOO Shade "BLACK MAGIC" Black in the Stick—RED on Your Lips!
TATTOO

A moonless South Sea night... black as a pocket...a Voodoo fire...'tis the night of the Love Dance, during which charm-wise maidens conjure the hearts of their mates-to-be. Black Magic! And now...for YOU...all the witchery of this intense South Sea moment...in the *new* BLACK MAGIC shade of TATTOO. Black as night in the stick (yes, actually!)...but the instant it touches your lips it magically changes to the exact shade of teasing, pagan RED that your own natural coloring requires...*different on every woman. Your own* personal lipstick! And oh! how it lasts on your lips; hours longer than you'll ever need it. Today... regardless of what shade of lipstick you've always used...try BLACK MAGIC. You'll find that it works like a charm — that it IS a charm — that it makes YOU more charming. $1 everywhere. Five *other* thrilling TATTOO shades too:

CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO YOUR LIPS *for romance!*

LEARN TO ACT—*at home*

STAGE—SCREEN—RADIO

Send For FREE Booklet

Prepared by G. D. Cochrane, formerly of Universal Pictures, this interesting booklet titled "You Can Succeed" points out the necessary steps so essential in a stage, screen, or radio career. Booklet sent free and in plain wrapper. Write today to

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EMBARRASSED BY HORRID PIMPLES?

Help protect your skin against intestinal waste poisons

Ridiculed and shunned because of ugly, pimple-blemished skin? Get right at a common cause of the trouble—guard against intestinal waste poisons.

Between 13 and 25, the skin is apt to be oversensitive. At the same time, poor digestion and elimination often throw waste poisons into the blood stream . . . that may be carried to the skin and cause repulsive, ugly pimples to break out.

Many young people help solve this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poisons from your body *before* they can get into the blood stream . . . and so gives your pimples a chance to clear up. Don't run the risk of permanent scars from neglected pimples. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before each meal. Begin now!

ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

Stretched out on the floor are Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon ready to be shot by camera for scene in *The Lady and the Cowboy*. Director Potter in chair gives them final instructions

BECAUSE Claudette Colbert takes off weight in the ankles, production on *Zaza* is held up an hour. Trouble is that the sheer silk stockings—full-hip-length—which she wears under her short ruffles, wrinkles at the ankles. . . . "Why didn't you get 'em tbe rigbt size?" querulously complains director George Cukor.

"I did; but that was three weeks ago," says Claudette. "Since then, my ankles have gotten an inch thinner from all the dancing I've done." . . .

SO SHE'LL be letter-perfect in her role as a Chinese woman doctor in *King of Chinatown*, Anna May Wong spent several hours watching doctors perform operations in a Los Angeles hospital . . . when 20th-Fox's crew went to Canada to film the quint scenes for *Five of a Kind*, they took along seven of everything the quints were to use, so there'd be no delay due to breakage . . . when Jane Brodel was ordered off the set of *Men With Wings* by the Board of Education because children under 16 mayn't work after 10 p. m., her sister, Mary, who looks like a kid although she's 21, finished the takes . . . when Franchot Tone whistled *Thanks for the Memory* during a scene for M-G-M's *Three Loves Has Nancy*, it cost several minutes' delay and a retake, because Paramount owns all rights to the tune, and M-G-M had to reshoot the scene with Tone whistling *Meet the Beat of My Heart*, which M-G-M owns. . . .

SHORTEST location trip in movie history came during *Stablemates*, when Wally Beery and Mickey Rooney drove from the studio in Culver City to Palms, a couple of miles away, did a shot showing them strolling across the street, and were back in the studio 17 minutes from the time they left! . . . Gag-of-the-month came on the same picture. Script called for Beery to kiss the horse that's just won a race. Beery does—but then, UNaccording to script, the horse collapsed!!! Not until minutes later did Beery learn that the horse—a well-trained animal—had been cued by its owner-trainer to fall down when Beery kissed it, just as a joke on Wally.

JINX picture of the screen seems to be 20th-Fox's *Submarine Patrol*, formerly called *Wooden Anchors*. Already, they've chalked up 13 mishaps, ranging from the loss of an inch of thumb when an actor got his hand in a wind machine; loss of hearing by Richard Greene thanks to the wind machines' roar; a back injury to Maxie Rosenbloom; and a near-fall by Nancy Kelly, as a gangplank's supporting rope broke.

EMBARRASSING-MOMENT of the month came when Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins visited the *Dawn Patrol* set at Warner. Errol Flynn invited Lady Wilkins to sit in his own special set chair during some action. Lady Wilkins sat—and the chair emitted a rude, rude noise. . . . While faces flamed, investigation disclosed that Errol's pal, David Niven, had put one of those trick rubber gadgets into Flynn's chair, under a cushion, as a gag on Flynn—not knowing that Lady Wilkins would sit on it and make that sound. . . . *Dawn Patrol* also presented a new wrinkle: taking a speech-scene two ways. It's Errol Flynn, sounding off. For the picture that'll be seen in movie houses in the United States, he said: "War is a big, noisy, rather silly game. Some day it'll end. Then we'll all go home until some other monkeys sitting around a long table push us into another war.". . . But for the version that'll be shown in Britain, Flynn's lines were: "War is a big, noisy game. But if it hadn't been for the war, we wouldn't have had this flying corps coming along as it is. All of us here are pioneers, but it's growing up. Our equipment's improving every day, and we've the feeling they're behind us, back home." Ta-ra-ra-ra, boom-de-ay. . . . !!!

HOLLYWOOD whispers that Gary Cooper was so realistic in a fight sequence for *The Lady and the Cowboy* over at Sam Goldwyn's, that Merle Oberon had to be treated for bruises while a double finished the take . . . Gloria Dickson is lucky she has make-up and skin-care wizard Pere Westmore for a husband, because when she went on location to sun-drenched Indio, she was the only player who wasn't badly sunburned, on account of Hubby Pere fixed her up a cellophane hood of amber cellophane, which filters the sun's rays, to wear between takes . . . because Errol Flynn's notorious pinscher dog "Arno" made so much noise clicking with his nails on the floors of sets, Errol had to equip him with sound-proof felt booties before they'd let him have the dog on the *Dawn Patrol* stage . . . to get them used to the gruesome sight so they won't flinch during takes, Spencer Tracy and Bob Taylor and Wallace Beery have been watching human scalps hanging up to dry in preparation for shooting of *Northwest Passage*, but of course, the "human" scalps are just made of rubber and hair . . . from Pinesville, Mo., where he's playing *Jesse James*, Tyrone Power wrote to pals at 20th-Fox that the town's normal population of 442 has been tripled by farmers coming in to watch the movies being made. . .

RIBBING Nelson Eddy between takes of *Sweethearts* at M-G-M, Jeanette MacDonald cruelly puts a Lawrence Tibbett record on the gramophone. As Tibbett's voice booms out, Eddy never stops whittling a bit of balsa wood he's carving. Tibbett's song ends, and everybody waits to see what Nelson (Hollywood *insists* that the Eddy-Tibbett feud is sumpn fierce!) will do. Eddy goes right on whittling, but grins and says: "Yeah—Lawrence Tibbett is a good singer, too. But I bet he can't whittle!"

What's Biting Errol Flynn?

[*Continued from page* 29]

bosom-pal David Niven, who, second to Errol, is the screwiest clown in movies; when he's done with his day's work, he either goes home to Lili or he says what-the-hell, and makes a whooping night of it with Davie or some other boon companion. Come a week-end, and he goes clippety-cloppety off to his yacht, admires all the polished brass, runs up a few score sails or so, and tacks off into the Pacific ocean with a gang of buddies on board. Sometimes, even, Lili is along, if she feels like it, but if she isn't, why that's okeh with Errol, too.

As a matter of fact, this wife-and-hubby business doesn't rub any skin off Errol's anatomy, or Lili's, either. If they're a bit bored with each other, they don't sit across the dinner-table from each other like a pair of handcuffed-to-each-other wildcats and grouse and bellyache and fight. They just say nuts-to-you-my-dear, and off they go. If more lovers in this world would follow that formula, there'd be more lovers left after three years of matrimony than there are.

Those two have been "irrevocably parted," according to gossip and the printed and radioed news, more often than Lupe and Johnny were. I've just gone through two years' files of Hollywood news and gossip, and adding it up, I learn that exactly EIGHT times within that period, by actual count, Errol and Lili have been reported on the verge of divorce. EIGHT TIMES! —and right now, they're living together in Beverly Hills, and giggling like a coupla screwballs at the latest "inside" reports that Errol's gonna get a Nevada divorce.

SO, ANYWAY, what was I talking about when I got off on this Errol-and-Lili business that Flynn doesn't want to talk about?—oh, yes—I was prattling about the "unhappy" life Errol lives, wasn't I? Well, then—

"I'll admit," he finally tells me frankly, "that I'm grateful as hell for what Hollywood has done for me. Mind you, that doesn't change the fact that I still don't know whether I'm happy this way or not—but I AM grateful. . . . I'm the luckiest son-of-a-you-know in the world to have all this. I've seen enough of the harder side of life to appreciate the luxuries I've got. A lot of money makes it easier even for me to do the things I want to do. I love acting. I'm not talking about art, or any of that stuff. I'd rather act than do anything else to make a living. And I'm not passing out a lot of drivel about feeling the Great Urge to Act, or being In Love with My Art, or anything like that. What I mean is that acting is a hell of an easy way to make a living, and I'm lazy.

"Every time I feel like complaining about something the studio or the director or the script wants me to do, all I have to do is to step out on the street and watch the trucks go by. There's an awful lot of trucks I might have to be driving if I didn't have something soft like this . . . !

"I'm lucky—yeah. But I'm afraid I'm getting into a rut. It's a human failing, you know. And I'm told a dozen times a week that 'there's my future to think of. . . .' "

He grinned like a dolt, and you could see his tongue rolling into his cheek.

"I *DO* have to look after my future, don't I? Anyway, that's what they tell me. And bye and bye, after they tell you that often enough, why dammit, you get so you begin to believe it. So, anyway, I'm looking after my future, although it's all against my principles! And it *does* give me luxuries I never even dared dream of, back in the old days. . . ."

(You know all about those "old days" of his, don't you? You must be sick to death of the tales of Errol Flynn, the adventurer and beachcomber and head-hunter-killer and all that. So let's not go into it any more, here. Just take it for granted that he's had and seen all the tougher sides of life.)

". . . I like nice things. Who doesn't? I'd rather travel first-class-plus than third. I've got my boat loaded down with brass and pretty things and shower-baths and gadgets, and it doesn't smell like copra. Copra-trading is all right, but owning a millionaire's yacht is nicer. . . ."

[*Continued on page* 61]

Her Petal Smooth Skin

STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS!

"BLIZZARDS ROUGHEN MY SKIN? NO! I PROTECT MY SKIN WITH POND'S VANISHING CREAM. IT KEEPS MY SKIN NICE AND SOFT IN SPITE OF SNOW AND WIND"

Priscilla Bibesco

CORONATION-YEAR DEB

H. H. Princess Priscilla Bibesco

—DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS ROUMANIAN DIPLOMAT, AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

"Pond's Vanishing Cream always was grand for smoothing away little roughnesses. Now I'm even more excited about the extra 'skin-vitamin' it brings to my skin."

NOW BRINGS EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TO HER SKIN*

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*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

The Golden Rule

[*Continued from page* 8]

or tissue cream, and leave a film of it on overnight to help lubricate the skin, keep it smooth and soft. During the day, use a cream to remove stale make-up before you pat on fresh powder and rouge.

Delicate skins like Madeleine's have a tendency toward premature wrinkles and crow's feet around the eyes. Whenever Madeleine suns, which is often, or whenever she rests, she places a finger gently but firmly over the outer corners of each eye. This relaxes her face, keeps her from letting it get tense and squinty. A bit of adhesive plaster pasted over the eye corners has the same effect. Put another on those frown lines in your forehead, to prevent yourself from squinting over sewing or small print. It's a good idea, too, to keep a rich eye cream at hand so you can smoothe it over your eyes before exposing them to a strong light. . . Constant squinting plus dry skin equals crow's feet sooner than you think!

Madeleine Carroll is so flower-like herself that I wasn't the least surprised when she told me of her fondness for floral perfumes. She likes the English garden flower scents—mignonette, hyacinth, honeysuckle—in her bath oils and toilet waters. Floral fragrances have definitely come back into the perfume picture. They're smarter than smart, and *oh*, so subtle! And not only for blondes, but for all sweet young things.

Madeleine's favorite perfume trick is one that she learned from an aunt. She pours a tiny bit of scent on a square of cotton, pats this all over herself, and then tucks the cotton in her bra. The warmth of her body continues to release the fragrance for hours on end. "It's only fair that I should enjoy the perfume I'm wearing as much as those near me do!" she explained.

If you're looking around for just the right floral perfume to complement your personality, I can recommend a set of five. They're all from a famous couturier-perfumer, and as delightful as this feminine period of fashion. There's Mimosa, for the truly romantic, Magnolia for moonlight lovers and Honeysuckle, sweet yet tangy. Not to mention lovely versions of two old favorites— a light and carefree Sweet Pea, and a vivacious, sunwarmed Lilac . . . There's a purse sized, non-leakable flacon in a gaily flowered box for $1 each, and several other sizes ranging from $2.50. This is a real bargain in fine perfumes, so do write for the name if you're going sweet and feminine with the rest of the world this Winter. Incidentally, one of these perfumes would make a nice Christmas gift—together with a jewelled flower-basket pin that has a concealed compartment for holding a bit of perfumed cotton.

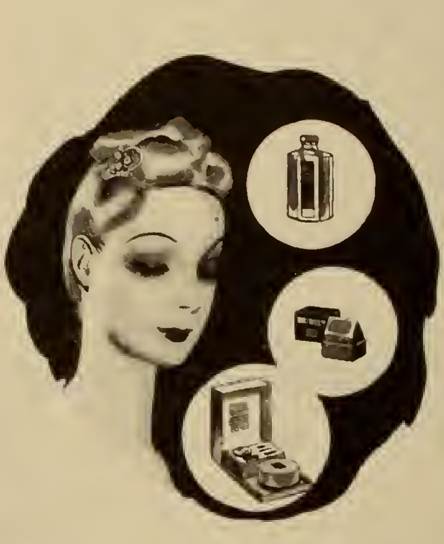
TO GALS who have already developed a frown line or squint from too much close reading, I can recommend some pale pink medicated tabs. They're practically guaranteed to help correct these lines, and prevent the appearance of more. First cleanse your skin, and massage the facial lines with a good lubricating cream. Follow up with alternate applications of warm and cold water in order to stimulate circulation. Moisten one tab at a time, and place it over the lines, pressing firmly with the palm of the hand until it sticks tight! Don't try to stretch or pull the lines apart—the tabs will spread them gradually. Remove after an hour or so by moistening the pad and lifting it off, and gently bathe the area with cool water.

The tiny pads are most effective if they're applied at night when the muscles are relaxed or while you're resting after a long, hard day. But they're efficient, too (and not very noticeable), when worn while you're working. 35 cents buys 30 pads—want the name?

The peaches and cream blonde is lucky this winter! Fashion's color card seems chosen just for her. Teal blue, boy blue, dubonnet and fuchsia—they're all hues that complement that pink and gold loveliness. Even if you're one of those blondes with a rather sallow skin you'll find that a flesh colored powder base will help to make your skin tone right.

HAVE you ever tried remodeling your face with foundation cream—or creams? Proper use of foundations can do away with a double chin, slenderize a thick nose, shorten a long one, and even give you high cheek bones where none were before. To ovalize a round face, and make your cheek bones look higher, use a slightly darker shade of foundation to shadow the lower part of the cheeks. A light foundation spread over a receding chin will bring it forward into the picture—and the reverse holds true. Use a dark shade to conceal a jutting jawline. In general, remember that dark foundations give a shadowed effect, make the feature to which they are applied less noticeable. Light ones, on the other hand, highlight and emphasize the feature. Twin shadows of dark foundation down the side of your wide nose will give it a Grecian perfection. A dab of dark foundation on the tip of your long nose will shorten it amazingly. Deep set eyes like Norma Shearer's can be made to look less so by using a light foundation around them, and applying eye shadow stingily. Of course, always blend the edges of the various foundations so there's no sharp line of demarcation.

A perfect foundation for re-making faces is a wedge-shaped stick, easily handled. With this stick make-up you can draw the finest of lines down your nose, or apply foundation in a broad smear to your cheeks and forehead. The four shades—flesh, rachelle, brunette and suntan—blend with any skin, and with each other. There are four sizes varying from 10 cents to a dollar, so you can have a generous supply of one shade, if you just want to change your complexion tone, or smaller sizes of two shades for a facial re-do. The foundation itself is specially compounded to prevent shine and insure a lasting make-up, and to protect the skin, like cellophane, from dirt and dust. It's waterproof, and there's a special medicinal ingredient so you needn't be afraid to use it to disguise minor blemishes. Want to hear the rest of the story?



Highlights for blondes. Top to bottom, a special foamy oil shampoo, a flesh-tinted powder base, a matched make-up

Have you trouble finding the right shades of cosmetics for your coloring? Do you always have a powder that's too light—or too dark—a rouge that's too yellow, and a lipstick that harmonizes with neither your rouge nor your powder? Then here's reason for you to stop your fussing, throw away your mis-fit make-up, and try some that can't help but be just right for you! The set is composed of five items—powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eyeshadow, all harmonizing one with another. All you have to do is pick the one that's keyed to the color of your eyes. The one for blue-eyed gals brings out in you all the Dresden china loveliness that is so ultra, ultra smart this season. Each of these delightfully blended, scientifically pure and color-right cosmetic items costs 55 cents—or you can get an introductory set of all five for the small sum of $1.10. Try on the make-up and see if you don't find a more glamorously feminine self when you top off the ensemble with your pet slate blue hat.

I'VE had almost more letters from blondes asking me how to keep their hair light harmlessly than I can count! It's a ticklish problem, because blonde hair does tend to grow slightly darker as the years go by and the constant use of bleaching solutions tends to impair the hair structure. The best thing is to keep the hair thoroughly clean and high-lighted by frequent use of a reliable shampoo, and brush it frequently with a good brush.

One cleanser that I can heartily recommend seems just made for blondes. It's a foamy oil shampoo which conditions fair hair with an oil treatment, cleans away all darkening dirt and grime, and leaves the hair glistening and manageable. The oil is soluble in water, so it can't remain on the hair to darken or discolor it. It lathers copiously and quickly and rinses off even quicker! You'll like the softness, the burnished look your hair will have after just one shampoo with this liquid . . . Four sizes from a dime on up. Do write me for further information.

If you'd like the names of any of the products described in this article, send a stamped envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage) to me before Dec. 15th. My address is Denise Caine, c/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

What's Biting Errol Flynn?

[*Continued from page* 59]

IT *IS* a millionaire's yacht. It cost $85,000 to build, and then the man who had it built went broke, and Errol bought it for about $20,000. He can drive a mean bargain, like that. Of course, he really can't afford to run it, but that doesn't worry him. Errol was never a one to let anything like practical details interfere with doing what he wants to do. I said that he can drive a mean bargain. He CAN. But he doesn't, always. He's too inclined to do things on the spur of the moment. Like the house he owns. . . .

He was living with friends, recently, while Lili was abroad. He was saving a lot of money. Then Davie Niven sent him a cablegram.

"I'm coming back to Hollywood," Davie cabled. "Go get us a house we can share together. We'll have a hell of a time. By the way, isn't Lili in Paris?"

So Errol scuttled out and rented a house in Beverly, and when Davie came back to Hollywood, in they moved. Errol got to like the house—so when Lili came back from Paris, Errol up and bought it—like that. That's why he's got a Beverly Hills house. And not because he was making a little love-nest for his wifie-wifie . . . !

"Do you really like all this?" I asked him.

"Sometimes I think so," he said. "Right now, making this picture, is fun. There's Davie and the other guys, and Director Eddie Goulding is a swell fellow, and it's the kind of story I like. I don't catch myself wondering, each night, whether I'll bother to come back to the studio the next day, or whether I'll just go someplace. I don't even have to look forward to week-ends, because right now I'm enjoying my work. . . ."

He looked startled, as he said that. The phrase "enjoying my work" scared the stuffing out of him. I grinned, and he caught me grinning.

"Good heavens," he almost cried out loud. Crying out loud isn't Flynn at all; he's the most quiet-talking lad in town. But this time he was startled.

"Good heavens, do you really think I'm being happy? Funny thing, happiness—I suppose, if one can define it, that happiness is simply getting a great kick out of what you're doing at the moment. Right now, I'm actually doing that. That's too much like getting into a rut, isn't it? Getting into a rut is definitely NOT my philosophy of life. It's stagnation. Well, this picture may be fun right now, but it'll end sooner or later. . . ."

"And then?" I prompted.

"Tell me, have you heard anything about how things are in China?" he asked. "It must be great fun to be over there? Are there any restrictions on foreigners in China, now . . . ?"

A studio sub-executive who was near looked a bit worried. They still remember Errol getting himself knocked about in the Spanish war zone. And now he's talking about China.

"I'd quite love to go to China," he went on. "I think it'd be great fun . . . ! 'history-in-the-making,' and all that—"

On the set, there was a gang of soldiers. One of them had an accordion. He was pumping it fiendishly, and out of it came the blood-stirring devil-may-care musical philosophy that goes:

"What's the use of worryin'?—
"It's really not worth while. . . .
"Sooooo—pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,
"And smile, smile, smile. . . . ! ! !"

Errol Flynn was grinning happily to himself. There was a far-away look in his eyes. He was having the time of his life, plotting a trip to China. He was surrounded by boon companions right here. If he has any troubles to pack up in his own kit bag, I'll be darned if I know what they are—and anyway, there's no one more capable of packing them into the kitbag than Errol is.

"So you're not happy?" I asked him.

He came back from the dream. He looked at me sharply for a moment.

"Er—well—" he said, "—I don't think I am. I don't really know whether I am or not. . . ."

Aw, nuts to you, Mister Flynn! ! !

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 15]

The Bob Montgomerys, who lately returned from their Pawling (N. Y.) farm, are always in attendance at Hollywood polo matches. Bob acts as judge here

FIVE-TO-ONE that Louise Stanley, who just got her interlocutory from Dennis O'Keefe, doesn't wait the full year before becoming Mrs. Addison Randall . . . Her divorce is California style, which means she can't marry until late 1939. BUT—so anxious are she and Randall that Louise will probably get a Mexican divorce any moment, so she'll be free to marry at once. And it's, anyway, an even bet that if it goes through, Addison'll be right there in Mexico to marry her the very day Mexico says she can . . . Oddest and most Hollywood angle of it all is that Hollywood knows no better friends than Randall and O'Keefe, Louise's ex.

■

DENIALS of the MONTH—"Reeediculous" says Jawn Barrymore of the report that Elaine's gonna have a baby . . . "Untrue" snorts Bette Davis over renewed rumors that she and hubby Harmon "Ham" Nelson are tiffing . . . "Still phoney," says Sally Haines to continued reports of a bust-up between her and hubby Bert Wheeler . . . "Not at all" reply Jon Hall and Frances Langford to questions about are they going to be three soon . . . "She isn't and she won't" says Dixie Dunbar's mama to reports that Dixie's married to Bob Herndon. . . .

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Will Marsha Hunt marry Jerry Hopper?
I'd like to see you try to stopper . . .!

■

ANNE NAGEL, loveliest widow in Hollywood, may be Hollywood's loveliest bride pretty soon. Lucky man, if the prediction's true, will be Elliot Daniels, accompanist for Rudy Vallee.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Director Bill Keighley and Genevieve Tobin
Went down to Yuma for a marital ropin'.

Movieland Tourists who went on first Hollywood trip this past summer—and who were guests of Warren William—are happy to get host and Lilian Bond's autographs

Confessions of a Contest Winner

[*Continued from page* 24]

help, it may also hinder. Because it's apt to make her think that she's entitled to some special attention and she's got to unlearn *that* "wishful thinking." It may also hinder on account of that "you're nothing but a contest winner" prejudice. For it's been my experience that there IS a prejudice against contest winners in Hollywood.

"A CONTEST winner comes to Hollywood, all right. But it isn't a case of 'we come, we see, we conquer,' not by a jug-full. There are a good many clock-rounds of patience and persistence and elbow-grease and good old-fashioned heartache and hours of dark despair and rent overdue and meals on the cuff and all that . . . I was ready to throw my towel in the ring many's the time," said Annie, "and would have, too, except for Dad, you know. My sister was the one who suggested that I enter the Search For Beauty contest down home in Texas. All I'd ever done was warble, a Blues singer, with my college orchestra and play a few small parts in the school's dramatic society. I'd had ideas about going on the stage eventually but had never thought about the movies for myself.

"Well, my sister put me up to entering the contest. I did. And won it. So, when I began to throw things in my suitcase and looked up trains for Hollywood my folks didn't like it worth a cent. They thought that I was too young to leave home. They'd Heard Things about Hollywood. But I, not Mother or Dad, Knew Best. I was feeling pretty toppy. I'd won the contest! And as I threw things into my fortnightly I'd throw out such remarks as 'Gee, I'll be playing opposite Clark Gable in no time!' or 'I suppose I'll be billed above Garbo come Michaelmas!'—things like that. The gruesome part is, I believed what I was saying, too!

"So I came to Hollywood. And after I'd been here for a time, after Dad had seen me on the screen (he must have had to look awful fast to catch the 'fast exits' I was doing) after I'd written home highly colored accounts of the success that was waiting for me, eagerly, just around the corner (my sister was the only one who knew the truth of what was going on) why, then Dad got interested in my 'career.' He believed in me. He'd take his cronies to see his little Ludie on the screen—Clara Lou's my real name, Ludie to the folks—and then I just couldn't let him down. I had to make good. *That's the one and only reason I'm on the set of Angels right now*—not because I won the contest, not because of any 'breaks,' not because I played the game, nothing like that.

"I'm on this set now, beginning, after five years, to get where I thought I was going to land immediately I stepped off the Dallas-to-Hollywood train, *only because I've been determined not to let Dad down.* It's pretty tough," said Annie, then, "that he can't be here to know that I got this part. It came just a little bit too late . . . he did know, though, about *Letter Of Introduction* . . . he did know that his faith in me wasn't entirely misplaced . . .

"ANYWAY, I came to Hollywood, me and twenty-nine others. Fifteen girls and fifteen boys, selected from all over the world, you know, won that Paramount Search For Beauty contest. And I know that every one of the thirty of us came here with more hope than socks in our suitcases. We all had visions of ourselves as stars overnight. Well, we were dropped into the picture, also called Search For Beauty, you may remember, and we might as well have been grains of sand dropped down Niagara for all we showed. Ida Lupino and Buster Crabbe were the stars. After the picture was finished out of the thirty 'called,' six of us were chosen to remain. Six of us were signed to contracts by Paramount. Four boys and two girls. Gwen Gill and I were the two girls. Gwen went back to Scotland in '35. She'd had enough.

"Being one of the six chosen to remain gave me another little shot in the arm of hope, of course. It didn't last long. My troubles were just beginning. For what I got were 'bits,' if you want to flatter them by calling them that. 'Fast exits,' I called them. The object seemed to be to hustle me off of the screen faster than I could get

[*Continued on page* 65]

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3 Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

Tarzan Is My Downfall

[*Continued from page* 42]

everything. I'm afraid to say it as we are always afraid to speak of things that are too good to be true. And there are a couple of 'buts' of course. Such as—I'm a movie actress, but I'm not the movie actress I'd like to be. I'm frightfully interested in John's career (and for the benefit of you readers who wonder about John—well, he is John Farrow, director and scenarist, and Maureen's husband—Ed.) and he is equally interested in mine. He likes me to be an actress—if I want to be one. He wants me to do exactly and only as I want to do about continuing my career. He makes only one stipulation. He says: 'You must be happy in your work—or it's no good.' He tells me that I care more about my career than I think I do.

"And he's right—now," said Maureen, "for the funny thing is that I never cared about my work at all until I got married. I never thought about work at all. I did the pictures I was given to do, not caring awfully whether they were getting me anywhere or not. Now I do care. I know that it usually works in reverse. A girl is more apt to lose interest in her career after marriage. But not me. Before we were married, you see, I was doing too much thinking about Prince Charming. I was emotionally upset most of the time. There were some paths to our 'true love' which did not 'run smooth' at all. I was giving most of my time and all of my heart to smoothing those paths. Now I have more time to think about work. Now that my heart is at home it can go out and do things. And I must make John proud of me.

"You see," explained Maureen, "I am very vain. I don't want to be overshadowed by John too completely. I could be very easily as John is the type who attracts attention and compels interest. I'm not the type to compel attention at all. (The dark beauty of the dark Maureen—so much more vivid than the best photography has yet revealed would cause the Sphinx to break into a shag, but I didn't interrupt her to tell her so. She wouldn't have believed me, anyway. Maureen's modest estimate of herself is unassailable.)

"John," Maureen was going on, "is really a much more dominant and colorful personality than I am. Most girls in the movies are not in my spot, you see. For most of them are married to men who can't begin to compete with them in colorfulness, at least. So that I must work extra hard, you see, or else people will say—'oh, that's just Mrs. Farrow.' It's my proudest title, of course, but I also want to be SOMEBODY on my own. I want to keep my end up. I want John to regard me with the same admiration I give him. I don't want to be just 'a famous director's wife.' I must not be left behind.

"Then there's another reason why I want to be 'in' in pictures. If I were married to a stockbroker I'd not be expected to know about stocks and bonds. I'd probably serve my purpose as a wife better if I didn't know anything about the stock market. A broker husband would probably not want to talk about his business once he got home at night. But in Hollywood that's all anyone talks about—the picture business. For this business is made up of personalities, of people. And the talk is among the people and about the people. And if I were out of it, think how much of John's orbit I could be. So there's that . . .

"BUT," said Maureen, eyes flashing, round chin squaring, "I have decided one thing about my work: IF I CAN'T GO UP IN PICTURES, I WON'T GO DOWN. I have just signed a new contract with M-G-M. They've promised to do really nice things with me and for me. Right now, however," Maureen laughed, making a wry face, "I am about to do another *Tarzan* picture. *TARZAN* IS MY DOWNFALL EVERY TIME. I just start to get somewhere and then I make a *Tarzan* and I have to begin all over again. I suppose that I shouldn't say this about *Tarzan* pictures since they make a million dollars each. And anything that makes a million dollars should be a pleasure . . . and they are fun and they are enormously successful at the box-office. But it's just that I want to get on and do different things, more adult things, things which will make deeper demands on any ability I may possess than shinnying up a tree or keeping house in a cave!

"The only thing I've ever done that I really liked myself in was *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and that was two years ago. And in Hollywood something you have done two years ago is as ancient history as a relic dug up from King Tut's tomb. I felt that I had a chance, too, in *The Flame Within*, but that was even more than two years ago. And, oh, yes, I rather liked my part in *Between Two Women* with Franchot Tone which we made about a year ago—and in spite of the fact that I didn't have much to do I liked my part in *The Crowd Roars*. . . but with those exceptions I have been stranded in ingenue roles, and I do not feel like an ingenue any more, if I ever did!

"Not that it hasn't been my fault, some of it," said Maureen, her eyes becoming serious. "I've made my own mistakes. I haven't taken myself seriously enough, for one thing. And that is, definitely, a mistake and I have made it. I think you should take yourself very seriously. I think you should be very sold on yourself and then others will take you as you take yourself. I have always acted too gay, too casual; I have had a sense of humor about myself as an actress. And it is fatal," said Maureen, grimly now, "for a 'career' woman to have a sense of humor about herself, of all things!

"In Hollywood, in a big studio like M-G-M, they haven't time to go very much below surface values. And so, if I go in to talk to a producer, for instance, and am laughing and gay and, seemingly, debonair about the whole thing he hasn't time to ponder over me, to unmask my secret heart. But I intend to put my secret heart on exhibit from now on. I want to be more serious on the screen than I have ever been. I must get away from ingenue roles. I want to be more mature.

"You can't plan very far ahead in pictures, either, things change so from day to day. But I do repeat this: IF I CAN'T GO UP IN PICTURES, I WON'T GO DOWN!

"But anyway," Maureen laughed again—it comes easy to smiling Irish eyes, "that's a very little 'but.' For I *am* a movie actress. I haven't done what I want to do as yet. But it has been partly my fault because I didn't care enough about my career until after I was married."

Here is Maureen as *Tarzan's* mate—a role from which she wants to escape at the earliest opportunity. She's tired keeping house in a cave, shinnying up trees

AND passing from her screen career to her career as the wife of John Farrow, Maureen's eyes revealed a tender lovelight when she said: "I have John, who I think is marvelous. To me, at any rate, he is Prince Charming. And I think that most of the women who know John would agree with me, too," said Maureen, her dark head proudly tilted. "A lot of women have told me how charming they find him. He is the only man I have ever known to whom I could apply the word 'glamorous.' It seems a funny thing to say about a man, but it is true of John whether he likes it or not. He has the gift of making life enchanting . . . a great gift . . . 'tis the gift of the Irish, perhaps," she laughed, "and I am just as much in love with him, in love with him in exactly the same way as I was before we married. And I think you know how much in love that was. It hasn't changed, our love, not by a heartbeat. There is an Old Wives' Tale which would have us believe that love changes after marriage, becomes duller, its color faded. *I don't believe it.* It isn't so with us. It doesn't need to be so. There is one difference and only one difference and that is all for the better—it's that our love is more peaceful now that it has a home. And so it is richer and deeper and warmer.

"I have a lovely home," Maureen went on, happy as a child counting its treasures, "all the lovelier because it's *our* home. We dreamed it, planned it and built it together and so it's built right out of our hearts. It's not a large house, you know. It's a house we could run very well if neither of us were working and so had to economize. It's the kind of a house I could take care of myself, with a woman in for cleaning once a week, if ever I had to. It's a California-American type of house, I'd say, which means that it

[*Continued on page* 70]

Confessions of a Contest Winner

[Continued from page 63]

onto it. I also did extra work. They used me for everything—and nothing. I tried everything I could think of. I kept up on all the pictures scheduled for production. I'd get hold of the scripts and read them and ask for a chance to play this part or that. The answers were always the same. In fact, my entire conversation for the first year or two ran exactly like this, dialogue form:

Me: "I'd like to play this part, it's not very big, but I—"

Casting Director: "We need a *Name!*"

Me: "How can I make a Name if you don't give me any work to do?"

Casting Director: "You're nothing but a Contest Winner!"

Me: "I know I'm nothing but a contest winner but we were all amoebas once . . ."

Casting Director: "You can't act."

Me: "How do you *know* I can't act? You've never given me a chance . . ."

Casting Director: "Do something to convince us that you can act and . . ."

Me: "I'll be glad to do something to convince you if you'll give me half a yard of material to convince you *with* . . ."

"Et cetera and et cetera and ET CETERA. Neither questions nor answers getting me anywhere nor anything but cuckoo.

"HOLLYWOOD, I decided, is not a logical place. And let me tell you another thing: *Hollywood is a cold town.* It's the coldest town in the world. There is no 'Southern hospitality' in Hollywood for the newcomer, the beginner, least of all for the contest winner, of all things! I'd be introduced to people and the next time they saw me they wouldn't recognize me and we'd have to be introduced all over again. After this 'act' was repeated half a dozen times I began to savvy. Now, I wasn't used to anything like that. Back home in Dallas people were glad to meet me, glad to remember that they had met me. It was a little difficult to understand. I know, now, that it is a form of Ego . . . it's that the people in Hollywood would rather not be friendly unless they can be friendly with people who can be of some advantage to them. What advantage could a contest winner be to them? None. So they had Annie-astigmatism and didn't 'recognize' me. Even the young set, kids who, you would think, would care only for a good time and good-time people, even the kids look down their noses at you unless they think you can do something for them. They'd rather NOT have good times than have them with nonentities.

"And there's spite at work, too, behind the gilded portals of the studios . . . I know of two girls who went to the ears they thought would do them the most good and me the most harm and said things about me . . . said that I was 'lazy and wouldn't work'; that I hadn't got anything. One femme said right to my face, 'You haven't got anything except what God gave you, you haven't got anything to be thankful for.' Now, these very girls are giving me the glad hand and the honey. The cats," said Annie, pleasantly . . .

"Well, I finally met some young people outside of the studio, of course. And I also had some of the usual 'experiences.' But I'd had some darned good advice about how you can 'date' your way out of pictures faster than ever you can date your way into them. It's the story of the too-many too-beautiful girls again. You have dates with an Important Man, let's say, you go to all the Right Places with him but you've always got to remember that, two weeks later, another younger, more beautiful girl may come along and put you out of the picture. And then where are you? No better off than you were and probably a little worse. So I had none of that. I can tell you, my good woman, that *that's* not the way!

"So, what did I do? Well, I took a little apartment all by myself. I always said that I 'lived with my mother.' I always told my dates that I'd meet them 'in the lobby.' I always primed the girl at the switchboard to say that I wasn't in if any caller asked for the number of my apartment. And I managed to avoid the pitfalls and to get along pretty much all right, at least while I was under contract to Paramount. I wrote rosy letters home. Only my sister suspected that I was not exactly in the Loy class. She sent me occasional checks.

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And I did my bits and extra work. I kept on asking for a chance. One or two voices were raised for me in the wilderness. Sir Guy Standing was, especially, simply wonderful to me. He was the first to give me a warm and helping hand, to express confidence in me, to give me hope that someday I would click. He used to let me go over his scripts with him. He'd phone me and ask me to come over and read parts with him. He'd bawl me out, he'd praise me, he took an interest in me. He was my friend.

"THE first part of any consequence that fell my way was in a picture with Helen Mack and Jack Oakie. And I only got that because Lyda Roberti fell ill and because Norman Taurog, another one of the Voices in the Wilderness, went into Casting and gave me a build-up—bless him! That part led to a very decent part in *Behold My Wife* with Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond. That part got me Westerns with Randy Scott. The Westerns got me a part in *Car 99* and *Car 99* was that good that it got me my release from Paramount!

"Then the fun really began, girls and boys. Then I free-lanced. Very freely indeed. Seldom a person more free than little Annie! In a year and a half I worked in one picture, *Fighting Youth*—a three weeks' schedule. Try living for a year and a half on three weeks work—takes genius! Then I was really down in the mouth. Then I did have to keep my mind riveted on Dad and his faith in me. Then I did drape myself around the mail-box hoping, pretty hungrily at times, that Sister would have had a brain wave and sent me a check *today*. Or else. Then I did have to keep muttering: 'If there's anything in Hollywood for me, *I'll get it!*'

"Whenever I had two bits I'd go to the movies. Among my favorites were, and are, Bette Davis . . . I'd like to play the kind of parts she plays . . . Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

"THOSE were the days when I went around muttering: 'God, where am I going to get the money to pay the rent?' Days when I'd have to resort to the sick-making makeshift of calling friends on the phone and saying, much too casually: 'Let's go out somewhere and have a bite to eat, huh?' or wonder to myself, 'I wonder who's going to phone and ask me out tonight?'

"Happily for the Sheridan chassis someone always did . . . well, almost always . . . Happily, too, just as the Darkest Hour was about to close over me Something always turned up. One time it was the Universal picture, *Fighting Youth*. Again it was my contract with Warner. Again," smiled Annie, "love walked in—but literally. For this is the way I became Mrs. Edward Norris, in m'private life, y'know. I was standing in the lobby of my apartment house one afternoon when Edward Norris came in. He didn't see me. I asked who he was and when I was told, remarked: 'Well, he's darned good looking.' The next day he came into the lobby again. This time we were introduced. I looked awful. I had on slacks, an old checked coat, flat heels, no make-up. He sort of squinted at me. You couldn't tell. I made some suitable remark about his swell performance in *Show Them No Mercy*. And that was that.

"Next day, believe it or not, he phoned. And asked me to go to a party at the Biltmore. First time in my life I ever accepted a last-minute date like that. But I was feeling as bored as the devil and maybe there were other reasons . . . anyway, I went. That was a Thursday night. He then invited me to go to the 'Troc' with him on the following Sunday night at eleven. I later learned that he was going with another girl at the time, a Beeg Star, and had made a date with her, too. But he had a spat with her, figured that she'd break the date and so kept it with me. From that evening, until shortly thereafter when we kept a date at the altar, we were constantly together.

"I can't say that it was love at first sight. I think that it was, at first, that we had such a lot of fun together. And to have a lot of fun is the one thing I *do* demand from life. So we had fun and we're still having it. We've bought a house here in Burbank. Eddie works at M-G-M. I'm here at Warners. Sometimes he works all night and I work all day or vice-versa and we just say howdy as we pass in the patio. But there are other times when our working hours are the same and then we make up for all the other times. . . . (Things happen fast in Hollywood, for since this was written Miss Sheridan and Mr. Norris have called it "quits."—Ed.)

"BUT to go on with this saga of a contest winner which now draws to—shall we say—its first way station? . . . free-lancing finally got me a test at Warners. They said that I photographed too much like June Travis and they already had June Travis under contract, and so . . . and that was the time when I thought I WAS walking my last mile . . . that was the time when even my own agent wouldn't speak to me on the phone! But the test was not thrown onto the cutting-room floor, evidently, for some six months later they sent for me and my agent broke down and brought me over here and I got a part in *The Making of O'Malley* and *Sing Me A Love Song*—and I got a contract, too—and I also played in *Black Legion*, *San Quentin*, *The Footloose Heiress*, *Lady Luck* and B's and B's and *B's*. So many B's I couldn't possibly Be telling you! And whenever there was a part nobody else would do, *I'd* get it.

"Was it *always* going to be like this? I'd find myself looking down my own nose at my own self and muttering: 'Once a contest winner always a contest winner!'

"But ho. For then," said Annie, going into fortissimo, "then I got loaned out to Universal to do *Letter Of Introduction*. Ah, lucky loaning! I was thrilled to death at the opportunity to work with a big director like John Stahl. He gave me the confidence I so badly needed. And *Letter Of Introduction* got me *Broadway Musketeers* and *Broadway Musketeers* got me—*this*—" and Annie waved an arm toward the sound stage where awaiting her, were Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien and Director Mike Curtiz . . . Annie, the only girl in the cast, what-a-break . . . Annie, leading lady to Cagney . . . *what*-a-break . . . Annie, who won this coveted picture plum after five other Names had been tested, and rejected, for the part!

"Well," said Annie, briskly, brusquely, after her Texan fashion which comes with such engaging surprisingness from her Titian beauty—"well, these 'Confessions of a Contest Winner' may help other girls who win contests to get their feet over the Hollywood door-sill in any way at all to realize just one thing—that it's *after you win the contest that the real work begins.* It's not the face in a portrait folder that puts you up in lights, it's how much patience and persistence and intestinal fortitude and plain stamina you've got back of that face. Being a contest winner gets you to Hollywood, sure, *but it doesn't keep you there.*"

Studio Designer Confesses

[*Continued from page* 45]

HOW does his work differ from that of a designer in New York or Paris? "In New York or Paris you follow a set routine. In the middle of the winter you do your spring collection, and so on. But here I don't know what I have to do from day to day, whether I have to design an 1890 or 1780 ensemble, clothes for a *chic* modern comedy or a western. This uncertainty keeps you on the jump, and often I have to produce on a few hours' notice an elaborate gown that would normally take several days to make. For the studio designer, there are no such words as 'can't' and 'impossible'.

"The wardrobe department is like a fire department, it's constantly keyed up to meet emergencies. Emergency calls are the rule and not the exception in this business. For instance, one late afternoon Lubitsch wanted an evening gown for Dietrich, to be ready for the cameras the next morning. She had to wear it in a big scene in *Angel*. I made a few hurried sketches on the backs of envelopes and any piece of paper I could get hold of, drove to her house at one o'clock at night for a fitting, and had the dress ready for her at seven-thirty the next morning. At nine she was on the set wearing it."

The story of a period picture may be quite fanciful. Dramatizations of the lives of amative kings and queens may drive keepers of court archives to despair, but you can be sure they are garbed in authentic clothes. One of the saving graces of Hollywood is its constant pre-occupation with pictorial realism, which makes many an otherwise merely entertaining picture, vastly educational for the discerning eye.

Knowing fans will condone studios for tampering with historic facts, but let the heroine wear the wrong dress when her Big Moment returns from the battlefield to lick the lipstick off her lips, and they will raise an awful howl. Period pictures, therefore, require a great deal of research on the part of the designer. He may interpret his findings in more pleasing colors and lines, but they are essentially true to the period they depict and contribute to the illusion of the picture.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS, personified by Marlene Dietrich as Catherine the Great of Russia, was a gorgeous symphony of costumes. Only one or two pictures since then have had more expensive wardrobes. "As a rule," Banton said, "clothes should serve as background and not attract any special attention to themselves, but sometimes they must have the opposite effect and emphasize the character of the wearer, take on a special dramatic quality. Russian court life in the time of Catherine was productive of the most gorgeous costumes both in line and coloring of any period in European history.

"Miss Dietrich's costumes in that picture represented perhaps the finest and most beautiful collection of clothes I've ever had the pleasure of designing. They were expressive of the period's fashions, without being mere stereotyped copies of sketches found in books. Rather, I placed myself mentally in the position of a designer of the middle eighteenth century.

"I found the inspiration for her traveling costume and wedding gown, to mention only two out of many, in the memoirs of Catherine the Great. You may remember that during the journey from Germany to Russia, Miss Dietrich wore a sable cape edged with complete skins, a sable hood and sable gloves. Her wedding gown was of cloth of silver with full court train, the whole being very heavily embroidered in silver threads, pearls, and diamonds. In several scenes, like the wedding ceremony in the cathedral, I strove for somewhat barbaric effects with sables, furs, jewelled head-dresses, black-and-gold combinations—but," he smiled sadly, "the average spectator, of course, missed many authentic details over which I had worked days and weeks. They just added to the general glitter.

"One of the gowns Miss Dietrich wore in that picture was a hand-made rose-point lace, which we bought from a Russian woman who needed money desperately. This lace was originally made by a township in Russia and presented to the last Czarina. The facts of its origin and subsequent history were well authenticated in the documents that accompanied it."

Gowns that cost $1,000 are common in important pictures. Banton thinks the most expensive gown he has ever designed was the very formal dress Dietrich wore on going to the opera in *Angel*. It cost about $3,500. "It was simple in lines, of Persian design, and looked like a piece of woven jewelry. A score of embroiderers worked on it two-and-a-half weeks. Which was very fortunate, because sometimes we have to produce such intricately made gowns on short notice, in one day or less."

THE toughest spot he ever found himself in was when Cecil B. De Mille started shooting *Cleopatra*, and Claudette Colbert refused to wear the gowns made for her. De Mille has his own staff at Paramount and Banton was in no way responsible for the dresses La Colbert didn't like. He hadn't designed them. When shooting starts on a picture of such magnitude, a delay of a few hours would cost the producer thousands of dollars. You can imagine the state of affairs when Cleopatra-Colbert did not choose to go on the set. Banton was called in to design an entirely new wardrobe for her, and the very next day he had the first dress ready. In fact, from day to day he produced the various items of one of the most extravagant wardrobes in the history of movies, while the cameras recorded scenes of ancient Egypt as conceived by De Mille.

While Banton was describing Cleopatra's gowns, Carole Lombard phoned him from her bungalow on the Selznick lot. His face immediately brightened. She was "baby" and "honey" as he talked to her over the telephone. She promised to call back when she was ready for a fitting. On the subject of Carole Lombard, Banton can be quoted extensively. He is not loquacious, but he admitted, "Once I start talking about Carole I can never stop. I have designed her clothes in every picture she has made since she became a featured player, and I have also designed clothes for her personal wear. I have watched her develop (she is almost like my child) from the time I first met her when Buddy Rogers was at Paramount. There were three ladies in his picture, Carole being one of them, and the least important. It's so easy for me to understand why she has become such a success. She is one of those persons who never stop growing.

"It is very pleasant for me to work for her, because we have the same point of view. She likes to be surprised, come to a fitting without knowing what the dress will be like.

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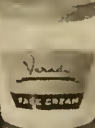

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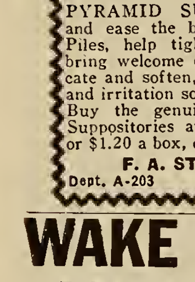

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She has no extreme tastes in clothes, prefers the prevailing styles, but likes to go a little ahead of them. She is not afraid to experiment and gamble, and has won a reputation as one of the best-dressed women in the world. There is always an element of gamble in designing clothes for pictures. You must always look ahead and create something which will be the *dernier cri* when the picture is released several months later.

"But I am definitely opposed to fads. They are the most fatal things in the world." He showed me a dress of Carole Lombard's and explained that in fifty years it would still be stylish and beautiful. "It's fundamentally sound. I try to design clothes that can be worn by women at the same station of life everywhere. I avoid anything that is eccentric."

HOW often a picture has been spoiled for us because of the crazy things the star wears—clothes no sane woman will wear in real life. This has created considerable prejudice against Hollywood designers as a whole. "The trouble is people don't differentiate," Banton said sadly, when I mentioned this sorry fact to him. But connoisseurs, no doubt, can readily recognize the Banton touch. His creations bear a closer relationship to normal living than the bizarre masterpieces of some of the other designers. "I don't mean I am conservative or stodgy," he explained, "but I try to design clothes which the correctly-dressed woman can wear in New York or Paris. There are a few things which I have used consistently. I was the first person to use feathers. I started veils, but I am sorry to say they ran away with it."

During his fourteen years in Hollywood—a unique record in his professsion—he has glorified the feminine figure in a long succession of stars. Pola Negri, Florence Vidor, Bebe Daniels, Evelyn Brent, Clara Bow, these and many other stars of yesterday, have benefited by the Banton touch. A tremendous improvement in taste has taken place during these fourteen years. "When I was brought out here I couldn't believe my eyes. I thought I was on another planet. The stars wore clothes that bore no relation, whatsoever, to clothes women of refinement wore in the rest of the world. Believe me, it was a tough job to swing them around to correct taste. The talkies broke down the isolation of Hollywood, and brought it very close to New York. Today, fashions on the screen influence fashions everywhere."

He gets fan mail from all parts of the world. Embryonic designers seek his advice. Girls who like a certain dress in a picture want to know everything about it. In spite of the civil war in Spain, women there seem to be *au courant* with the latest developments in styles. "I had a letter from Barcelona, with a little drawing of a dress and a hat. The writer wanted to know if I would be interested in having her send me designs from time to time."

A MAN like Banton must of necessity foresee the trend of feminine fashions. "The style of next year is nothing but the development of the style of this year, or a reaction from it. Women's clothes are passing through a period of transition. We are going to make much better what we have at the moment. But there are a few things I'm not particularly fond of. I'd like to see baskets eliminated from heads."

The bigger the star, he maintains, the easier she is to work for. Minor players sometimes can be very disagreeable. An actress who was apparently headed for the heights, but is now out entirely, made life pretty miserable for him for a while. As for directors, very few of them are difficult to get along with. They usually trust his judgment. Technicolor has created some new problems, which are "very interesting." He believes in using color sparingly. "Neutral tones, as I found out in *Nothing Sacred*, yield the best results."

"Who are the ten best dressed actresses in Hollywood?" I asked him. He gave me such a look that I almost crawled out of his studio. He values his peace too much to make such a list for publication. But when I asked him if the screen stars are as well-dressed as smart women in New York or Paris he replied: "It's impossible to make a direct comparison because life is so different in Hollywood. Stars prefer to wear casual, comfortable clothes when they are working. They spend so much time being glamorous on the screen, that they like to relax in a pair of slacks and forget their glamor in private life. There are a few exceptions, but this is the rule. On special occasions most of them dress in good taste. Carole, for instance, always wears the right thing for the right occasion, and she never looks over-dressed. Recently her wardrobe has been greatly enriched with sport clothes, as she has done a lot of shooting and horseback riding. She wears beautiful tweeds and suede suits.

"CLAUDETTE is a conservative dresser. I don't mean she isn't up to the minute and *chic*. But she is more conventional. She is very paricular about her clothes. It's one fitting after another with her, and when we finish we know it's absolutely right. She has gone out a great deal since she married Dr. Pressman and her wardrobe is much larger today than it used to be. When she went to Europe she took a complete new wardrobe with her—didn't want to spend half of her time in Paris shopping for clothes.

"I have spent some of the happiest and most fruitful days of my life in Paris, and I love the French capital. But I think the controversy of Paris vs. Hollywood fashions is meaningless. I made periodic visits to Paris to get new ideas and renew friendships, but let's not forget that the movement isn't all in one direction. During the past year such well known arbiters of fashion as Schiaparelli, Lucien Lelong, Marcel Rochas and Chanel visited Hollywood."

The studio designer works under definite limitations, and much of the criticism dirrected against him is unjust. He is asked to dress characters as depicted by the scenario, and the studios have not yet given authority to a man like Banton to re-write scripts. And he has always to take into account the stock in trade of Hollywood, glamor. "To be perfectly frank," he admitted, "Carole is a little too well-dressed for her role in her new picture. To be absolutely realistic she should wear cheap dresses bought in bargain basements. I designed for her simple tailored things, but they are of the finest material and workmanship."

For her role in *Zaza*, Miss Colbert asked Banton to design a spectacular costume when she becomes the toast of Paris and the darling of Grand Dukes. The period is 1907. "It's a typical princess dress embroidered lavishly with diamonds, with an enormous hat, towering with birds of paradise, and there is a boa of bird of paradise around her shoulders. It's an extravaganza, and purposefully so, frankly vulgar."

The social life of a studio designer is pretty hectic. During his fourteen years in Hollywood Travis Banton has become a little weary of parties. But he cherishes such friendships as Carole Lombard's and Claudette Colbert's.

Where Stars Get In A Lather

[*Continued from page* 41]

every Hollywood bathroom worthy of the name boasts a telephone extension!) Scripts are studied, songs composed, and the latest novels skimmed through—all in the bath.

BETTE DAVIS told me, "Every actress is pressed for time, and if we save a moment by killing two birds with one stone, we're that much ahead. I have a special gadget which enables me to put on and take off make-up while lying in the tub. It's a make-up shelf that mother gave me recently. It clamps firmly to the tub, and swings across with everything I need—mirrors, creams, lotions, and make-up. Especially in the evening it's a joy to lie back and leisurely remove the grime and make-up of the day. *It saves me at least half an hour, since I usually spend that much time in the tub.*"

Bette's bath is so large and comfortable that guests often pause there to chat and visit on their tour of Bette's new ranch house. There's a tea table, radio, easy chairs, rugs, a sofa, and a superb marble dressing-table that spread along one wall. The pictures are amusing sketches of Bette's dogs, while over the bath, itself, is a Bermuda panel of gray tropical fish. In a picturesque cage lives Johnnie, an Oriental sparrow who breaks into song whenever the water runs.

Male stars do themselves just as proud in the matter of bathrooms. Warner Baxter's bath-suite is a *series of adjoining rooms* with massage quarters, shower room, bath, and so forth. Warren William's is a breathtaking affair done in—of all colors—ox-blood. Very rich and tasteful. He has such accessories as a mechanical back-dryer that showers you with warm, hot, or hotter air, and a massaging device (also electrical) guaranteed to do the right things by your back muscles.

Dick Powell says, "My own bathroom doesn't have many unusual contraptions but I'll tell you a bit of bathroom lore I learned from my plumber recently. There are over *70,000 articles* listed in a plumber's catalogue of tools—and to fix some Hollywood bathrooms, he may need all of them. Think of that the next time you speak of a plumber forgetting his tools!"

LOTS of Hollywood's unique bath features are in the interest of better health. Carole Lombard has an ice water faucet over her tub—it's supposed to be good for you to drink cold water while steaming. She also has a salt-stopper affair that can be clamped over the faucets. Result: a salt-water bath!

Anna May Wong wouldn't think of going without her private steam cabinet. In China, you're not considered properly clean until you've visited a steam bath. Errol Flynn has a miniature gymnasium in his bath, with all the latest types of punching bags and rowing machines. So have Bob Hope, Fred MacMurray, and many another male star who finds that fitness brings fat contracts.

"*A properly equipped bathroom is the secret of health,*" says Lew Hippe, physical director at Warner Brothers. "Everyone ought to know whether he needs cold showers or hot tubs, salt or oil rubs, exercise or rest."

You don't have to be rich to make use of many of Hollywood's bathroom improvements. Says Dolores Del Rio, "Many people think of a perfumed bath as a luxury for the rich alone. That's not true. In California we have many eucalyptus trees, and the leaves of this tree crushed in the bath not only give a lovely perfume but release vaporous oils which are especially valuable in curing colds."

Dolores goes in for whimsy with a tiny music-box in her bathroom. It plays Mexican folk-songs while she bathes. She is one of the feminine stars who plans out the day with her maid while in the tub. Why not? The ultra-modern effect of this amazing room is so unlike the usual prosaic bath that not even the faucets are in evidence! If you want a hot tub, just press a pedal in the floor with your foot—and water gushes into the bath *from the bottom*!

MOST of the stars are massage fiends. They find that there's nothing like a rub-down to relax tired nerves after a day's grind before the cameras. After massage comes a shower. Then June Lang, for one, curls up in a big Turkish towel and reaches for a book from her miniature bathroom library.

For sheer luxury, the bathroom of Adrienne Ames was singled out for comment by no less a person than Edgar Guest, the poet. When Guest visited Hollywood he rented the Ames home—and friends say he spent almost all of his time in the bathroom.

"It has the best reading light in the house," Edgar would explain patiently. There is a skylight effect such as you find in a painter's studio, and this bath, like Bette Davis', has a *chaise-longue*, soft rugs, easy chairs, and the general effect of a handsome living-room.

Among the more unusual bathroom hobbies is that of Harold Lloyd, who believes that he does his best water colors (and world-famous painters have singled out his paintings for praise) not in the garden—not in the studio—but—you've guessed it!—in the bath. For no known reason, Harold began his first painting with an easel propped up against the door of the shower. Now a Lloyd masterpiece is considered incomplete unless a touch or two is added in the bath.

Bert Kalmar, of the famous writing team of Kalmar and Ruby, responsible for such hit songs as *Quainty, Dainty Me*, admitted that some of his best ideas come to him while soaking in the tub. Maybe it's the soothing sound of running water! Basil Rathbone shouts Shakespeare at the top of his lungs while shaving. Dick Arlen croons *Singing in the Rain*—appropriately enough!—in his shower. Penny Singleton makes up original tunes for Mother Goose rhymes, and writes them down on a chalk slate over the tub. She may publish them.

Wendy Barrie, just to be different, has her bathroom decorated with painted mermaids looking down at you with rather naughty expressions. Patricia Wilder goes a bit exotic with a bowl of gardenias in a niche over her tub. While tubbing, she tosses a bloom or two in the water, and luxuriates in their fragrance.

Joe E. Brown says, "Take a look at a man's bathroom if you want an insight into his character. If he's a rich man with servants to keep things in order, you may be a bit handicapped in your bathroom character-reading, but it's the one place that reflects a man's individual traits."

Proving his point, Joe E. insists that every member of his household keep his or her own bathroom in order! Mrs. Brown adds with a chuckle, "Joe's own bathroom tells you why we've been happily married for over 20 years. On his dressing-table

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The oddest bathroom in town is that of the little Crosby twins, sired by your favorite crooner, Bing. The boys have two little bathtubs, two little washstands, two little chairs, and two little potties—every bathroom accessory was ordered in duplicate and in miniature!

OTHER bathroom oddities include Jane Bryan's mechanical ducks and swimming-dolls, without which she flatly refuses to bathe . . . Dolores Del Rio's collection of over 1,000 perfume bottles . . . Tom Mix's monogrammed towels, rugs, and *paper* . . . Marjorie Weaver's huge sailor sponges . . . Ray Milland's square tub . . . Pat O'Brien's one hundred percent green bathroom, with its tiny portable phonograph that plays only Irish tunes . . . Eddie Horton's loud speaker just above his bath, through which he can give orders to his six Sheepdogs in the kennels if they grow obstreperous while the Master is bathing!

For sheer magnificence, no present day star can touch the grandeur of Charlie Ray's bathroom—not even the octagonal bath of Madame Jeritza nor the large Roman bath of the Carl Laemmles. It is now owned by a wealthy business man. The bathroom was all black marble, with 14-karat gold faucets, doorknobs and fittings. A superb jeweled peacock strutted on one wall. There was a pink Oriental rug!

Just as feminine stars at parties gather in the dressing-room to exchange the latest gossip, so the men of the colony have conferences in the bathroom. In the studio dressing-room, Douglas Fairbanks often transacted important business shouting to executives from his bath, and today many a contract is signed by a male star while plying his electric razor.

Only Cecil B. De Mille, who started the whole thing, is left out completely in Hollywood's race for bigger and better bathrooms. Mr. De Mille's bathroom, his press-agent sorrowfully admits, is *"a mid-Victorian symphony in old porcelain."* There is a quantity of good, plain, white tile, but no fancy trimmings. And the bath itself, believe it or not, is one of those old-fashioned numbers that sit rather high on four legs, of the vintage of 1903 ! ! !

Tarzan Is My Downfall

[*Continued from page* 64]

is a little bit of everything. There are some old English pieces in the house, there are Spanish tiles in the patio, there are some old pieces John and I brought over from my parents' home in Dublin when we were there last year . . . and we live in our home exactly as it pleases us to live. Almost always, when we are alone, we have dinner on a card-table in front of the fire. Sometimes, when I have been working and come home tired I go to bed and have a tray brought to me and John has his dinner on a tray in my room, too. And we have a fire going—we have fire-places in every room in the house—and we talk and play records and it's all so lovely . . .

"We seldom give big parties because we like a few people, our close friends around us. Now and then we give small dinner parties, never for more than eight. And we give our dinner parties together, too. We plan the menus together. I ask John who he would like to have and he asks me who I would like to have. Four of our best friends, the John McCormacks, and the P. G. Wodehouses, have left Hollywood now and we will miss them terribly . . . and there is Ronald Colman and Michael Brook and a few others who come occasionally. We seldom play games at our dinners. I'm no good at games at all. I can't even remember how to do the things! We like to get people together who talk well and enjoy talking and that's what we do—talk.

"WE LIKE to think that our marriage is in the 'modern way,'" smiled Maureen, "and so it is although when I happened to mention to a friend recently that I wouldn't dream—or want—to so much as have luncheon or cocktails with another man and that John never lunches or dines with another woman my friend laughed and said: 'I thought you said that your marriage is *modern!*'

"And that's just what it is," said Maureen earnestly, "it's very modern because it is really modern now to be 'old-fashioned' in such ways. In the post-war days liberty and license became sadly confused. But those days are gone now. Gay girls are old-fashioned now. Girls who drank too much, girls—married and single—who boasted of their affairs, husbands and wives who treated the marriage license as *license,* who treated their marriage as a sort of carnival, their home as a transient's hotel—they are all gone out of date.

"As husband and wife," said Maureen, her dark eyes blue with a seriousness which was very sweet to see, "John and I are what used to be called old-fashioned, which now means that we are really ultra-modern. But as individuals, on the other hand, as careerists we are completely free to do as we choose, when we choose. For instance, John has a separate entrance at home. So that when I'm tired and want to go to bed early he can, if he feels like it, go out with the boys and come in again without disturbing me. That's perfectly all right with me. If I want to go out for an evening with the girls, that's all right with him. We don't ask from each other more than each wants to give."

As Maureen had said: "I have everything. There are a couple of 'buts.' And the other 'but' is that we haven't a baby as yet. And I do hope we have a baby. I hope to have three or four babies. But even if a child is never given to us, keen and sharp as such a disappointment would be, even if everything that makes my life now should stop tomorrow, I would still be way ahead of the game. I'd never complain, I hope. I hope I'd know and keep on knowing that I have already had more than any mortal really deserves.

"I am the luckiest girl in the world. I'm all the luckier because I *know* how lucky I am. I have everything. It's like a fairy tale. And like the best of all possible fairy tales I hope that after my story will be written—'and they lived happily forever after . . .'

"'Forever after,'" repeated Maureen, "but even if those words are never written, I'll still," said Maureen, under her breath, as if to herself—"I'll still thank—God."

Why The Tones Should Stay Married

[*Continued from page 27*]

legitimate theatre and are novices at movie-acting. He will tell them about camera angles, how to time their line readings, the tricks of the film trade. He does it graciously, willingly, and they are always glad to get his advice because they know that it means something.

"AS FAR as Miss Crawford is concerned," said this interested bystander, "we all know that she has a tremendous desire to learn, to learn everything, to master many arts, to live to the fullest extent of her powers. She has a tremendous capacity for hard work, and she probably finds that the days and years are not half long enough for her to learn all that she wants to know.

"Any biography of hers that you pick up says that she is self-educated. In one she admits to having 'cooked her way through school.' It takes a terrific desire to know things, to want to be somebody, to work your way through school. We all know youngsters who think about it, talk about it, but rarely go through with it. Joan actually had the courage to work for her education.

"When it was no longer possible for her to continue a formal education, she used her everyday life for a school. She learned the good things and the bad things that life offered, and she learned to discard what was not good for her. She fell in love and fell out of love. By the time she was ready for marriage, she married well. She married a boy of an excellent motion picture family, the Fairbanks. He had breeding and sensitivity. That he did not have all the qualities that she thought he had, or whatever it was that broke up the marriage, is Joan's affair.

"Undoubtedly when she grew to know Franchot Tone well she saw in him a man of great mental resources. A man who could lead her mind down paths that it had never before touched. Also, her heart was touched. The combination of heart and mind is unbeatable. The more she saw of Franchot the more she realized that he was a *rara avis*. Here was a rare bird who was more than a great dance partner as was Mike Cudahy, the meat packer's scion; he was more than just a romantic actor. He was a fine actor and a scholar. Tone's education had been thorough-going.

"HE HAD gone to private schools in Niagara Falls, where he was born and reared, and to schools in Arizona and at Saranac Lake, New York. Then came the Hill School at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, where he prepared for a Harvard entrance. But, instead, he entered Cornell University, where his brother Frank, four years his senior, had matriculated. In three years he had finished Cornell and was taking a summer course at the University of Ronnes in France.

"He was interested in science, literature, music, languages, and at Cornell he had served as assistant to the head of the Romance Language Department, specializing in French. Something he once said, undoubtedly clung to Joan's mind, 'I'm not profoundly interested in fame.' Most of the men that she knew were interested in fame—to the exclusion of almost everything else. She, herself, knew that fame, in her profession, was all-important. It meant power, money. She knew that power and money spoke louder, echoed farther, than anything else. She had both. Now she was meeting something else. A well-bred intellectual, who was also an actor. She was undoubtedly intrigued by the combination.

"There is no doubt that in their marriage Franchot opened new channels for Joan's fertile, searching mind. Music, which to her as a young girl was a series of sounds to be danced to, became a rhythmic pattern of beauty. Vocal studies, which she had commenced before meeting Franchot, took on added interest because she could share operatic music, symphonies, chamber music, the classics with him. She came to enjoy and understand what had been merely sonorous sound to her. The big house in Brentwood Heights was wired in such a way that a radio outlet entered practically every room and the place could be flooded with Saturday morning 'Met' programs, the Sunday New York Philharmonic concerts and other good music.

"Perhaps we could even credit Franchot with the discovery of Joan's operatic voice. She had sung before, yes, but now, with his rallying and after study with voice tutors —she is singing arias from *Traviata;* singing in duets with Rosa Ponselle and other concert artists. Good books, too, she knew, long before she met Franchot, but they came alive when she shared their contents with him. I could go on like this, indefinitely, pointing up this Teacher-Pupil relationship that should have made this marriage a lasting thing, and which may yet restore it to unity, for in a marriage like this where the development of the mind and spirit are lashed so closely to love, the union—the sharing of thoughts and emotions—never completely dies."

ALTHOUGH you (and the Tones) may not agree with what this friendly observer says about Joan and Franchot's marriage, there is probably the essence of truth in it, and—certainly—a new view of this much-discussed ruptured romance. It has, however, one drawback. In scholastic circles the Pupil passes her examination in one grade, leaves the Teacher and progresses to another. Is that what Joan is doing? There is no indication of it. Although there has been the usual gossip surrounding the "friendly" parting of two stellar personalities, there has been no hint of other persons disrupting the marriage. In the Tones' words: "There's nothing much to say. We are sorry it had to happen but we feel it is better for us both."

And why should Joan marry again? If you look at her case analytically you will ask yourself what she has to gain in another marriage, should she divorce Franchot Tone. She would not need to marry for money. She has plenty of it; is generous, charitable with it (her favorite charity seems to be the League for Crippled Children). And her new five year contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will net her exactly one and one-half million dollars by the time it terminates in 1943 or later, depending upon if she decides to do stage work or concertize during its lifetime. At any rate, her film contract, calling for three pictures a year, has five years to run. She has been under exclusive contract to Metro since 1926, when as a plump showgirl named

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Lucille LeSeuer (her real name is Billie Casson), she was imported from New York.

FOR money, then, Joan need not marry. For prestige? Why? She has worn the name of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (from October, 1929 to May 13, 1933) when she divorced the owner. When she married Franchot Tone—in her blue serge suit and her bride's bouquet, and Mayor Herbert Jenkins of Englewood Cliffs said the uniting words—she was marrying the descendant of a fine French family; a son of the president of Niagara Falls' Carborundum Company. No, she wouldn't have to marry for prestige. She has had that twice in marriages. Besides, she has earned it for herself, by her own efforts. She is social pacesetter of her little group which includes Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, and all the others, the familiar others.

She wouldn't have to marry for professional reasons—to gain a place in films or elsewhere. The dogged determination that made a movie star of a chorus girl has worked that out. She is absolutely self-sustaining and self-sufficient. The only thing that she would marry for would be love. And love is not enough for Crawford's searching, exploring mind. She has known the excitement of mental communion, plus tender attachment, in her marriage with Franchot Tone. Perhaps the memory of this will bring them together again. If it does not, my friendly observer is going to be disappointed. So are the Tones' friends.

Horning In On Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 50]

sionally I'd slip away from home and play in his orchestra—good hot jazz that would have everyone in the audience stomping their feet. Then I'd go back home and continue to play the music that father liked so well."

Johnnie "Scat" Davis likes to talk about his father and well he might for Davis, Senior, knew music and knew it well enough to not only conduct, but to compose. When he wasn't busy composing marches he was traveling around Indiana organizing bands in small communities, conducting band contests, and when he wasn't doing all this he was teaching music to the children of his home town, Brazil. For more than 17 years he was musical director of the city schools. He conducted the Brazil concert band for 25 years.

THEY'RE a musical family, these Davises of Brazil, Indiana. Johnnie's brother, Nelson, led the University of Indiana band when he attended college; his brother, Arthur, was conducting his own orchestra at the age of 16; and his sister, Louise, can rattle those piano keys like nobody's business. Folks still like to talk about the Davis family orchestra. Davis, Senior, took care of the score for the trumpet, trombone, and violin, Johnnie dividing his time between the cornet and drums, Brother Nelson doubling in brass and wood, and Sister Louise tickling the daylights out of the piano. Folks will tell you that they've never heard an orchestra as good before or since and whether or not they're a little biased you'd better agree or else be prepared to be run out of town.

Johnnie has another sister about whom he speaks in hushed, guarded whispers

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whenever music is mentioned. "Annie Laurie," he admits frankly, "is a swell girl and I'm mighty proud to be her brother, but just the same she's been a source of a lot of worry to us Davises. I certainly hate to tell this, but she's the only one in the whole family who doesn't like music. It's an honest fact. Why, that girl can't read a note much less play one, and if that isn't awful tell me what is! And what makes it worse is that she just laughs about it."

JOHNNIE took up his musical education at three and before he was four made his first public appearance playing *America* at a Sunday School concert. He responded so well to his father's patient teaching that at seven he was playing in the grade-school band and was tooting so well that he could execute a neat triple-tongue.

"From the age of seven up until I was twelve," Johnnie reveals, "I got a taste of the show business when father would let me play in his theatre orchestra. This theatre, by the way, was a family affair. Father played the piano in the pit, my brother Nelson sold tickets, my uncle owned and operated the theatre and I divided my time between ushering and tooting my cornet with father. We even had a cousin who took care of the projection machine upstairs!

"We had a lot of relatives in and around Brazil and it was no trick at all to more than half-fill the theatre with 'em when we had a good show. Well. . . ."

Well, when Johnnie got to be twelve he moved over to Terre Haute, sixteen miles away, and attended high school and while there found time to engage in football, track, baseball, and debating. He also played in the high-school orchestra. Still having time on his hands he joined the glee club and dramatic organization. Did he get good grades? Well, judge for yourself. He was president of the mathematics club and you couldn't win that coveted position without being a grade A'er from Arithmetic all the way down to Zoology!

"I WASN'T in town long," Johnnie goes on, "when I joined Jack O'Grady's orchestra, playing at the Grand Theatre. I was billed as the *Child Wonder of Rhythm*. Wow, what a title! I didn't play there very long because father objected to my playing jazz. He objected to the title, too, and I can't blame him much. I joined up with the orchestra after I graduated from high school and liked the work so well that I gave up all thought of entering college. I figured it this way: if I did go to college I'd be doing the same things I'd been doing in high school; more advanced, perhaps, but still the same things. And if I did that I'd be four years behind in what I really wanted to do which was orchestra work. I felt pretty certain that I could earn good pay with my trumpet. I said to myself that if I kept on tooting long enough I might, in time, be able to step out with an orchestra of my own and collect some of the big dough I'd been reading about. I wasn't quite so sure about that when I discovered I'd been working in a night club at $45 a week for three weeks without pay. It was just one of those things, I guess. The club folded. That was my first real job and it taught me a lesson. I've never been caught high and dry since."

Johnnie became a "scat" singer while working with the O'Grady orchestra. You know what a scat singer is—one of those "whoa-ho-de-h-ho boys who forget the words to a song and fill in the blanks with a sort of American style of yodeling. Well, that's what Johnnie did when told to sing a solo of *Don't Bring Me Posies* one night. "I forgot the words," he says, "and started to kid my way along. Then I ad-libbed with the who-ho-ho-hi-de-hi stuff and got by pretty good."

Johnnie is modest about it. He was such a sensation that he's been a "scat" singer ever since. That is, he's been a "scat" singer when he's not been a hot trumpet player—and so hot a one that every orchestra leader in the country was after his services.

"The word 'scat,'" he declares, "isn't as new as you'd think. I know it dates as far back as 1927 because when I joined Jimmy Joy's orchestra that year he started in to call me Johnnie 'Scat' Davis. The word may be older than that for all I know but I don't think so. Words like 'gate,' 'gitbox,' 'doghouse,' and 'boilers' were used back in 1927, too, but the rest of this swing jargon you read about is mostly made up by those who write about it. Even the swing musicians can't tell you what nine-tenths of the new lingo means."

Jimmy Joy's orchestra was an education to Johnnie who soon began to get acquainted with the big cities. The band played two to six months engagements in Denver, Louisville, St. Paul, Kansas City, Pittsburgh and a number of other big towns. He went on the road later with Smith Ballew and after that joined Red Nichols in New York.

HIS "scat" singing and trumpet playing was getting hotter and hotter and jazz fans ate it up.

"After I left Red Nichols," Johnnie says, "I joined Will Osborne and later Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. I remained with Fred for six years and when he left for Europe I took my own band to the Lowry Hotel in St. Paul and stayed there for five months. When I left for New York to rejoin Fred on a radio program I turned the band over to Normie Mulligan, the piano player who developed it into quite a musical organization."

It was about this time that motion picture talent scouts began to keep their eyes and ears on the trumpet tooter. One studio offered him $10,000 for a single picture but he turned it down. "I don't know why," he'll tell you, "unless I felt that I wasn't ready."

But whether he knew why or not, it turned out to be one of the smartest moves this smart young man ever made. When he came to Hollywood a short time later with Fred Waring's band to make *Varsity Show*, the executives took a quick look at the first rushes and then rushed Johnnie off the sound stage right into a front office and signed him to a long-term contract that so far has been as pleasing to the party of the first part as it is to the party of the second part.

Varsity Show was no more than completed when Johnnie found himself cast in *Hollywood Hotel*. Nine pictures the first year has kept him busier than a one-armed paper-hanger with the itch, but he seems to thrive on work. Just recently he finished a good role in *The Garden of the Moon* and more recently still another good part in the *Cowboy from Brooklyn*. He also does a neat job in *Brother Rat*, his latest film.

"I don't care how many pictures I'm in," he grins, "just so the fans like me. I've got a lot to learn in this business and the quicker I learn it the better off I'll be.

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Working with different directors, different casts and in different stories has given me a little idea of what it's all about—but let me tell you something, it's a heap harder than tooting hot stuff or whoa-de-ho-hoing 'scat' songs."

BRAZIL and Terre Haute stage terrific battles, now, every time a Johnnie "Scat" Davis picture comes out. Terre Haute was right on its toes when *Varsity Show* was ready for distribution, got first showing, and ran it in the Grand Theatre where Johnnie once worked. The management billed Johnnie in twenty-four sheets as Terre Haute's very own, a misstatement that didn't set very well with Brazil where Johnnie was born and reared.

Brazil got the second one—*Over the Goal*—and has been getting most of them ever since. Although Johnnie wouldn't admit it, it looks as though he has something to do with it. At any rate, he used to go to school with Stanley Cooper, the theatre manager, and the two boys are still the very best of friends!

In 1934 Johnnie married Martha Lee Garver, his sweetheart of high school days. The two met when Johnnie was playing with O'Grady's orchestra and Martha's father operated the opposition theatres.

Out in the San Fernando Valley where this likeable couple live neighbors say that come a clear, cool, moonlight night and Johnnie steps out on the porch with his trumpet and begins to play some of those sweet and low melodies his father taught him long ago, the birds in the pepper, eucalyptus, and acacia trees come fluttering down on his front lawn and start chirping and singing back at him. Neighbors are always saying nice things about Johnnie—so many nice things that sometimes you wonder if all of them are true—like this bird business for instance. We do know, though, that once he puts that trumpet to his lips and begins to toot he can draw most anything and anyone to him—not forgetting that long-term movie contract with Warners. And if you don't think a long-term movie contract is hard to get come out here and try to get one!

OUT in his San Fernando Valley home Johnnie has taken to writing songs—good ones, too. *Why Do I Care For You, That's What I Learned In College,* and *Heaven On Earth.* All of them hits. He has one right now called *Moods* that Duke Ellington, the swing band king, has promised to promote.

Johnnie likes to travel by airplane, prefers the country to the city, doesn't care to mix much in crowds, and likes to attend opera. He wears heavy shirts and slacks and goes in for double portions of fried chicken and spaghetti when he feels hungry.

When broadcasting he likes to have a pencil in his hand and when he sings he says he can whoa-de-ho much better if he's holding his trusty trumpet. He plays golf fairly well. Likes to carpentry and handles the tools so efficiently that he's built practically all the furniture in his home.

"My pet ambition," he claims, "is to become a movie director. Don't know when that will be and don't care much. Fact is, when I was tooting on my trumpet 'way back when' I never thought I'd ever get this far—but here I am!"

That's right, here he is, the young man with a horn who blew himself right out of Brazil, Indiana, clear into Hollywood and motion pictures!

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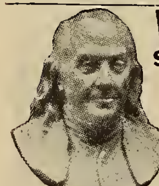

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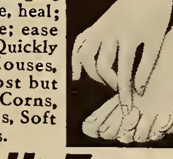

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OF MOTION PICTURE, published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October, 1st, 1938.
State of Connecticut
County of Fairfield
ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roger Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the MOTION PICTURE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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ROGER FAWCETT.
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1938.

Helen M. Lano, Notary Public
(My commission expires February 1, 1941.)

Love and Acting Don't Mix

[*Continued from page 23*]

The tension so established seems to have been a love-making tonic, for certainly these teams are tops as steady combinations.

On the other hand, the Ginger Rogers-James Stewart couplet wasn't quite so successful as Rogers-Astaire, despite the fact that even the rather casual going-together of Ginger and Jimmy had ceased by the time the picture was made. And fire-eating fans raised Cain when the Jeanette MacDonald-Allan Jones and Nelson Eddy-Eleanor Powell pairings were tried. They simply wanted their favorite teams left intact.

Many oddities of off-screen relationships seem to improve cinema love-making. Taylor's best romancing to date was opposite Garbo and Irene Dunne, women in whose presence he was distinctly diffident, perhaps actually scared. Kay Francis' pictures show a strange history; best in point of romance were those in which she had either quarreled with her leading man, or he stood in awe of her!

THE principle that intimacy and love-acting won't mix must be known to that clever girl, Claudette Colbert. For a number of years now, she has held much aloof from her leading men while in a film with them. Some have considered this a slight, and taken offense. Rumors of coolness between Claudette and both Charles Boyer and Melvyn Douglas leaked out. Maybe the reason no such coolness developed between Claudette and Gary Cooper during the filming of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* was due to Gary's habit of taking naps between scenes. This leaves him little time to socialize with the ladies who play opposite him!

Another oddity is that people who have been divorced from each other seem to be very effective when they are united again—on the screen. Remember Carole Lombard and William Powell in *My Man Godfrey*? and Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda in *The Moon Is Our Home*?

Maybe next to hatred's fertile soil, there's no better sprouting ground for screen love than the dead ashes of real-life flames. Some producers seem to recognize this, for we have heard there was a plan afoot to co-romance the separated couple Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, and another to pair Jack Oakie and Venita Varden. Both schemes were cancelled for the time being, because the ashes weren't dead. Franchot and Jack, presumably, were still carrying torches for their lost ladies.

Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane made a picture together when they were in the hottest chapter of a private-life romance, another when the romance was definitely cool, and finally *Brother Rat,* after each had found a new love. As their off-stage temperature cooled, we understand, the stream of their cinematic love changed from a tepid trickle in the first film to steam in the second, and flame in the third! . . . Alice Faye and Tony Martin, while off-screen love birds, were not half so effective as Alice and Tyrone Power. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, while happily married, were pretty tame opposite each other on the screen. Dick Powell, once notably effective opposite Joan Blondell, couldn't match Errol Flynn's screen love-making with Joan in *Perfect Specimen* although Flynn and Joan were much at outs.

One of the most striking examples of the situation we've been revealing, however, is offered by Greta Garbo. Customary baloney to the contrary, no one keeps more aloof from her leading men than Greta. She angers some, awes others. Yet invariably they give their best performances opposite her. Remember Taylor in *Camille,* Boyer in *Conquest*? Some critics even maintain that Greta's leading men steal her pictures, for this reason. Several of Greta's heroes have confessed that there's no actress so inspiring to the man who plays opposite her, yet they added in the same breath that they neither cared for her, nor understood her as a woman.

NOW perhaps it is time to seek a logical reason for the failure of off-screen sweethearts to deliver their rated love-power when they face each other on the screen. Among those who have tried to explain it to us is the astute Leslie Howard. Says he: "So few outsiders seem to understand a point that is perfectly clear to most actors. It's that no actor can adequately express the emotions of a character he is portraying without first thrusting his own emotions into the background. *He cannot entertain two sets of emotions at once!*

"It's absurdly obvious, then, that an actor's real-life love for his leading lady, or his consciousness that she is in love with him, is a very distracting influence. Just about the most distracting he could have in playing love scenes. It is the actor's job to clear the decks of his mind of *all* distracting influences—worry about his unpaid bills, his stage fright, his health, his bet on the races. Mentally, he should cease his own existence, take on instead the existence, characteristics, thoughts and emotions of the character he is playing. If the woman opposite him reminds him powerfully of his real-life being and experiences, because he is in love with her, he'll probably do a bad job."

But how about the hatred angle, you say? How can feuding players do love scenes without being "distracted," as Howard puts it, by the personal emotion of dislike? Let Bette Davis answer that: "There's something about active rivalry between players in a picture that seems to inspire them, even when it progresses to the point of dislike. Acting, after all, is something in which you take pride, as you would in prowess in an athletic sport. Opposition inspires you."

Director Edmund Goulding, famous for romantic movie-making, gives us another thought. "Real-life love and acting don't mix because the latter is such a delicate psychological and emotional process when viewed under the microscopic scrutiny of Old Man Camera," says the director. "Every little distracting thought is magnified in a love-scene close-up. Then it is that the character you're playing becomes a jealous, all-demanding mistress—or master. It is jealous, above all, of any separate, real-life love you and the player opposite you may feel for each other. And rightly so, I think—because that love is always liable to intrude into the film scene."

An illuminating commentary may be found in what Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr said and did immediately after an unusually long and passionate love scene of *Algiers.* They drew quickly apart, sighing as though in relief. "At last!" cried Hedy.

"Was a long session, wasn't it?" agreed Boyer, politely.

That particular "session" resulted in one of the "hottest" and most convincing love scenes ever filmed.

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Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

TEN-to-one the main topic of conversation of any feminine Hollywood gathering these late fall days is, "Should you wear your hair up or down?" . . . I was so tired of hearing nothing but "hair" every time I wanted to talk fashions, that I got the bright idea of asking make-up and fashion experts to settle the question for me . . . And now it's worse than ever . . . Orry-Kelly, of Warners, seems to be the only designer here who believes hair should be worn high for all occasions . . . Pere Westmore, who makes his living dressing hair, insists it should be brushed up only for formal wear. The rest of the fellows I talked with don't seem to think the fad will last long—mostly because it makes most women look slightly older. (And you'll have to admit they've got a point there) . . . But whatever the experts say, the Hollywood gals are for the most part following their own whims in the matter. The majority of them are definitely piling their locks on top their heads for evening . . . They're even thinking up decorations to wear in their curls. The other night at La Conga, Gloria Stuart was looking elegant in white fox, her hair piled high and held in place by a jeweled ornament pinning a corsage of lady-slipper orchids . . . Lana Turner was also wearing this old-fashioned touch. Her flowers were black-eyed Susans, perched directly over her left eye.

OLD-FASHIONED is definitely the word for most of the evening clothes I saw that night. And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Bette Davis wasn't responsible for much of its popularity . . . Bette was so intrigued with the clothes she wore in *The Sisters* that she has adapted a lot of the ideas to her present wardrobe. The latest being the "dust ruffle". That night she was wearing a black moire full-skirted gown. Under the gown was a turquoise taffeta skirt with a very full ruffle that showed below the black. Bette told me that it gave her an elegant feeling to hear the swish of the taffeta as she walked . . . If you've heard your maiden aunt speak of dust ruffles, then you've also heard all about the overskirts that used to be part of every costume.

HEADS aren't the only things that are being decorated for evening. Feet come in for their share of individualizing by fashion-conscious gals . . . Rosemary Lane had to spend a great part of her evening lifting her skirts so all the gals could get a glimpse of her blue kidskin, ankle-high boots—buttoned all the way up with little blue buttons. . . But when I got a close-up of Margaret Lindsay I decided La Conga was no place for yours truly. Here I was, praying the quick sewing job I had done on the shoulder strap of my gown would last the evening, and Margaret was wearing a white satin period gown, with *diamond* shoulder straps!! You know—you just sort of nonchalantly take last year's diamond necklace, have it cut in two, and use it for straps. Hm. . . ! As we were going out the door, Anita Louise arrived, sporting one of the cutest gadget tricks I've seen for a long time. The heads of her double silver fox scarf were wearing jeweled muzzles.

THE next day I had a luncheon date with Maureen O'Sullivan, but I took time out before lunch to do a little window-snooping along the Boulevard. As I was trying to make price tags and my book balance, Glenda Farrell came out of one of the little specialty shops. And she was raving about the new belt she had just purchased. Glenda admits she's a sucker for any dress that has a tricky belt, and tho' she couldn't describe the dress that went with it, except that it was black, she told me about the belt. Of narrow black kid, the belt is embroidered with silver letters spelling "Every cloud has a silver lining!" I shudder to think of some of the mottoes that are apt to appear. Just wait till the advertisers hear of it! . . . Maureen was waiting for me when I finally arrived at the Brown Derby—dressed in a new fall outfit that gave a definite idea of what some of the fashion trends are going to be. . . Of two pieces, Maureen's dress had a brilliant green-and-red plaid blouse, made of a light wool. The blouse was cut quite full and tucked into the top of a circular black velveteen skirt which was belted in narrow red leather. . . . Her forward-tilted pancake hat and other accessories were of black antelope. . . . This two-piece idea is being used in all types of costumes.

Mlle. Chic

He Owes It All To Will Rogers

[Continued from page 38]

buggy, drawn by an ancient white nag, dawdling on ahead. Not till they overtook it, and Will Roger's face peered out from beneath the hood as they slackened speed.

"Hello, Will. What're you doing with the fancy rig?"

"Lookin' round the country."

"Want you to meet your new son-in-law."

"Howdy," said Will.

They talked awhile. Without seeming to, Will must have been taking stock of the tall, muscular young man, with his smoke-blue eyes, his slow grin and his self-contained manner. He must have liked what he saw, for as they were about to separate, he said: "Like to come for a ride?"

The white horse was no demon for speed, and Will didn't rush her, but they managed to get around. They'd stop here and there at a ranch they admired, and Will would note its points. He never passed up a cowboy. This was partly friendliness, partly a thirst for information.

"How's it goin', boys? Plenty of rain up here? Plenty of feed? Runnin' many cattle round these parts?"

It was plain that they recognized him. Their faces would light up, sometimes they'd call him by name. But with the sense and tact of their kind, they recognized him as he wanted to be recognized—not Rogers, the movie star, but Rogers, the rancher and one of themselves.

On location the following morning, McCrea found him, lasso in hand.

"Ever done any ropin', Joe?" From the first Will dropped the final *l* and never picked it up again.

"A little. I'm not much good."

"Come on. Let's practice."

They practiced on everything in sight—bushes, poles, props and passersby. Will's favorite victim was the cameraman, who got back at him by hiding his lasso. The first time that happened, McCrea felt a thrust of indignation, as he saw Rogers leaving the field, hands in his pockets, shoulders drooping. "A guy like that," he grumbled to himself, "ought to let him rope the stars if that's what he feels like."

HE DIDN'T know his Will, nor that the droop was one of cogitation rather than sorrow. Startled a few minutes later by a whoop, he turned his head to discover that his friend had hooked the same cameraman with another lasso.

Every morning, when he'd written his box for the *Times,* Will would summon Joe and the still-man, read it to them, and ask what they thought. He wanted not their praise, but their reaction. "We were the man in the street to him," says McCrea. He'd listen carefully to their comments, sometimes change what he'd written, sometimes not. Then the still-man would take the wires to the telegraph office, and Will would relax. They spent four weeks at Tahoe—to McCrea, four weeks of growing admiration for Rogers, and of gratitude for the friendship offered him. But they never discussed anything personal to either. McCrea was a reticent young man, not given to confidences. Rogers wasn't one to intrude. Each felt a warmth for the other, but neither probed below the surface of that warmth.

On their way home, the company stopped at Calaneva, to try their luck at some games of chance.

"I can only bet a hundred dollars," mourned Will. "That's all Betty'll give me. What're you bettin', Joe?"

"Nothing. I don't gamble."

Will made no comment. He played his hundred and lost. He was a consistently unlucky gambler.

As they resumed their southward trek, he turned to McCrea, and for the first time since they met, his tone held something more than lightness.

"Joe, I've got a hunch you'll get somewhere in this business. Suppose I'm right. What're you goin' to do with your money?"

"Well, granted I make any, I'd like to buy a ranch. Then, when pictures are through with me, I'd like to retire to the ranch and raise cattle."

"Yes, you would!" scoffed Rogers. "You're just tellin' me that because you think it's what I'd like to hear. I know you young fellas. You'll get impressed with yourself, you'll buy a big yellow roadster, and you'll ride up and down Hollywood Boulevard, wavin' to the girls."

Joe grinned, but the eyes he turned on Bill were steady. "Betcha," he said.

"Thought you didn't bet."

"This is a sure thing."

"All right. If you're any good at all, I reckon y'oughta have enough saved up in—let's say—two years, to make a down payment. In two years, I'll ask you."

"Mind you," said McCrea, interrupting himself at this point, "I know he was just tossing me a challenge—like telling a kid he can't climb that tree, just to put him on his mettle—or like telling you," he added with an affable smile, "that you're going to write a punk story. He wanted me to show him."

Lightnin' sent McCrea's stock soaring, and he forged ahead. He and Will met often. "How're you doin', Joe?" "Fine." That was all. No reference to money or ranches, to a pledge kept or broken. Will didn't ask, and Joe volunteered no information.

Two years later McCrea, now playing leads, was on loan-out to Fox. On his way in to lunch, he passed the table where Rogers was sitting with Spencer Tracy. His friend cocked an eye at him. "Well, Joe," he drawled. "What're you doin' with your money?"

Joe was equally deliberate. "Remember what we talked about?"

"Sure I remember. But do you?"

"Yop. Got a ranch, got it paid for, saved my money and I'm on my way."

"That so? I'd like to see it."

"When'll you come out?"

"I won't say when. But I'll be there."

IT WASN'T a week before Will, on location in the neighborhood, made his tour of inspection. He went his own way about it. "Joe McCrea's got a ranch around here. Know where I can find it?" he asked some cattlemen. They told him. It was the kind of place he himself would have bought—open country, where the cattle you raise feed on natural grasses, where the land rolls under your eye, smooth and unbroken by patches of cultivation. Having seen all there was to see, he betook himself to the house.

"Want to look around?" Joel suggested presently.

"I've looked around." He held his young friend's eye. "Tell you what I'll do, Joe.

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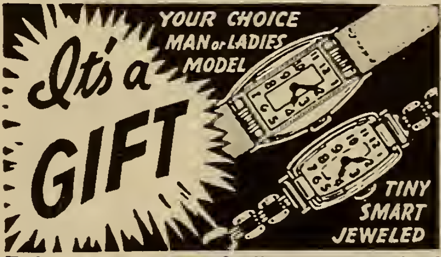

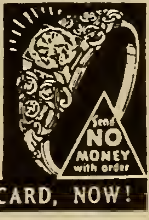
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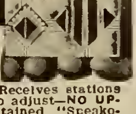

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Whether this was by way of kidding or another challenge, Joel still doesn't know. But his answer came unhesitatingly. "I don't want to sell it."

Will leaned toward him. This time there was no mistaking his meaning. "Don't ever sell it," he said quietly. "Keep it always. The one thing you can never go wrong on is productive land. You're an independent cuss, Joe. Keep your land and keep your independence. Whatever happens, there's always a living here for you and yours. Aside from that, whether you're rich or poor doesn't make a mite of difference."

In *Youth Takes A Fling,* McCrea plays the part of a boy born among the Kansas wheatfields, who dreams of the sea. That dream is shattered. "But it doesn't matter," says McCrea. "The minute you see the guy, you say, 'Boy, there's a farmer,' and you never want him to go to sea."

In the same way Will Rogers knew that the boy he'd met at Tahoe belonged on the land. He knew that the boy knew it too. They'd been in daily contact for four weeks. That must have given Will three more weeks than he needed to discover that there was nothing tawdry, nothing sensation-seeking about his friend Joe—that he had, on the contrary, something in common with the nature he loved—roots and steadfastness and the kind of serenity that goes with both.

But he must have thought too: "He's young. He doesn't know this Hollywood merry-go-round. It's the gold ring, not the brass one, he's aiming for. I'll hold it up there for him—make it a little easier to grab at."

That in any case, was how it worked out. "I'd have bought the ranch just the same," says McCrea. "But not so soon and not with the same feeling of confidence. I put almost my last cent into it, and the future wasn't as certain as all that. But with his approval to back me, I had no fear. It was like security. And even though he'd never found out I bought it, it wouldn't have mattered. I'd have been content, knowing I'd done what *he* thought was wise and right."

McCREA'S devotion to the ranch and his life out there with lovely Frances Dee and their two small sons, has given rise to the rumor that he lacks interest in his movie career.

"If I weren't interested," he laughs, "—vitally interested, I wouldn't be in it. For one thing, I wouldn't want to be. For another, they'd kick me out. But I can't see that there's any law against having more than one absorbing interest. I have five—my wife, my two children, pictures, the ranch.

"Maybe this explains it. Always, since I was a little kid, I've had the feeling that I never wanted to be anywhere or be doing anything, if I wasn't wanted there. My father had it before me—the dog he had, the car he bought, the land he owned, they were the best. He had the best cat and the cat had the best pair of whiskers. We know darn well they're not the best, but for us they're great, because we want them and they want us. I love pictures. But suppose I loved 'em to the exclusion of everything else, where in thunder would I be when they didn't want me any more? I don't like to sit waiting for an axe to fall. If knowing Will Rogers taught me anything, it taught me how fine a life without fear can be. Not that he talked that way. But he lived that way. He was a great, great character. I loved him," said McCrea simply.

He used to spend Sunday mornings at the Rogers place. Will had a routine. In the morning he'd rope calves, in the afternoon he'd play polo. Joel didn't play polo, but his roping had improved, so he'd help Will rope the calves. One day he said: "Will, don't you realize your value to people? Why do you take so many chances, flying?"

Will considered his reply and gave it slowly. "Joe, I don't care to regard my life as of any more value than the next man's. I don't care to look at it as if it were a China vase that you have to stick on a mantel and tiptoe round, for fear you'll break it. Every man has one life to live and does what he can with it. I've always lived mine in a way that's normal and natural to me. Flying's part of it. If I [illegible], there'd be part of my life gone right there. So long as I have it, I'd like to use it whole. Whatever happens, happens."

Joe didn't see Rogers again. A month later his plane had crashed. On the McCrea ranch, though, he's never very far away. A brown-throated young man stands among the grain. His hair is sun-bleached. His blue eyes, trained to far horizons, are quiet. He throws a rope. And at his ear a well-remembered voice seems to chuckle: "Got a cameraman around I can lasso, Joe?"

Survival Of The Fittest

[*Continued from page* 43]

jibe. He looks across at each and all of his tormentors. And his look says, "Are there any more where that one came from?"

Right there, you have an inside glimpse into the character of John Garfield, the man of the hour. He'd rather have a ribbing any time than a slap on the back. He takes acting seriously, but he doesn't take himself seriously. He doesn't have any illusions, or even any hopes, that he is Destiny's Child. He says, at 26, "I still don't feel those Fates eyeing me."

This, in spite of his realism in *Four Daughters.* He became an indelible memory as *Mickey Borden,* ironic misfit and defeatist, who believed that Fates "up there" decided whether a man could be happy or not. Nothing a man might do could alter the Fates' decision.

As *Mickey Borden,* he had a brooding intensity that was thoroughly convincing. His face was a study in repressed emotion. His speech was clipped, electric. But—that was only a great performance.

Off-screen, he is easy-going and deliberate, both in his movements and in the way he talks. He walks with an easy slouch. He slouches comfortably at a table. He smiles slowly. He talks with careful emphasis. And—he has no convictions about the Fates, either pro or con. If he did have, he wouldn't be where he is today.

John was born in the teeming lower East Side of New York, in Rivington Street. Sometimes now, thinking about his birthplace, he says he gets "those Rivington Street Blues."

He didn't get them when he was growing up because, he explains sardonically, "no-

[*Continued on page* 82]

Light Your Home Like the Stars

[Continued from page 10]

mometer measures heat. Light falling on the light-sensitive cell at the top of the meter causes the needle to indicate the amount of light required. Thus, just as we don't buy butter or textiles by guess, we should not purchase lamps by guess. Insist on their exact measurement of light, as indicated by the special tags they carry.

Every autoist knows that *glare* is always a hindrance to good vision. Glare reduces your ability to see clearly; thus if you drive along a highway at night, you can see clearly in the light of your own headlights. But let those of an oncoming car shine into your eyes, and you are partially blinded. Yet often there is *glare* in some lighting arrangement in the home. It may be reflected glare from a shiny top desk or from a mirror, or from a glossy magazine or book page. One of the most common faults which cause glare is to use such lamps as reflect glare back into the eyes from the glossy page because there is too much light concentrated on that one spot, and not enough general illumination throughout the rest of the room.

To remedy *spotty* lighting, use open top shades which permit light to escape into the room, and thus decrease the light contrast; use the new Better Sight lamps which provide genuine room lighting as well as excellent local light; and use ceiling fixtures which direct the light upwards and towards the walls whence it may be reflected back into the room. To avoid *spotty* lighting, there must be enough light in enough places. A good example of this is where the usual divan or couch is lighted only from a central lamp, whereas a much better arrangement is to use two lamps, one at either end, or a floor lamp behind.

Good direction of light means that floor and table lamps should be so placed that the visual tasks are never performed in shadows caused by one's hand or one's body. If a right-handed person is reading, writing or drawing, the light must come from his left. For a left-handed person the reverse arrangement must be followed and the source of light placed at the right.

Practically carried out, luxury lighting provides light where you need it, as follows:

Your Desk: Use a delicately scaled standing lamp at the left of the desk or other writing surface.

Your Favorite Armchair: Place a standing lamp with a three-way switch close to the left or right rear corner. (Placement at left is necessary only if it is a sewing chair.)

The End-Table: Use a generously tall table lamp (bottom of shade should be just below eye level) with slightly flaring shade on the table where the light is most needed, in connection with other types of more general illumination.

Your Davenport and Coffee Table: In place of end tables, then use matching low floor lamps, one at each end, which will give the finest lighting for knitting, coffee service or reading.

Your Piano: Use a tall floor lamp (61" to 63") with a diffusing bowl and 3-light bulb (and you'll need to get one with candle arms too, if the piano is used for practicing).

DESIGNERS of the sets used in motion pictures are well aware of the great importance of lighting, not only from the viewpoint of pleasing visual effects, but also from that of the emotional tones or "atmosphere." As one of the most outstanding experts in the motion picture field asserts, the artificial lighting in a room affects the "atmosphere" or psychic quality. Thus, warm colors are cheerful and exciting while cool ones are more restful and formal. Or again, what is called *flat lighting* is more restful than that which features sharp contrasts which are restless and exciting to the beholder; again, slow changes in lighting are attractive while sharp changes, as to a sudden harsh glare, are unpleasant.

From the theatre, and the motion picture studio also, as well as from the artist, we get the principle that lighting makes possible better *composition* of all the furnishings of the room. Unfortunately most of us select carpets and wall-papers, furniture and ornaments as if they are only to be viewed in the daylight. On the contrary, most of us, these days of hurried modern life, utilize our homes and rooms far more during the evening hours, when our work is done, and we come home to rest, relax, and use our living rooms for social gatherings. Hence it is well worth considering how our home looks at night; how the light is diffused to appear most cheerful, most restful, etc.; how to plan for special lighting up of a vase, a picture over the mantel, and so on.

"But it's all very well to talk of this luxury lighting, but how can it easily be achieved? I haven't much money and I live in a rented house" write several correspondents. True, it will be fine to carry out this idea fully when you build your new, or dream house; but right now, this very winter season, you can accomplish a tremendous lot by merely re-conditioning your present lighting, at very little expense.

It may be that all you will need in a certain room or rooms is to replace existing ceiling fixtures with new and easily installed drums, cones, or other parchment shades or reflectors; you may care to know how to renovate your present old—but still useful bridge lamps at a cost of not more than three dollars, or less; you may care to have more light in odd special places, such as the garage, over a workbench, or in the playroom, or in the kitchen; you may care to do over only one room, say the living-room, and see how these new luxury lighting plans work out, and then, later, do a room at a time, on a kind of investment lighting plan.

But in every case, when you once begin to think about it, you'll want to improve the lights of home, and light your house like the stars. Comfort, convenience, no strain, conserved eyesight will be your reward. And in order to help you, I have arranged to send you a splendid, profusely illustrated booklet FREE, if you write me at once.

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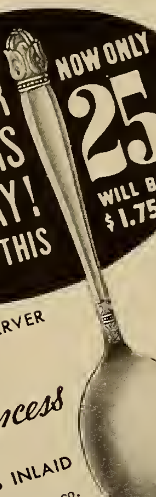

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Survival Of The Fittest

[*Continued from page* 80]

body who's born in the slums minds 'em. You take 'em for granted; you don't know any better. But you've got two strikes against you when you start. It's impossible to come through without scars. That's sad enough. But a great majority of boys don't come through at all. That's sadder yet."

Sure, he has scars—physical scars and mental scars. And he got all of them before he was thirteen years old. His father was "a modest tailor," so modest that he couldn't afford more than a cramped tenement flat for a home. He worked long hours six days, sometimes seven, a week. John's mother died when he was seven. After that, he had to grow up by himself.

THE only place there was to grow up was the street. It reeked of the stench of sordid humanity. The street smelled of sweat, dirty sweat. Garbage lay rotting in the gutters, attracting ten million flies. Ten million other flies hovered around pushcarts lining the crowded sidewalk. There was a bedlam of coarse voices, with the clatter of the "L" nearby a constant guttural undertone. The air was blue with gasoline fumes.

"Do you know what the big memories of my boyhood are?" he asks quizzically. "Getting away from flatfoots. I used to steal potatoes and chewing gum and anything else that was handy, off pushcarts. We all did it. Grabbed and ran. Some of the boys went on to bigger things than pushcarts. They're still running. Some are in Sing Sing. Two are, anyway.

"How did I escape that kind of finish? Luck. We kept moving. Before I could really get in with a mob, we'd move again. Part of the time, we were ducking bill collectors. The rest of the time, we were moving to new school districts. I kept getting kicked out of schools. Teachers said they couldn't do anything with me.

"Finally," he continues, "we moved around the corner from the Angelo Patri School, and I went to that. That fixed me up. Stories have gone out that it's a reform school and I had to go there. They aren't true. It just happened to be in the neighborhood. And it just happened to be a school for problem kids.

"Sometime I'd like to do a picture about two slum kids. One grows up in the street, and the other goes to the Patri school. One turns into a gangster, and the other goes straight. The picture would show why.

"I got something in that school—it's sort of a junior high-school—that I'd never had before in my life. Somebody took the time and the trouble to try to understand me, find something that would interest me more than being a hoodlum. Patri did it. He thought I'd like dramatics. I gave it a try—and forgot all about the mob.

"Here I am, and they're in Sing Sing. I ran up against Patri. That made all the difference."

He was at the Patri school three years. In his first year, he won an oratorical contest sponsored by the *New York Times*. And the ex-hoodlum's subject, believe it or not, was "The Constitution of the United States." He appeared in school plays. After the first one, he wanted to be an actor. He concentrated on that idea. He went out for semi-pro plays, as well as school plays. Then he won a scholarship at the Heckscher Foundation, studying dramatics.

After that, he got in Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Theatre. Jacob BenAmi, who had seen him work at the Foundation, took him to a rehearsal at the Repertory, introduced him. "I became an 'apprentice actor.' That meant I carried spears—at no salary. In order to eat, I sold papers in my spare time. Not on a street corner; I saved my voice. I had a route."

THE end of his apprenticeship, and the beginning of the Depression, happened simultaneously. He couldn't get an acting job. Finally, fed up with trying, he decided to kill time till the Depression was over (prosperity, if you remember, was "just around the corner") by seeing America.

"I started on six dollars, and hitch-hiked to California. I picked fruit up around Modesto with a bunch of Mexicans. When that petered out, I wandered down to Los Angeles. I wasn't even thinking of the movies. I was thinking of joining the Navy. I walked into an enlistment station down on Main Street. They wouldn't take me. I hung around Los Angeles about a month, I guess. I didn't see any jobs, so I started bumming back toward New York.

"Eight or nine months after I'd set out, I pulled back into New York—with a galloping fever. Somewhere along the route, I'd picked up typhoid. I was in the hospital eight weeks. The first week I was out, I got my first professional job. In a play about a reformatory."

Since then, he says, it's been easy.

"I've been very lucky; more so than the majority of young actors. I've never drawn straight juvenile parts. I've had character parts. Usually, young actors never get the chance to do 'em. One job has led to another. I've played with people like Muni, Otto Kruger, Josephine Hutchinson, the Group Theatre. I'm still a member in good standing of the Group.

"I toured with Muni in *Counsellor-at-Law*. That was the only time I thought of giving it all up. What right did I have, in the same theatre with a Muni? I was thinking about going to college—the University of Wisconsin. Alexander Meiklejohn was head then, and it had a great reputation as a liberal school. But I had to pass an exam to get in. And that was hopeless. Impossible. So I stayed in the theatre—and educated myself."

THEN came his big break. He met Clifford Odets, then teaching at 30 Union and struggling to write plays on the side. Odets liked him, thought he had possibilities, got him into the newly-formed Group Theatre as—an apprentice actor.

"Again, no salary. But that wasn't important. What was important was: I was getting a chance to learn my trade. I had fencing, dancing, diction lessons. I had a chance to rehearse a role hours on end, days on end, weeks on end. For four months, I didn't get more than four hours' sleep a night. I never worked so hard in my life. Even movies are a cinch by comparison. But I ate up every minute of it. And if I stay in Hollywood, I'm going to take some more diction. They try to tell me I don't need it. But I want it."

If he stays in Hollywood—? Is there some doubt about that? There is. He has a clause in his contract that if he doesn't like acting in the movies, he doesn't have to stay. And, if he does like it, he has another clause that he can go back to the stage at least once a year—at $40 a week maybe.

No, he isn't crazy. He just happens to like acting more than money.

Four years ago, the movies first went after him. He turned them down till last summer. He "wasn't ready." And, in the back of his mind, there was always the fear that, in Hollywood, he couldn't do things he believed in. A shadow of that fear still pursues him. "I don't want to be in any pretty little fairy tales," he says. "I want to be in pictures that say something about American life, that take up things that people are thinking about today. And people *are* thinking today. Make no mistake about that. A new day is dawning. People aren't just sitting back and letting that world go by. They're right up front, tense, watching what the world's doing."

SO FAR, it looks as if John is going to get his wish. Warners are now starring him in *They Made Me a Criminal*. Next, he will be in *Juarez* with Paul Muni, who isn't famous for fairy tales. And, after that, he will have the title role of *The Life of Haym Solomon*—the story of that member of the persecuted race, the Jews, who helped finance the American Revolution.

He has no colossal future plans. If and when he gets a vacation, he wants to go to Europe. "I don't want to save up five years, then stop functioning and go. I want to go while I'm right in the midst of working, while the trip might have some effect on my work. I want to see what's going on in the theatres of London and Paris and Russia. Especially Russia. Russians are the finest actors in the world today. And do you know why? They have the temperament to work more together. Here, we're all trying to overshadow the other fellow and get our pile before he gets his."

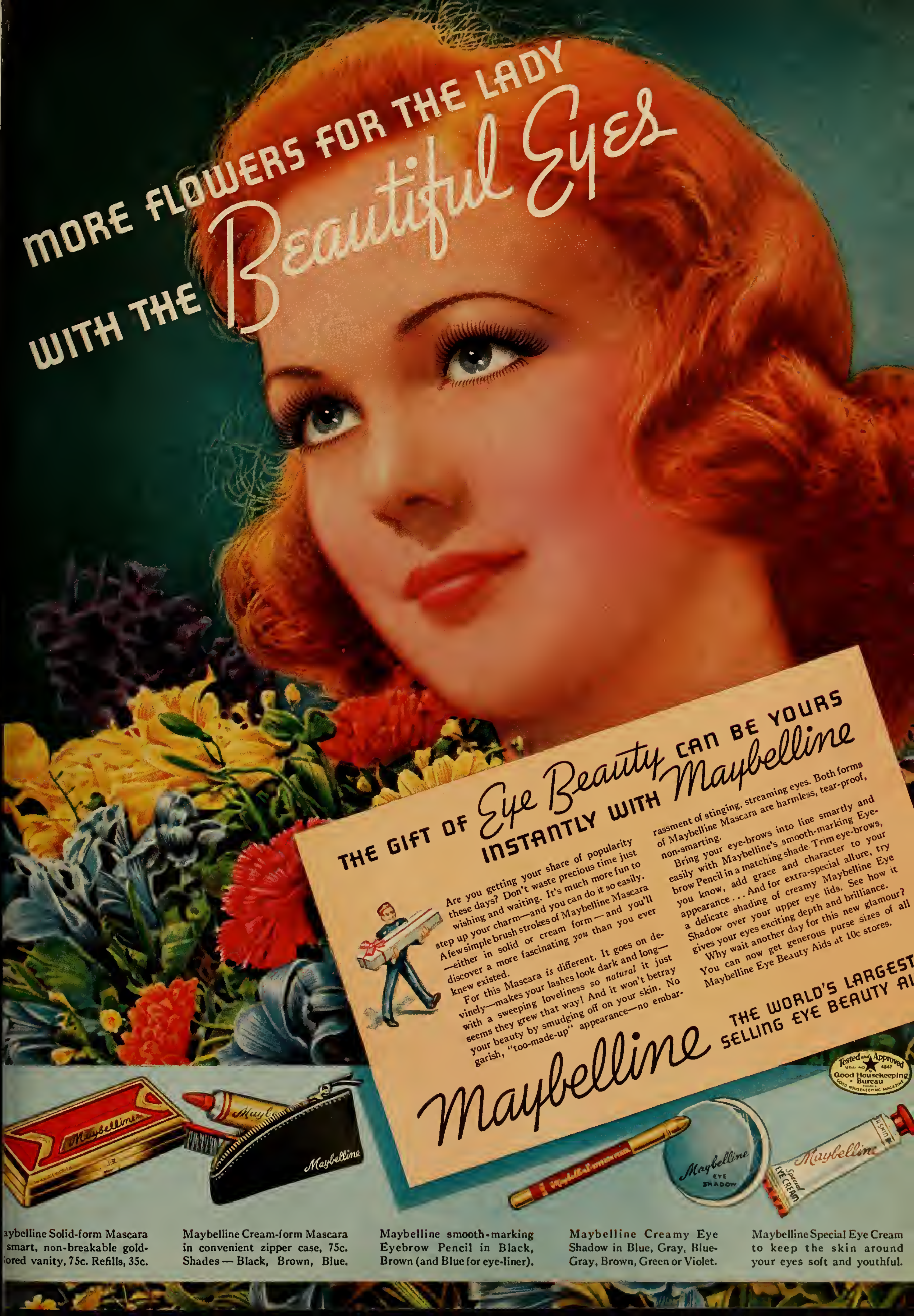
To the press-agents, he may look like the masculine equivalent of another electrifying newcomer, Hedy Lamarr. But John makes no bones about the fact that he's married, has been for the past five years, and will have a descendant by the time you read this. His wife's name is Roberta Mann.

"No, she's NOT an actress. I couldn't stay married to an actress. We used to live in the same block in the Bronx, and go walking in Bronx Park." Unexpectedly, he goes rhapsodic. "That's the magic spot of the world, for walks at night. It's the season for it right now. All working people, all getting a big joy out of life. And, sometimes, there are carousels."

There's a refreshing simplicity, an unaffected naturalness, about John Garfield. He's the kind of fellow you'd expect to find living in a two-room apartment with kitchenette, and driving a second-hand car, vintage of 1931. His apartment does have two rooms and a kitchenette. His car has the unmistakable stamp of 1931. He still gets a kick out of recounting his agent's reaction to that car, the first he has ever possessed.

"When I drove up in it, he said, 'What are you trying to do—ruin me? You're supposed to be an actor out from New York, somebody I can ask a lot of money for. If you must drive that hack, keep it away from here. You'll ruin us both.'"

That's typical of him. So is the classic remark he uttered when someone asked him what he thought of all the hullabaloo about his first screen appearance: "So what? Where I come from, it takes more than one performance to make an actor."



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THE GIFT OF *Eye Beauty* CAN BE YOURS
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Are you getting your share of popularity these days? Don't waste precious time just wishing and waiting. It's much more fun to step up your charm—and you can do it so easily. A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara—either in solid or cream form—and you'll discover a more fascinating *you* than you ever knew existed.

For this Mascara *is* different. It goes on divinely—makes your lashes look dark and long—with a sweeping loveliness so *natural* it just seems they grew that way! And it won't betray your beauty by smudging off on your skin. No garish, "too-made-up" appearance—no embarrassment of stinging, streaming eyes. Both forms of Maybelline Mascara are harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Bring your eye-brows into line smartly and easily with Maybelline's smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in a matching shade. Trim eye-brows, you know, add grace and character to your appearance . . . And for extra-special allure, try a delicate shading of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow over your upper eye lids. See how it gives your eyes exciting depth and brilliance.

Why wait another day for this new glamour? You can now get generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores.

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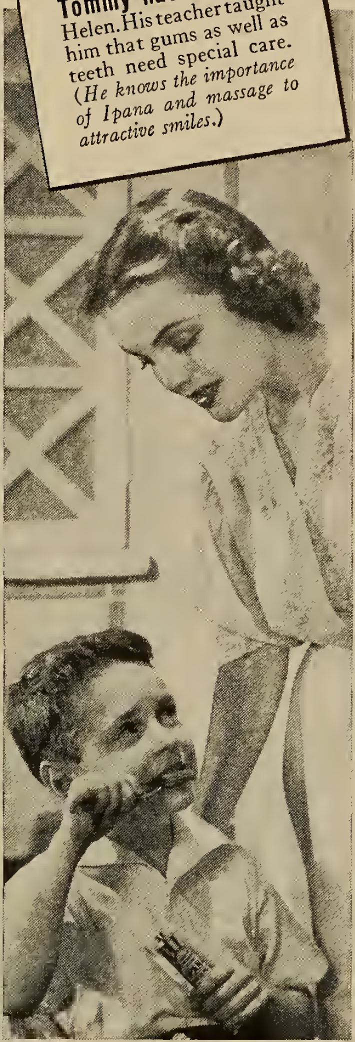
He loves me—he loves me not! Poor, unhappy Helen—so alone! *(Yet how can she look for romance when she lets a dull, dingy, unattractive smile frighten it away?)*



Tommy has a tip for Helen. His teacher taught him that gums as well as teeth need special care. *(He knows the importance of Ipana and massage to attractive smiles.)*

Life's dances and dates and fun for Helen now. And why shouldn't it be? For how can any man resist the appeal and the magic of a vivid, sparkling smile? *(Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling—to keep your smile attractive.)*

Play Safe with your Smile—

Don't let "pink tooth brush" spoil its loveliness!

How important a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums—brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.

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Directed by Robert Sinclair • Produced by Mervyn Leroy
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR

WATCH for a Merry-Goldwyn-Mayer Christmas!

I'm feeling merry already, because I've got an Xmas gift that warms this old jungle heart.

It's a studio-full of letters (thanks to all of you) telling me you liked my personal column in last month's magazines and you want me to continue. Okay fans!

★ ★ ★

Well, here's real news! Remember my Christmas picture a few years ago—Charles Dickens' "David Copperfield" (who could forget?)...

CHARLES DICKENS
A Christmas Carol

You'll see another heart-warming Charles Dickens story soon. M-G-M's "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" comes at the holiday season with its message of "peace on earth, good will to men" so sorely needed now.

As a pre-Christmas gift, dancing Joan Crawford will show you that she's learned lots of new steps as the dancing bride in "THE SHINING HOUR." Plenty of partners for Joan, among them Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas, Fay Bainter. Quite a cast, folks. Quite a picture, too!

★ ★ ★

We certainly started the festive season early. The All-American rage is "OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS", latest merriment from your favorite screen family. Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and all the folks are fine, thank you!

★ ★ ★

"You'll remember December" is a good slogan for M-G-M...and the New Year gets off to a happy start as those gay singers of love songs, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy bring us their first modern musical, "SWEETHEARTS"—in Technicolor, too!

★ ★ ★

Who said Christmas comes but once a year? You'll get a holiday package on the screen each week of 1939 from your Santa Claus.

—*Leo*

WHEN FREEDOM RINGS FOR GABLE

If and when Clark Gable wins his freedom how will it affect his career? Will he marry again—and will Carole Lombard be his bride? When you buy the February MOTION PICTURE you'll find a new angle on Gable—and you must admit there have been plenty of angles written about him since he first flashed into screen stardom. But aside from this story you'll be entertained with a rich quota of all-revealing stories about Hollywood favorites. You'll discover the newest candid camera art of these same favorites, taken by MOTION PICTURE's own candid cameraman—as well as a wealth of portrait studies, newest gossip and timely revelations of social activities of the stars. Order your February copy now—from your newsdealer!!!

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LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LVI. No. 6 — JANUARY, 1939 — Twenty-seventh Year

Features

Is Sonja Henie Money-Mad? ... Roger Carroll 21
Hedy Lamarr—Every Wife's Phantom Rival ... Gladys Hall 22
The Men In Janet Gaynor's Life ... Vance Bailey 26
Why Do Movie Stars Fool The Public? ... Richard McKenzie 28
Studio Photographer Confesses ... Leon Surmelian 38
How Stars Starve On $3,000 A Week ... Phil Hallett 40

Personalities

Unmasking The Star Nobody Knows ... James Reid 24
If Bob Burns Were King Of Hollywood ... Cyril Vandour 44
Eschew The Fat—Just Chew The Lean (Patsy Kelly) ... E. J. Smithson 45
Catching Up With Cupid (Don Ameche) ... Katharine Hartley 50

Pictorial Features

Merry Xmas To You, Too, Shirley ... 19
Ann Sheridan ... 20
Jane Wyman ... 25
Our Own News Camera ... 30
When The Legion Came To Town ... 32
Ballet—Hoo! ... 34
Putting The Stars On Ice ... 36

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler ... Harry Lang 6
Hollywood's Trick Parties ... 11
Prize Letters ... 14
Picture Parade ... 16
Between Ourselves ... Larry Reid 18
The Talk Of Hollywood ... 48
On The Sets With The Stars ... 63
Your Witness On The Stand ... 72
You Know Your Movies? (crossword puzzle) ... 73

To the Ladies

Send Candy-graphs For Christmas ... Mrs. Christine Frederick 13
Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips ... 15
To Give And Receive ... Denise Caine 42
Lady Of The Evening ... 46

AL ALLARD
Art Director

JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

If they don't have snow in Hollywood, then sand will do as a substitute. So Virginia Grey sends you a greeting

PURELY Personal Wish—that Lana Turner would hurry up and MARRY Greg Bautzer, or Georgie Raft, or Freddie Bartholomew or the Three Ritzes or somebody . . . but right away, please!

On account of your poor harried Tattler is too, too confused trying to keep track of Lana and her heart. Yeah, yeah, I know—she's got a gr-r-r-r-r-reat beeeeeeg ring on her finger and the gag is that Greg gave it to her, the handsome so-and-so (did I tell you about that letter I got from the Stanford co-ed who just HAD to have Greg's address so she could hurry to Hollywood and snatch him?) But anyway, to get back to Lana: it seems that just when everybody is convinced that it's all set between her and Greg, why she ups and starts stepping out with (of ALL men!) George Raft. What a sock in the aorta for Virginia Peine! They've been seen dining and dancing at the Trocadero and La Conga and other night clubs, and not once, but several times in a row. That redhead sure slays 'em.

And of ALL laughs, the funniest is this: the Board of Education says Lana has to go back to school TO COMPLETE her EDUCATION. He he he he he he . . . !

■

PERSONAL TIP: Lana is 18 on February 8, next. And don't be surprised if it's wedding bells and the guy's Bautzer.

YOUR faithful old keyhole-listener-atter hears that a certain little comedian is pretty blankety-blank sore at a certain tree-climbing he-man of the films and that if there isn't an alienation of affections suit in the offing, it's on account of there'll be some sort of out-of-court settlement to stave it off.

■

IN THE meantime, Lupe Velez' newest heart is sotch a reech meellionaire in New York who says he'd make a better hubby for her than any so-and-so Tarzan ever did!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gene Markey and Pretty June Gale,
They get on his yacht and they sail and sail
and sail . . . !

[*Continued on page* 8]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

WHERE, where, where but in Hollywood would a couple of newlyweds be given a party *without the bride being invited?* Anyway, that's what happened to Bridegroom Bill Keighley, when he returned to work from his elopement with Genevieve Tobin. Joint idea of co-stars Joan Blondell and Pat O'Brien, working in *Unfit to Print* which Bill is directing, the wedding party popped off on such short notice that they didn't have time to invite Bride Genevieve. . . . Anyway, here's what happened: . . . Utterly unaware that the entire cast, at the instigation of La Blondell and the O'Brien, had been primed for the blow-off, Director Keighley turned his back on the cast during a between-takes moment. . . . In that moment of a turned back, he was showered with pounds of rice. Blondell, O'Brien and all the rest of them had their pockets loaded—and Bill was snowed under. When he turned in surprise, he saw caterers wheeling in tables and trays of food from the various dressing-rooms where they'd been hidden, awaiting Joan's signal. Biggest item being wheeled in was a huge wedding cake. And since there wasn't any bride present to carve it, Joan doubled for Genevieve and did the cutting. . . . Big entertainment feature was Bobby Jordan's hilarious burlesque of a wedding procession.

"NOW," said Phil Regan to a bunch of American Legionnaires who'd been his pals when he was on the New York police force, "you boys have BEEN places and SEEN things. I mean, you've been in Paree, and you've seen the hotspots of New York—but how'd you like to see one of those REAL, HOLLYWOOD PARTIES . . . ?" . . . They shrieked assent, so Phil invited a gang of them to his place for the real Hollywood party, just as the stars party. And what do you suppose the Legionnaires found? They found a nice quiet supper, and played charades!!! And the only big-star guests were Ruby Keeler, and her sisters. . . . And when the Legionnaires blushingly explained that they'd expected a party to out-Paree Paree, Phil calmly explained that such things aren't in Hollywood, and that charades is about the hottest entertainment Hollywood goes for.

KIDDIE Parties are all the rage, in Hollywood as elsewhere—and that's what happened when Producers Sol Wurtzel and John Stone were given a joint birthday surprise party at the Stone house. . . . By prearrangement, Sol and John were kept at the studio by their fellow-executives in an overlong projection room session. It was to give the wives and guests time to arrive and get set. . . . When Stone got home, inviting Wurtzel along, they arrived to find the house all dark and silent. Furious, Stone rang and rang his bell—and nobody answered. Boiling with rage, he stomped around to the back door—and came upon a veritable fairyland of lights and decorations in his huge "backyard" estate. . . . Scores of guests, movieland's biggies, popped out wearing rompers and didies and baby clothes, shrieking "Happy birthday to you." John and Sol were taken upstairs, made to don a Buster Brown suit and a farmer's boy costume. . . . And then they played baskets—hunting little baskets like Easter-egg baskets, only instead of Easter eggs, there was the name of the partner you were supposed to have for dinner. And the rest of the evening was spent playing kid games—and there's another of your Hollywood whoopee parties. . . . And talking about kid parties, all Hollywood is giggling at the story of Joan Crawford, who was all dressed up in a very abbreviated kiddie costume, waiting for Cesar Romero to take her to one of those kiddie parties. . . . Cesar had to work. So Joan stayed home. And sat in her kiddie clothes, going over the household accounts. And wouldn't any stranger from Mars have decided that Hollywoodians are sure a screwy gang if he'd seen that?

NOT often do the Gary Coopers give a party, but when they do, Hollywood society turns out *en masse*. . . . The Garys gave one the other night —and the guest list included the Sam Goldwyns, the Henry Fondas, Norma Shearer, the Darryl Zanucks, Dolores Del Rio, Merle Oberon, David Niven (uh huh!!), Claudette Colbert and hubby Dr. Pressman, the Fred MacMurrays, Cesar Romero, Charles Boyer, Virginia Bruce. . . . It wasn't a particularly tricky party. But when you have a guest list like that, you don't need tricks to make your party a success. The Garys served cocktails in their basement bar, served dinner—and then took their guests to the Ice Carnival.

JOAN CRAWFORD party-gesture-of-the-month: —when one of her favorite Hollywood news photographers gave a simple little fried chicken birthday party to a photographer pal, with nobody present but just a handful of nobodies at all, who should drop in but Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero . . . ?!! Joan had heard of the party—and made the surprise visit, topping it with a gift of a crystal lapel-watch to the bulb-presser whose birthday it was. So if you see a lot of pictures of Joan from now on, you'll understand. . . . Party debacle of the month: "I," said Jimmy Ellison's wife, "am a swell cook." She said it so often, they challenged her to prove it. So on the cook's night off, the Ellison's invited a gang to their house for stew, cooked by Gertrude Ellison. Came the Bill Henrys, Jacquelyn Wells, Russ Hayden, Jane Clayton and others to taste of the stew. . . . Valorously, Gertrude cooked all day long—and when she had the guests all ready, discovered she'd left out half of the most important ingredients, and the stew tasted like something the Chinese had abandoned. So the Ellisons took their guests out to dinner.

WHEN Edgar Bergen gives a party, what would you guess is the main entertainment? Right—Charlie McCarthy . . . ! And so, when Bergen had a gang out to his Beverly Hills house for a Mexican dinner in the patio, it was Charlie McCarthy who had to sit on Edgar's knee and tell jokes (and this time, the Hays office didn't censor them, my, my, my . . . - Others who crashed in in Charlie's program included Groucho Marx in song (heaven help us!), a piano solo by Alec Templeton—and moving pictures! . . . Another of those parties that bring out Who's Who in Hollywood was the Cary Grant-Douglas Fairbanks Junior party to honor Gertrude Lawrence. It was at Cary's Santa Monica home. And the entertainment was all home talent—and fans, who see only what the censors let their favorites put on, would have paid a million dollars to hear the songs Gertrude Lawrence sang, to see Hedy Lamarr beat the drums, to see Irene Castle dance, to hear Fanny Brice put on her stuff. . . . Others there were Ronnie Colman and his new bride Benita Hume, Norma Shearer, Cary's heart, Phyllis Brooks, Bart Marshall and Lee Russell, Gene Markey, the Countess di Frasso, Loretta Young—the creme de la creme of Hollywood's snooty crowd.

"For Lovely Skin—*Camay is the Beauty Soap for me!*"

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND

If it's romance you're after, begin with a Camay complexion! So many complexions have hidden beauty that can be brought to light by gentle Camay cleansing.

(*Signed*) AMY CAVANAGH
November 3, 1938 (*Mrs. John B. Cavanagh*)

NO OTHER charm a girl can have counts more than soft, smooth skin! So many brides—so many girls everywhere who win romance—tell you, "Camay is the soap we use to help us keep skin lovely!"

They've *tried* other beauty cares, of course. But they've found no other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather as Camay. They like Camay's thorough, gentle cleansing, too!

And because Camay's thorough cleansing leaves skin feeling so *refreshed*, smart girls use it daily—for their complexions, *and* for a luxurious bath of beauty. It's a wonderful help to all-over loveliness and the exquisite daintiness every girl *must* have! Get three cakes today. Camay costs so little—Camay helps so much toward fresher, more appealing skin!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

LOVE BUG
GOT US-
NEVER SAY
!

—*Acme*

When Martha (Legs) Raye and David Rose decided to make it a marital twosome they invited the Jimmie Fidlers to stand up with them. Here is the happy couple, bounded by the Fidlers, just before starting for an Ensenada wedding

the only thing he doesn't like about June isn't June herself. He's a bit skeptical about mama's place in the picture if he takes a chance on mr-and-mrs-ing it with June . . . In fact, only a few weeks ago, Blumey definitely told his intimates that it was "all off" between him and June. And then what? —why then Blumey hired a plane and flew all the way to New York just to meet June.

DENNIS O'KEEFE (whose divorced wife, Louise Stanley, is probably marrying Addison Randall as you read this) is getting all cupidaffy again, himself. The gal is Carol Parker.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lew Ayres and Sari Maritza—
Maybe it's his "line" that gitza.

Holly-WOULD like to know about the Dick Arlens, partying here with the Allan Joneses. While they've had a misunderstanding they've also talked things over and may become reconciled. Meanwhile Dick an' Virginia Grey are hitting it off

ANN SHERIDAN and Edward Norris at least changed the usual act when they came to the parting of the ways. Instead of hubby moving out, it was Ann who moved out of their home and into an apartment. Eddie stayed in the house. However, it's for sale.

◆

OTHER Bustups of The Month:—Donald (ha ha) Ogden (ho ho) Stewart and Bee got a quiet divorce in Florida.

—Mary Kornman, the blonde cutie star of *Our Gang* a decade-and-a-half ago, divorced Cameraman Leo Tovar, whom she married when she first returned to films as a grown-up, four years back.

—Constance Talmadge and Townsend Netcher are about to tell it to a divorce judge. Which will clear the way for "T" to marry Lorraine Eddy MacLean, while Connie may try again with Sportsman Walter Giblen.

—and Fannie ("My Man") Brice has finally filed that divorce suit that'll give Bill Rose his freedom to marry swim star Eleanor Holm, and all Hollywood is telling Fannie how swell she has been about it all.

◆

HOLLY-WOULD like to know where the rumor started that Bette Davis is going to divorce Harmon O. Nelson only so that she can marry Howard Hughes . . .! And Tattler would like to know just how this man Hughes gets around so much—even *without* an airplane?

◆

MARRIAGES OF THE MONTH: Ken Dolan and Shirley Ross finally up and did it which left Ken Murray with a pain in the chest.

And Genevieve Tobin and Director Bill Keighley decided not to make it a long engagement, so they flew to Yuma.

And Ronnie Colman and Benita Hume, after getting tired of answering questions, finally answered them for good and all by marrying at last—and you weren't surprised, were you?

And over in London, Jack LaRue married Connie Simpson, which wasn't any surprise, either.

And Margot Grahame, whose poses always annoyed the Hays office, turned over full keeping of her multifarious charms to a new hubby, Allen McMartin, whom she married in Reno right after she divorced Francis Lister.

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
That Whelan girl, pretty Arleen,
Any day now may be Mrs. Richard Greene.

◆

SEQUENCE entitled "How Rumors Start:"—

1—John Beal takes part in stage

[*Continued on page* 66]

SEND *Candy graphs* FOR CHRISTMAS

TONY SWEET
18 LOVERS LANE
PARADISE BEACH, L. I.
SWEET AND HAPPY CHRISTMAS
JANE DARLING

MAKE THIS CHRISTMAS A SWEET ONE BY GIVING YOUR FRIENDS BOXES OF HOMEMADE CANDIES

By

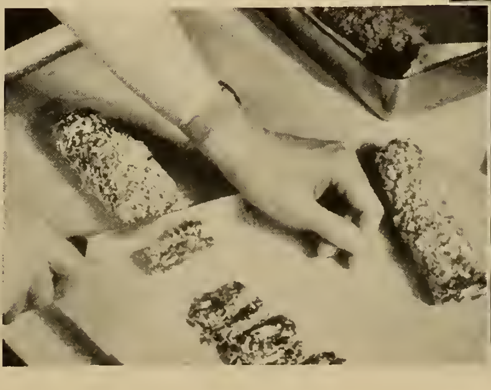
Mrs. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

SEND your friends "CANDY GRAPHS" for Christmas! Check off your holiday shopping list and see if you can't make most of your friends happy by sending them a lovely box of assorted sweets which you have created in your own home candy kitchen. Candy is a wholesome, welcome gift at any time of the year, but it's a positive *must* all during the holiday season.

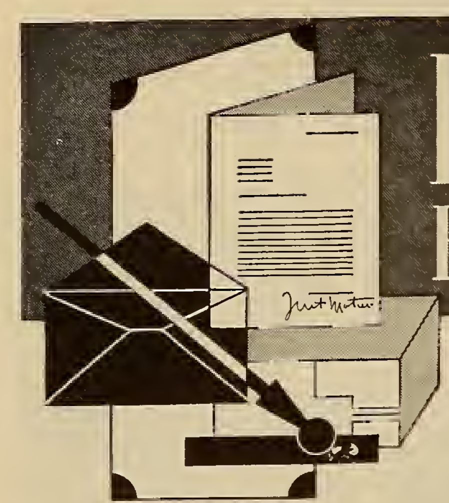
It's fun to make, too, and one of the best ways in which to secure the interest of both young and old, for everyone from Danny, aged seven, to Grand-daddy, aged seventy, has a sweet tooth. And so has Santa Claus himself!

Get a gang together if you can, and organize the job: Some may crack and shell nuts; others mince fruit peel or slice raisins; still others like to do the actual cooking, while everyone will be right on the job when it comes to testing and *tasting*! And don't forget the packing either, which gives scope for the one with an eye to color and arrangement. You'll find that the most expensive boxed candy gains its effectiveness from the way in which the various candies are wrapped: Some in gold, others in silver, and many in colorful green and red cellophane paper.

Before starting the home candy kitchen, be sure that utensils, tools, and ingredients are all on hand and in the best of condition. In addition to the aluminum and enamel saucepans and double boiler which are required, a good candy thermometer is a necessity. For accuracy is the secret of candy making success—sugar cookery cannot be left to guesswork. Decide on what recipe or recipes you will make, and check through on the materials [*Continued on page* 54]



Top and around, clockwise, a variety of sweet suggestions for Xmas. Fudge cookies, combining the delicious qualities of both candy and cake . . . marshmallows dipped in melted chocolate and topped with nuts . . . an assortment of homemade sweets . . . nuts and fruit roll candies cut into half-inch slices



PRIZE LETTERS
HOW READERS RATE THEM!

HAIL TO THE KING

$10 Prize Letter

YES, I've seen *Marie Antoinette* and it is a wonderful production. Every actor in it does a masterful piece of work, but the bright and shining star, the person I shall never forget, is poor, indecisive, blundering *Louis XVI.* Robert Morley as the King stole the show. When he was on the stage, I could see nobody but him. People around me were whispering, "Who is he?" Perhaps the great hold he had upon me was the fact that I appreciated to the utmost his feeling of self-depreciation and his great inferiority complex. But there was far more to this character portrayal—here was a man like the rest of us, baffled by life, wondering what it was all about. Too often movie actors are dramatic shadows moving across the screen, but *King Louis XVI* is flesh and blood. His walk, his voice, his glance, his gestures, his make-up surpass anything I've seen on the silver screen to date.—*Meta Lane, Pentagon Court D-6, Baton Rouge, La.*

Robert Morley

ACCENT ON ACCENTS

$10 Prize Letter

TWENTY years ago our boys returned from France and brought with them broken ideals, broken legs, and not a few, wives with broken accents. Undeniably charming, these petite mamselles wiz zare quaint way of spikking Amaricain, no? And when they attempted slang, they simply wowed us! But that was twenty years ago and the piquancy of hearing the King's English manhandled and then tossed off by gallic shrugs and eyebrow quirks has palled. If Simone Simon and Danielle Darrieux have nothing more to offer, we suggest gently but firmly that they go be cute in Siam, Timbuctoo, or Bali, but not on the American screen. We're definitely fed up with being lured into theatres by these rages (?) of Paris, only to see an indifferent film in which the *piece de resistance* is a blank-eyed darling who has by much labor achieved the malapropism of hike-hitch. No?—*Betty Richman, 351 No. Ogden Drive, Hollywood, Calif.*

HAYS' CUT-UPS

$5 Prize Letter

NOT until I saw the return of Valentino's *The Son of the Sheik*, several weeks ago, did I realize the dogmatic hold Will Hays and his bureau of censors have over the motion picture industry. It was hardly a tribute to the "great lover" to deprive the public of the very thing for which he was famous. All through the picture I was constantly aware of Mr. Hays' scissor-cutting crew whacking away mercilessly at the beautiful and poignant love scenes that had thrilled me so completely the first time the picture was released. Blacking-out, film-cutting and scene-changing left us very little of that quality in Valentino we loved so well. I realize that censorship in this modern era is definitely essential but in all due reverence to a great man—to an artist—it seems only right that his work should remain untouched.—*Doris Ratcliffe, 202 Newton Place, Akron, Ohio.*

Rudolph Valentino

SHE'S GOT SOMETHING THERE

$1 Prize Letter

"IT WASN'T as shocking to me as to many movie-goers to read that certain of our best and beloved stars are on the downward trail. Francis, Dietrich, Arnold, Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn haven't lost their natural talent as great stars. What they do lack and have for a long time is the inability to portray radiant good health, vigorous vitality and not forced vitality. The screen won't tolerate bluffing—a star must be healthy to screen the proof. If these stars and others would pay more attention to their health, spend more time in healthy sports, eat sensibly and get plenty of relaxation they wouldn't need to be alarmed about the possibility of a rival replacing them.—*Ellen Jane Varnum, 4605 McKinley St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

MUNI SANS WHISKERS

$1 Prize Letter

ISN'T it about time for us to see Paul Muni in something besides a decrepit character role? I think his outstanding performances in *Emile Zola* and *Good Earth* were remarkable and deserve much credit, but still he is a young man and we are about to forget this so perfect are his characterizations. I believe it would help the motion picture cash registers to give us a picture of a dashing, life-like Muni in some modern setting without the whiskers and wrinkles. It seems to me this young man has such a vivid, likable personality it deserves a chance to show itself on the screen in its natural state.—*Mrs. Theda Wheelis, 836 Jefferson Place, Shreveport, La.*

Paul Muni

NO GLAMOUR GIRL

$1 Prize Letter

WITH the movie advertisements, billboards and magazines extolling the beauty, grace, sophistication, charm, glamour and sex appeal of the favorite stars I would like to speak a word of praise for the lesser lights of the silver screen who add so much to the entertainment but who never make the front page. Particularly, that unsung heroine, Hattie McDaniels. Hattie cannot boast a sylph-like form or a "skin you love to touch" or, by any stretch of imagination, can she be called a glamour girl, but she has a tonic effect on the saddest and dullest screen fare. She rates only minor parts but by her droll humor she always hands the audience a hearty laugh. So, while we are handing orchids to the First Ladies of the Screen, let us not forget a large zinnia for Hattie for her wholesome humor that turns tears to smiles.—*Genie McArdle, Lebanon, Kansas.*

CLEAN SHAVE

$1 Prize Letter

IT SEEMS every time I look through a new screen magazine I see another one of my screen favorites, males that is, with a "cookie duster" on the upper lip. Moustaches on actors such as Bill Powell, Ronald Colman and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are swell and suit their personality; but Clark Gable, Michael Whalen, or Dick Powell, UGH! I suppose Tyrone Power and Spencer Tracy will be next. So how about a clean shave of moustaches and give us back our men the way we like them.—*Annajane Yeager, 541 Maffett St., Muskegon Heights, Mich.*

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

HOLLYWOOD fashion-note of the month is the jacket. Lumberjack, holero, basque type or hip-length—no matter what form it takes, you're definitely right as far as style goes if your dress or skirt has an accompanying jacket. . . . Why, the other day on the Warner lot I saw at least four different versions of this costume! . . . Orry-Kelly made me "jacket-conscious" when he showed me the clever thing he had designed for Gloria Dickson. Of raspberry flannel, the jacket has short sleeves—elbow length—and is worn over a *long sleeved* navy blue crepe. While he was showing me this outfit, Olivia de Havilland came into the wardrobe for a fitting. . . . Livvy was wearing the cutest little bellboy jacket made of sage green wool. It ends way up at a high waistline and is huttoned down the front with dull gold discs. She told me she favors the short jackets because they fit so well under her princess-type sport coat. . . . Jane Bryan was another jacket-enthusiast I saw before I left the studio. With a grey skirt, Jane was wearing a blue velveteen lumberjacket.

ALL this talk of jackets to wear over wool dresses and under coats gave me my usual pre-winter nightmare. How to manage a topcoat *and* raincoat on my never very elastic hudget. And Heaven's blessing on Joan Blondell who came along just then to answer my problem. . . . I first noticed Joan's tweed coat because it was cut with the definitely new *dolman* sleeves and a lot of hack fullness above the helt. When Jane and I both admired it, Joan took it off and showed us the lining—grey gabardine. And the best thing of all, when it starts to rain, all Joan does is turn her coat inside out and she has a raincoat! . . . But this isn't a trick that can be done only with top coats. A few days later I saw Jane Wyman wearing a two-piece hlue corduroy suit. That is, corduroy on one side and on the other, rain-proof St. Anton's cloth. The idea being, as long as you can find a place to change your clothes when it starts to rain, you'll never get wet.

HOWEVER, jackets and raincoats weren't the only thing I managed to snoop out this month. I got a grand eyeful of your favorite topic—gadgets and accessories. . . . To brighten up her sports dresses, Janet Shaw wears what she calls "dog-collar jewelry." And that's what it is. The day I saw her she was wearing a red leather strap for a helt and a smaller strap of the same material for a bracelet. . . . I saw Anita Louise wearing what I thought was an up-to-the-minute sport blouse because it had the effect of ahove-elhow fullness. But it was a white wool challis shirt I had seen before, only this time she wore men's arm bands of lizard skin to hold up her sleeves and give the new silhouette.

IF IT'S dog-collar jewelry in the day time, it's definitely the pedigreed type you see in the evening. The precious and semi-precious stones the gals are wearing on after-dark dates leave me gasping. Particularly the hair ornaments. . . . Of course, the up-or-down hair question is still an issue in Hollywood, with both sides having a lot of loyal followers. But the Hollywood mamas who do put their hair up for evening, let their imagination run riot in the matter of ornaments. . . . Joan Blondell, dancing with Dick Powell at the Cocoanut Grove, had her hair held in place with amethyst-studded combs. . . . Claire Trevor, the same evening, was using jeweled hobbie pins to hold in place her high-piled curls. And Glenda Farrell proudly showed me what looked like family heirlooms—real antique jeweled hairpins. But she admitted she had found them in an ancient dressing-table she bought at auction.

WHILE we're on the subject of hair—let me tell you one on that cute gagster, Marie Wilson. . . . She told me this, on herself, in all seriousness. Marie was invited to Sunday breakfast in Santa Barbara—a good two hours drive from Hollywood. For the occasion she hought one of those tiniest of doll hats and wanted to wear her hair in the latest style. But after trying for hours, she found she couldn't comb her hair and get her hat on to look right. . . . So late Saturday afternoon, Marie took herself to Perc Westmore, had him give her a high-up hair-do and pin her hat on top. Then all Saturday night, Marie slept sitting up in a chair! . . .

Mlle. Chic.

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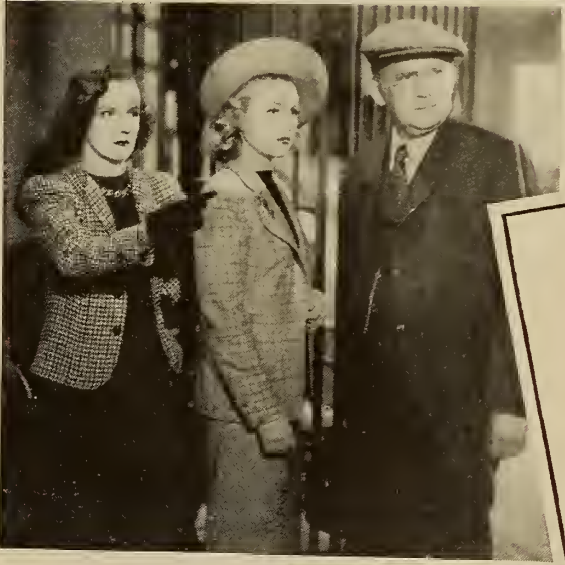


CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES

THAT CERTAIN AGE

—AAAA—

That Certain Age being adolescence it makes a grand vehicle for its star, Deanna Durbin, for Deanna, herself, has reached That Certain Age. And so here in reel life as well as in real life you witness the young lady's adolescence and we must congratulate Deanna on the graceful way she came through. So to start off with we have a star's most sincere performance and to back up this bit of realism the story itself is very human and real. And so Deanna scores another four star picture and maintains the precedent she set with her first film. Of course, Joe Pasternak, who has produced all of Deanna's pictures, also did this and he certainly rates many bows. Also rating encomiums are Melvyn Douglas, Jackie Cooper, Irene Rich. Dealing with a girl's teen age it must necessarily deal with her first love and so here you find Deanna all wrapped up in love and the men in her life are Melvyn Douglas and Jackie Cooper. It will be adored by both sexes and those too young to have any sex.—*Universal.*

THE SISTERS

—AAA½—

Warner Brothers, who lately gave us the excellent *Four Daughters*, are also responsible for *The Sisters*, which is adapted from Myron Brinig's best seller of the same name. And like *Four Daughters* this is a potent drama of family life. It has all the quality of the earlier film although it does lack quantity for there are only three girls in *The Sisters*. However, these three *Elliott* girls of Silver Bow, Montana, make up for this lack in number with the fullness of their lives and loves. They are all different yet in one respect they are all alike for they are all beautiful. First there's Bette Davis, the eldest, who marries Errol Flynn, an adventurous newspaperman with whom she reaches the heights of ecstasy and the depths of despair; then Jane Bryan, the sweet and practical younger sister, who weds Dick Foran, a young banker; and last, but not least, Anita Louise, the youngest, who cares more for comfort than love and marries Alan Hale, Silver Bow's wealthiest widower. Don't miss this!—*Warner Bros.*

FIVE OF A KIND

—AAA—

A year has rolled by since their last Reunion so here we have the quins again in *Five of a Kind*. You'll find them almost grown up now—4½ years old—but unlike most cinema youngstars they have retained their naivete and charming unself-consciousness before the camera. They dance and sing and play the piano—all without any particular talent—yet it is hard to resist the appeal of their refreshing naturalness and playfulness. They romp and play and squeak with glee and as they appear quite lengthily and entertainingly the story doesn't matter much—and it doesn't. It's the usual story about rival news reporters and broadcasters and their feuds over scooping each other. In this it is a battle over the permission to get the quins on the air. The idea is a natural one to include the quintuplets but unfortunately the story is slow and unimpressive. There's Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero as the rival reporters and there's also Inez Courtney, Slim Summerville, John Qualen, Henry Wilcoxon and, of course, Jean Hersholt as doctor. Mothers and children will enjoy it.—*20th Century-Fox*

PARADE

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES

THE MAD MISS MANTON

—AAA—

Entirely improbable but thoroughly enjoyable is this mystery comedy starring Barbara Stanwyck (*Miss Manton*, an heiress) and Henry Fonda (*Peter Ames*, newspaperman). For you who like the *Philo Vance* type of thing you should be completely satisfied with this for not only do Miss Stanwyck and Mr. Fonda play *Philo Vance* but they also ring in a host of lovelies including Whitney Bourne, Frances Mercer and Vicki Lester, members of *Miss Manton's* Junior League set, to track down the culprits of the crimes discovered by *Miss Manton*. There's also Sam Levene as *Lieut. Brent* whose job it really is to find the perpetrators of the murders but as *Miss Manton* and *Lieut. Brent* don't see eye to eye in the matter of crime this results not only in a battle of crime but the more meatier battle of the sexes. With three corpses and a batch of clues to run down *The Mad Miss Manton* succeeds in giving us a suspenseful mystery comedy. If you want fun, here it is. It's well-dressed, well-mounted with plenty of snappy dialogue.—*RKO-Radio.*

MEN WITH WINGS

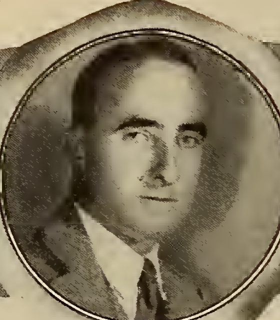
—AA½—

This cavalcade of the air done entirely in Technicolor would have resulted in a more dramatic and exciting film if it had stayed up in the air where it belongs but instead it comes down to earth and loses its purpose. But, the infrequent air sequences are dramatic and thrilling. And how could they help but be when William Wellman, the man who gave us *Wings*, also directed *Men With Wings*. This commences with the first feat in the air when the Wright Brothers made their flight at Kitty Hawk and winds up with the present horror in China. The personal element is brought in when Walter Abel, inspired by the brothers Wright, experiments with wings. But only briefly, for he loses his life in his first attempt. He leaves behind a young daughter and her two pals who, having witnessed his daring and brave venture, grow up with his love in their hearts. And so the story, primarily, becomes a personal one dealing with the loves of these three. Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell are as convincing as possible in roles that aren't too sincere.—*Paramount.*

THERE GOES MY HEART

—AA½—

Well we can't say we lost ours over *There Goes My Heart* but it was fun and Fredric March and Virginia Bruce played their roles so convincingly that we almost believed that they lost theirs. Of course they do—it wouldn't be a picture otherwise—but it takes them such a long time to find out. We're not awfully smart but we could have told them right at the start that it was love. The narrative deals with a department store heiress (someone not unlike Barbara Hutton) who is tired of it all and wants to get away and live like a human being. We don't believe it, but as we always follow the line of least resistance we finally gave in and let Mr. Roach have his way. Our heiress has her way, too, and one dawning we find her escaping her million dollar yacht. While running away she runs into Patsy Kelly who, believe it or not, works in *the* department store and being the Patsy that she is she finds a job for our poor little heiress there, too. And so our heroine starts living like a human being via her own basement. It's splendidly acted.—*Hal Roach-United Artists.*



BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

WELL, 1938 has gone the way with that Wind. (Incidentally, it is POSITIVELY stated by no less an authority than Mr. Big (David O. Selznick) of Selznick-International that G. W. T. W. will go into production in a few weeks for Fall distribution—and that an appropriation of two or three million dollars has been authorized toward its production. Mr. S. also states that Missy *Scarlett* will surely be chosen in a few weeks. Can you bear it? S-I positively refuse to wait for Shirley Temple to grow up for the role. I put my neck way out last month—just as I feared. That's what happens when you believe everything that comes out of Hollywood.

I said that it looked as if Bette Davis is the winnah. But since then a play has appeared on Broadway—*Kiss the Boys Goodbye*—which takes off the Hollywood effort to find a *Scarlett O'Hara*. The character in the play is known as *Velvet* and she is played by one Helen Claire, who happens to hail from the South and has had considerable stage experience. She does such a thorough job as *Velvet* that Hollywood agents are ganging up at the stage entrance. It has even been reported that the girl was given a *Scarlett* test some months ago, though nothing came of it. Now that she has scored as a tempestuous tease—as a pseudo *Scarlett*—new signs point to her as a possible choice for the real McCoy in G. W. T. W.

Come Kiddie—Here Kiddie

WELL, to go back to the passing year which has gone with that Wind (Easterners will remember the big hurricane—and Westerners will remember that the rains came) it seems to have brought forth a new set-up in star-dust. Which is to say that the youngsters, the toddlers, the little men and women came into their own and sort of pushed the bigger boys and girls into the back acres.

The three most popular figures of 1938 were Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin and Mickey Rooney.

Now Shirley, like the Pittsburgh football team, the Yankee ball team, War Admiral and Don Budge, has been up there in the front rank for so long that her leadership is taken for granted. But she got closer competition from youngsters nearer her own age than she ever got from Massa Taylor, Massa Gable, Massa Power, Massa Flynn—and even Missy Henie, Missy Rogers, Missy Davis and Missy Loy. For Deanna is around 16 and Mickey is around 18. The Temple bells have been ringing loud and clear for several years, and though her stories are innocuous little tidbits she conquers you with such personality that you dismiss the idea that her plots are nothing but frames to project her chubby figure, sunny smile, and appealing prattle.

The movie public has become very conscious of Deanna because she hits the higher registers with a glorious voice—and also because she registers the utmost simplicity and charm of young girlhood. In fact she lives her age—one free of self-consciousness or its twin—showing-off.

A Durbin picture is now counted upon as sure-fire in its character appeal—its homey touches. And the star's singing voice attends to the rest.

And so I come to Mickey Rooney whose expressive features and emotional flair—whose sense of timing is so perfect, regardless of whether the scene calls for laughter or tears, that he holds an audience in a tight embrace from the moment his Irish pan looms on the screen. He has taken up where the Jackie boys (Coogan and Cooper) left off—and because he's a bit older than they were when they had you in their emotional grip he will keep on going instead of tapering off into adolescence and retiring from the screen as manhood creeps up on him. Mickey's voice is as deep as Bing Crosby's now. He could almost double for Bing's voice if he went into a "bubbubbubbub."

So you just don't visualize Mickey as a type playing with a kiddie-kar. Instead you look upon him as doing a man-size job, talking a man's language. He had what it took to make *Boys Town* a memorable film—which in the hands of one less talented would have been dismissed as an educational short subject padded out to feature length. *Stablemates*, a sentimental little tidbit, was held together by the superb playing of Rooney and Wally Beery. It became almost another *Champ* in its heart-tug. Mickey is a real character actor—and because of the colorful characterizations in which he has been placed he has added an histrionic stature that should keep him in the foreground for a long time.

And Hedy, Too

IN OTHER respects the field is strung out—with the entries running pretty well to form. The customary European importations (they're ushered in every year) make their customary dent in audience response—with Hedy Lamarr (wonder if she can cook up a mess of *sauerbraten mit sauerkraut*) so far out in front of her sisters from the Reich, Ostmark, La Belle France, Hungaria, Italia and Mother England that you can't see her grand duchess airs, blue-black hair, imperial swish, gray-green eyes for dust. Abbreviating her name of Hedwig to Hedy was a master stroke. The abbreviation screams personality—which also stalks Vienna's vivid and vital vixen in every gesture, posture, whim, mood—and even when she speaks.

There's a realistic pen picture of Hedy in this very issue. After reading it you'll know why men look hungry when they see her—and why women look to their laurels. These Hedys have ruled the world ever since Eve decided to keep the doctor away by eating an apple. In some distant day of the future it is quite likely that the kiddies will be checking up on Hedy of Hollywood instead of Helen of Troy. Hedy, unlike Helen, is not the type to hide herself in a horse—or even a house. In her consciousness of sex, her allurement and appeal she puts herself on parade and becomes not only exciting to herself but also makes women exciting to themselves again.

Yes, indeed, Hollywood was getting into the doldrums till Hedy appeared on the scene. And now the town can sing and clap hands again like it did in the days of the other LaMarr (Barbara was her name) and Swanson.

Flash, Flash and Flash

IT LOOKS as if Arlington Brugh and Ruby Stevens (Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck) will be married very shortly . . . Clara Bow has given up any desire to stage a screen come-back, has now retired with hubby and kiddies to their Nevada ranch . . . Al Jolson will go into Billy Rose's glorified vaudeville at his NYC Casa Manana if the terms meet his okay . . . If you heard Basil Rathbone in the Information Please program on the air recently, delivering passages from Shakespeare, you're probably wondering, same as I, why his beautiful-speaking voice isn't heard more often. That man could read off names from your telephone book and mine and make it as exciting as if he were reciting the Gettysburg Address or Hamlet's Soliloquy . . . Tyrone Power will not be marrying Sonja Henie . . . Tyrone Power will not be marrying Loretta Young . . . Tyrone Power will not be marrying Janet Gaynor . . . Franchot Tone returns to the Broadway stage soon . . . And Garbo has the country's hairdressers hopping mad. They say she is wrecking their new hair-dos by clinging to her long bob with bangs. They believe Miss Young America will ape her style instead of their new creations . . . And Danielle Darrieux will take a long rest in France to relieve the nervous tension of picture-making before she returns to Hollywood.

First Screen Magazine—Founded 1911

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

Motion Picture

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

January
NSC

MOTION PICTURE
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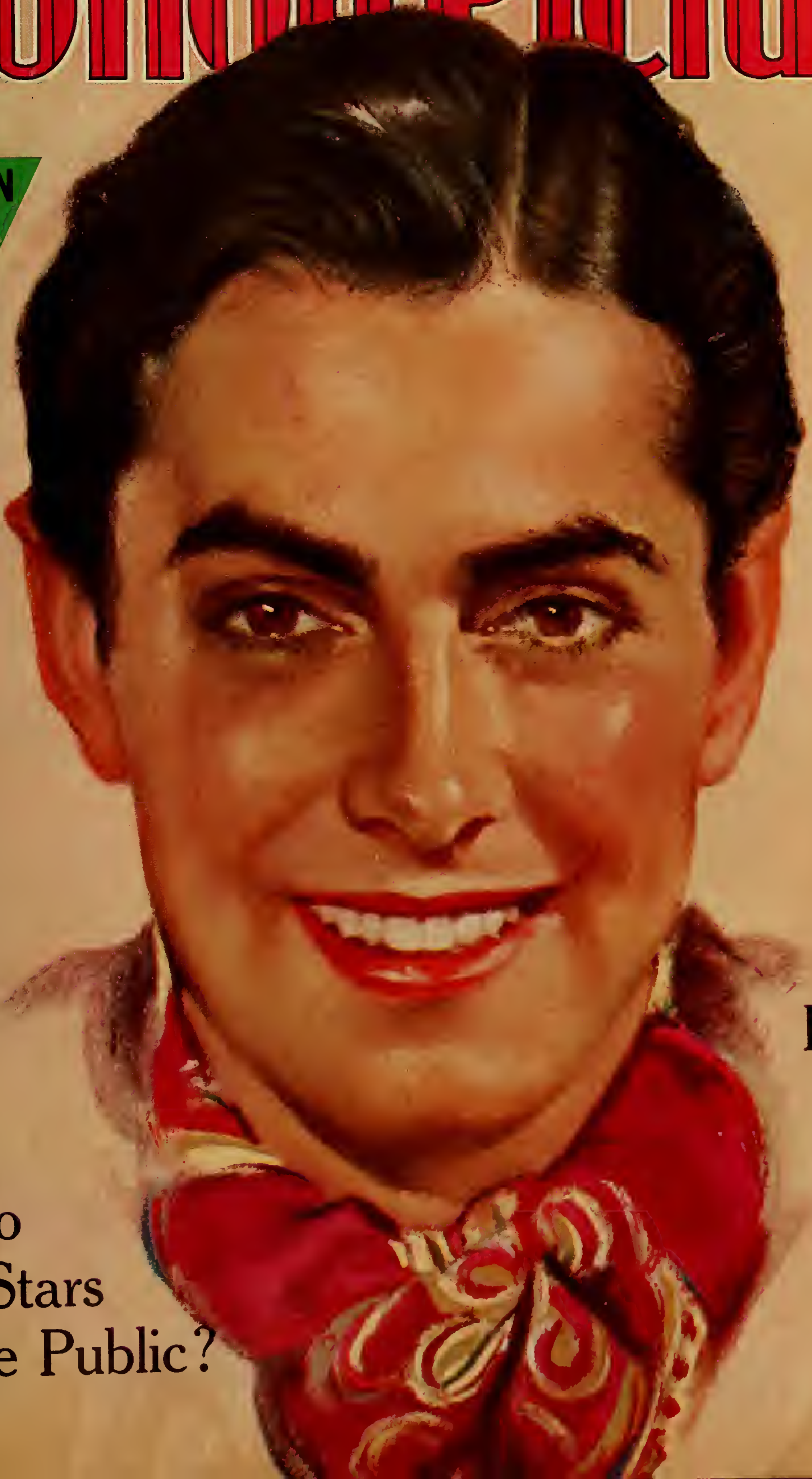
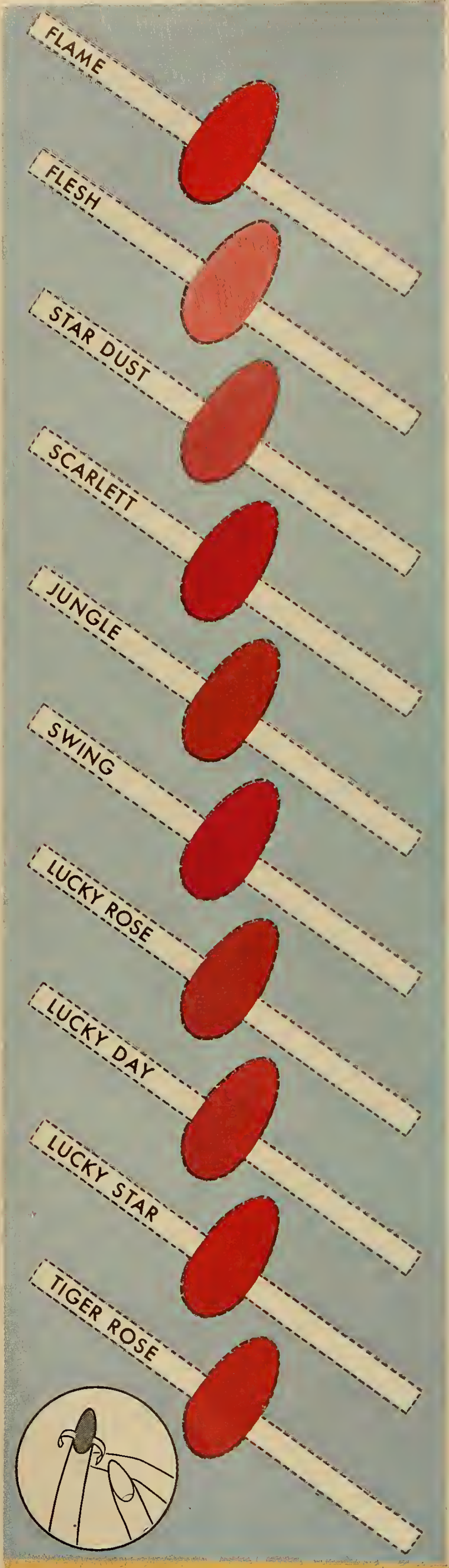


Tyrone Power

Is Sonja Henie Money Mad?

Why Do Movie Stars Fool the Public?



TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR BEFORE YOU BUY

Lady Esther's New 7-Day Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with *only 1 coat* instead of 2...makes nails gleam like sparkling gems

At last, a cream nail polish of *enduring loveliness* . . . a polish that goes on in one smooth coat...and *stays perfect* for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling...to keep its lustrous finish days longer...to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents *more* than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an *entirely new way to buy polish* ...a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

Try on before you buy!

Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the salesgirl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you *hope* is right...but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" at left—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment . . . to save polish, time and money!

You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and *don't stop* until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish next time you're shopping.

Lady Esther

10¢

CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" *and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE—THESE "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. *Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.*

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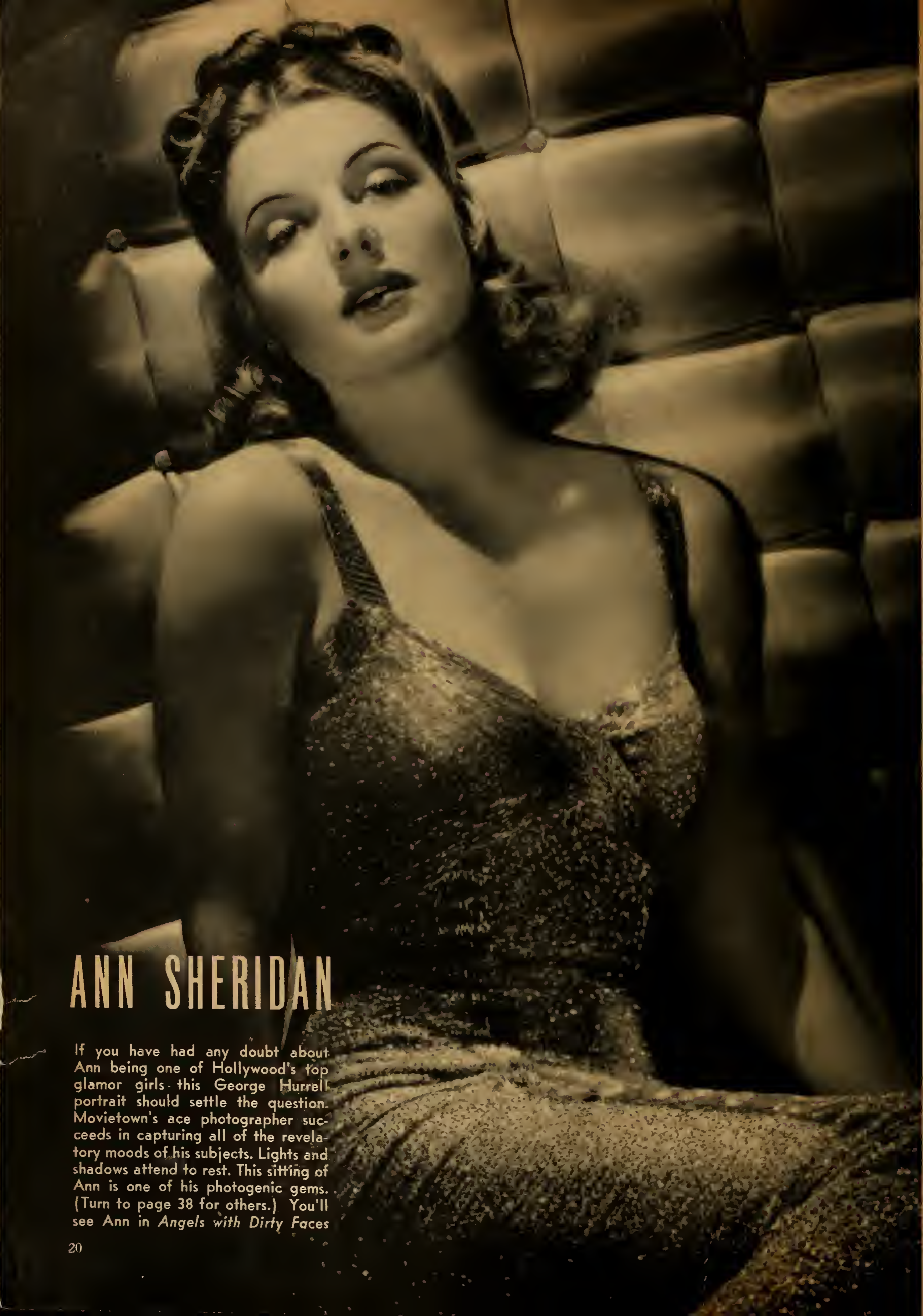
Bet Shirley makes as direct a hit with that snowball as she does with movie audiences. But, first, she wants to wish all her friends a Merry Xmas

Merry Xmas to you, too, Shirley...



ANN SHERIDAN

If you have had any doubt about Ann being one of Hollywood's top glamor girls this George Hurrell portrait should settle the question. Movietown's ace photographer succeeds in capturing all of the revelatory moods of his subjects. Lights and shadows attend to rest. This sitting of Ann is one of his photogenic gems. (Turn to page 38 for others.) You'll see Ann in *Angels with Dirty Faces*

IS SONJA HENIE MONEY-MAD?

SONJA HAS BEEN EARNING MONEY FOR LITTLE MORE THAN TWO YEARS. YET, TODAY, SHE IS EARNING MORE MONEY THAN ANY OTHER WOMAN ALIVE. WHAT'S BEHIND HER APPARENT DETERMINATION TO BE ABSOLUTE TOPS FINANCIALLY?

By ROGER CARROLL

WHEN Sonja Henie started to skate, at seven, she skated for fun. At eight, she won her first skating title. After that, she skated for applause, for achievement's sake. Magically, she won title after title—until, at 23, she had won more than anyone else ever had. But she was not content. She wanted to perform one more magic feat. She wanted to turn her silver skates into gold.

And she has.

Sonja has been earning money for only a little more than two years. Yet today she is earning more money than any other woman alive.

She has a contract to do two pictures a year for five years at 20th Century-Fox. Her starting salary was at least $125,000 a picture. It must be more now. With her first picture, she became one of the top ten box-office stars. It's a cinch that she asked for a raise after that.

But let's be conservative. Let's say that her movie earnings are only $250,000 a year. Figured on a yearly basis, that would be a salary of $5,000 a week. A nice, cosy little sum—more than most stars earn. But Sonja crowds all of her movie-making into twenty weeks, ten to a picture. That makes her movie salary something more like $12,500 a week. A staggering sum. The absolute tops.

And it's fair to figure that way because Sonja doesn't stop earning when the cameras stop turning. She doesn't sit back and relax, waiting for her next picture to go into production. She treats herself to a real vacation only once a year, spending a few weeks in her native Norway. The rest of the time, she adds to her bank balance with exhibition tours.

Her first big tour, made after her first picture, grossed her $327,500. Before she started her last tour, she had a guarantee of $800,000. Before starting her present tour, which is more ambitious and includes several cities she has never appeared in before, she had a guarantee of $2,000,000 . . .

Deduct her expenses—costumes, traveling, living in the best hotels, paying the salaries of a troupe of sixty (the chorus boys and girls get $75 a week or better, while a few featured members get more)—and take a flying guess at what Sonja's remaining slice is. It's breathtaking. It makes her movie dollars look like dimes.

And she has still other sources of income. Radio appearances, for example. She doesn't make these gratis. Then there are commercial endorsements. With one or two exceptions, she has never taken her payment in trade or in publicity. She has taken her payment in cash. One of the exceptions was the time that she endorsed a car. And then she received not one car, but two.

Why is she so ambitious in an income way? Why is she constantly striving to increase her earnings, when they are overwhelming already?

Is Sonja money-mad?

It's hard to believe. She may have muscles as hard as steel, but Sonja herself isn't hard. Her eyes are a soft brown. She has a soft voice. She has never sacrificed the softly-rounded curves of femininity to athletics. Her twinkling smile is only one

[*Continued on page 70*]

HEDY LAMARR—

ONE GLANCE AT HEDY MAKES MEN LOOK HUNGRY AND WOMEN LOOK TO THEIR LAURELS. IN THIS STORY YOU LEARN SHE'S A GREATER GIFT TO WOMEN THAN SHE IS TO MEN

By GLADYS HALL

HEDY LAMARR has been called "Vienna's gift to Man." So she is. No man under ninety would deny that a ravishingly beautiful woman is Hedy. But Hedy, I postulate, is an even greater gift to women. *Because she has made women exciting to themselves again.*

We have gone through an arid spate of years during which women have become economically independent and as flat, erotically, as the flat-soled shoes we wear. In the pursuit of our comparatively new-minted freedom we have gone in for man-tailored suits, equal standards, straight-from-the-shoulder talk, rubbing elbows with men in business offices and cocktail bars, spliting the checks and standing on our own feet. We have waived the courtesies and gallantries and have accepted the "Hi, Toots" of too-casual Romeos. We have forgotten perfumes and laces and spangled fans and jewels and veils and beauty spots and lovers who die for love of us.

Lamarr is making us remember. Old dreams and old delights are stirring in the hearts of women as well as in the hearts of men. She has brought back the lure, the mystery and consciousness of sex that belonged to such women as Negri, Swanson, Naldi, or to go back to ancient days, the Salomes, Cleopatras and Helens. Valentino was called "Every Husband's Phantom Rival." Lamarr is Every Wife's Phantom Rival. One glimpse of her and men look hungry and women look to their laurels.

For Hedy hasn't forgotten that she is a woman before she is anything else. Hedy believes that woman should be as beautiful, as charming, as exciting as possible. She believes in luxury. She believes that women should have beautiful gowns, opulent furs and jewels and smooth motor cars. Hedy believes that women should *expect* men to give them gifts, to care for them, to entertain them. Hedy believes that a woman's essential mission in life is to charm men so that they will be eager to give her gifts and courtesies, protection and gaiety. If, as in her own case, a woman has a talent, a job which intensely absorbs her and which brings her luxurious rewards she may, if she wishes, give everything to the pursuit of that career. But for women who hold small jobs, dull jobs, with thin returns, the job of being charming to a man is far more important.

Hedy illustrated her philosophy not long ago when, taking an interest in an attractive young woman in the publicity department of her studio and learning

Glamorous Hedy makes women dream of their power over men. But in bringing back the lure, mystery, consciousness of sex she hasn't forgotten that she is a woman before she's anything else

EVERY WIFE'S PHANTOM RIVAL

that this young woman had a date one night with a wealthy and eligible man, she walked into her office late one afternoon and found her still at her desk. Lamarr was scornful. She said: "What are you doing here? Why are you not at home resting so that you will look beautiful for your date?" When the young woman explained that her office hours were not over until six Lamarr flicked the desk with a long, tinted fingernail and exclaimed impatiently: "Ah, what does this matter? This is not important . . . it is your date which is important!"

On another occasion she berated another attractive girl for giving all of her time to a man who could do nothing more for her than an occasional movie, an occasional dinner. . . . This girl explained: "But he amuses me, that's why I go out with him. . . ." "Ah," said Hedy, "then that is different. When a man amuses you he brings you a very rare gift . . . yes, now I understand. . . ."

HEDY admits that luxury is essential to her. She must, for instance, have her favorite perfume on her bed-table so that come morning, she [*Continued on page* 58]

UNMASKING The STAR NOBODY KNOWS

HE WON'T TALK ABOUT LOVE, NOR ABOUT WOMEN, NOR ABOUT HIMSELF. HE EARNS ONE OF THE TOP TEN SALARIES OF HOLLYWOOD. HE HAS BEEN CALLED THE SCREEN'S MOST POLISHED LOVER.

HE FIRST arrived in Hollywood in 1930. Nobody cared particularly. Nobody knew him. Today he is one of the highest-priced stars on the screen. Last year he paid income tax on $374,000—practically five times the salary of the President of the United States. Yet, even today, nobody knows him.

Most people mispronounce his last name.

One actor in Hollywood has been acquainted with him for fifteen years—long enough to call him by his first name. This actor recently consented to tell all he knew about his baffling friend. But, after ten sentences, he was stumped. He had run out of revelations.

Three hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars is one of the top ten salaries of Hollywood. Yet he isn't—and never has been—one of the top ten box-office stars. Men don't trample each other to see him. Neither do children. But women do. That explains his salary.

No one makes love with more finesse. He inspires women, even those just watching him, with That Certain Feeling. He gives other men that uncertain feeling of clumsy amateurs.

Publicly, he is distressed at being called a Great Lover. Secretly, he is flattered. He takes it as a tribute to his acting. Anything that looks like a tribute to his acting is acceptable to him. He hasn't earned the title off the screen, certainly. A few years ago, one of Hollywood's most elusive glamor girls fell violently in love with him—without any encouragement from him. In fact, he didn't even know about it. The lady was so disillusioned that she hasn't fallen in love since. Until he was thirty-four years old, he never made heart-felt love outside of a performance. And, to date, only one woman has succeeded in really rousing his emotions.

He won't talk about love. He won't talk about women. He won't talk about himself, except as an actor. Not that he's modest. He isn't. He simply believes that mystery is profitable.

Look at Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman. Still getting big money, doing big pictures, while most of the people they started with have gone into the discard. Greta and Ronnie have kept the public from seeing them except on the screen. And not too often, even there. And never as themselves. Always as make-believe people.

As long as audiences don't know exactly what to expect next time, there will always be a next time. He's convinced of that. On top of this, he actually tries to forget himself and become the characters he plays. He takes his acting that seriously. [*Continued on page* 62]

By JAMES REID

JANE WYMAN

Warner's young starlet, Jane Wyman, certainly knows the ropes—look at her here—and so she's rapidly climbed the ladder of success. A good pair of legs always helps. Jane stars in *Brother Rat*

THE MEN IN Janet Gaynor's

IN JANET'S ROMANCES WAS A MARRIAGE THAT DIDN'T TURN OUT WELL. WITH TYRONE POWER OUT OF THE PICTURE, ADRIAN HAS NOW STEPPED IN. HOLLYWOOD IS LOOKING FOR A WEDDING

WHEN a girl reaches her early thirties it's high time for her to be thinking of settling down. Even in Hollywood, yes, sir! I mean, words like "security" and "stability" take on meaning and importance. A hot date at a nite-club with a handsome young buck like, say, Ty Power, doesn't seem quite so ineffably desirable, compared with a nice, quiet evening at home with a solid, substantial, well-fixed man with matrimonial ideas. You can sit at his feet as he rests in that big, soft easy-chair, and talk about things like Life with a capital-L, and Yogi philosophy, and what Real Love is. . . .

And you get to believing that by now, it'd be pretty pleasant and placid and safe and comfortable to be married to a well-fixed, considerate man like that. It'd sort of take care of so many things. . . .

By the way, I understand that Janet Gaynor has got her affairs and family matters fixed, finally, so that come what may—even matrimony!—her mother will be well-taken-care-of for the rest of her days. That problem has always been a major one to Janet; she loves her mother deeply. Janet is not one to disregard her mother's happiness and comfort in any plans she may make for herself and her own future. Janet could always be trusted to take care of mother first. And now it's fixed so that even if Janet moves out of the home they've shared, mama'll be okeh.

And Janet may move out, indeed. Janet sees ahead. That's why I presume, Janet for the first time in years hasn't taken a full-year's renewal lease on that Hollywood house she occupies.

Left, Janet's new portrait study, taken just before beginning work on *The Young in Heart*. Top photos, right, find her with Tyrone Power attending a recent premiere, with former husband Lydell Peck, and with Al Scott who used to take her dancing. Below, over, with Charlie Farrell at time they made films together, with fashion designer Adrian whom she may marry any day, and with former flame Lew Ayres

LIFE

By
VANCE
BAILEY

Janet's taken only a six months' term, this time. And she's cut her hair! There's SOMEthing—Janet Gaynor has cut her hair. Quite short; quite. Adrian likes it that way. Not that it's ever mattered much to Gaynor before what her boy friends have liked. But this time, it matters quite a good deal what Adrian likes. So Janet has cut her hair short, to please Adrian. Years ago, you know, Janet said that she'd never have her hair cut until she is ready to quit pictures for good and all. She said her fans wouldn't like it, and her fans came first above everything.

"When I get really ready to quit pictures," she said then, "I'll have my hair cut, but not before."

Janet isn't reading any scripts, either. She hasn't any studio contract or commitment, as this is written. She's finishing retakes on *The Young in Heart.*

I wouldn't be at all surprised if Janet Gaynor becomes Mrs. Gilbert Adrian almost any time, now that the middle of October is past. That's an important point, that middle-of-October business. Janet, like so many Hollywood girls, pays quite a bit of attention to astrology and things. Her birthday was October 6. Birthdays, at this stage of life, are quite important to any girl. Anyway, it seems that after the moon changed in October, the time became more suitable to people born under Janet's sign—that's Libra, I think. So there really wasn't much chance of Janet marrying Adrian before that, despite all the rumors. But now—well, if she isn't married to him already by the time this gets into print, don't be [*Continued on page* 68]

Adrian, who designs the styles for M-G-M stars, is the man of the hour in Janet Gaynor's life. According to Hollywood she is the first girl he ever loved

Joan Bennett told how she combined three careers—actress, wife, mother. Then she filed suit for divorce

Joan and Franchot Tone denied rumors of discord for months. They had their publicity as a successful team to consider

Garbo fooled the public with her silence. It's still fine publicity even after she could speak perfect English

WHY DO MOVIE STARS *Fool* THE PUBLIC?

By RICHARD McKENZIE

YOU, WHO HAVE BEEN FOOLED BY STARS, HAVE THE ANSWERS HERE. FOR THE STARS MUST KEEP UP A FRONT, OR COVER THEIR EMBARRASSMENT, OR CARRY ON FOR THE SAKE OF THAT DEAR OLD PUBLICITY

LATE last April, an interviewer went to Luise Rainer and asked her how her marriage to Playwright Clifford Odets was working out. He wasn't looking for trouble. He was simply looking for a peg on which to hang an intimate Rainer story. He liked Luise. She knew that. She also knew that, whatever her answer was, he would present it to the public in such a way that anyone, reading the story, would sympathize with her.

There had been rumors that all was not well with the Odets-Rainer marriage. Rumors that their separate careers were get-

Bette Davis denied marital break-up with Ham Nelson—who admitted difficulties. Bette was embarrassed

Ty Power has fooled public into thinking he has found serious romance. But his "romances" are manufactured at his studio

The idea was that Ronald Colman was dodging romance after wife divorced him Then he wed Benita Hume

Marjorie Weaver denies she wed a Navy ensign last fall. L. A. columnist offers to show her photostat of license

Chaplin has half public guessing that he's married to Paulette Goddard—and other half guessing he isn't. It all builds publicity

Jim Stewart makes out he's baffled by women. Smart publicity. He squires all unattached glamor girls in town

ting in the way of mutual happiness. Rumors based on their spending more and more time apart—Luise in Hollywood and Cliff in New York. Luise pooh-poohed the rumors. "Cliff and I are civilized people," she said. She went farther. She added, "My work is the very outlet of my being, yes. But I am not blind. It is not the most important thing in life. I would hang my career on a nail, the second my husband asked me."

She was very emphatic, very convincing. But she wasn't very honest. For, even before the magazine carrying her statement had reached the newsstands, she was suing Odets for divorce. And one of her reasons was: He had asked her to give up her career at its height. He had continually told her that "there could be only one career in a family."

She knew, when she gave that interview, that she was on Separation Street, heading toward Divorce Road. Perhaps she was to arrive there sooner than she expected, but she knew that she was on the way. She knew, too, that she wasn't talking just to one interviewer, but to the public. Yet she said, "I would hang my career on a nail, the second my husband asked me."

Why? Why did Luise try to fool the public? Why do so many stars encourage the gullible old public to believe so many things that aren't true?

The brutally simple answer seems to be: Fiction is more glamorous than fact. It has more dramatic possibilities. And what actor or actress can resist anything with dramatic possibilities?

When Luise vowed her now-famous vow, she had just finished *The Toy Wife*. It had not yet been released, but a great ballyhoo was going out about it. And the ballyhoo had it that Luise had never been more dramatic than as a girl who sacrificed her own happiness for the sake of her husband's. Luise apparently was tempted to live up to her publicity.

Then out came *The Toy Wife*. The critics, as a whole, didn't like it. They said that Luise was less real than in any previous performance. Perhaps she read some of the reviews. Anyway, almost immediately after the reviews appeared, off she rushed to file a divorce action.

Let any rumors pop up about a star, in contradiction to publicity stories, and you can look for that star to deny the rumors every time—as long as possible.

Consider the case of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. They fooled the public for a long time. For months, rumors of discord rumbled. And, for months, Joan and Franchot denied them, not only with words, but with actions. They made a point of being seen together in

[*Continued on page* 60]

Mickey Rooney wisecracked that he was nervous wreck at 16. But Hollywood says he was 18 last September

Errol Flynn caters to adventure roles on and off screen. He is constantly announcing far-off trips. Keeps public guessing

Luise Rainer told interviewers that she and Clifford Odets were happy together at time they were separating

OUR OWN NE

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CANDID SHOTS OF THESE

(1) Even an Englishman can shake his dignity in seeking comfort on a hot day. Robert Donat parks in a cool window seat after finishing *The Citadel* in which he plays the doctor. (2) Joan Crawford protects eyes with dark glasses while watching a polo game. (3) Bette Davis takes nourishment during recent hot wave. (4) Deanna Durbin favors heavy literature. (5) Virginia Bruce satisfies her sweet tooth 'tween scenes. (6) Jean Parker's Scottie says it with love and kisses. (7) Olivia de Havilland goes for a swim before breakfast

WS CAMERA

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12

HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS

(8) Rosemary Lane rushes the season at Palm Springs, winter playground of stars. (9) While you're bundled up in furs Merle Oberon wears a playsuit and sun-glasses to flirt with the sun. (10) Never a day goes by without Warner Baxter taking a swim in his pool. Keeps him fit. (11) Stripped to shorts, Arthur Lake finds wim and wigor skiing in high Sierras. (12) T'was like Injia's sunny clime when the *Gunga Din* company were on location. Cary Grant takes the sun and likes it. (13) Jim Cagney is two-gun guy in *Angels with Dirty Faces*. (14) Gable is one-gun guy on hunting trip

13

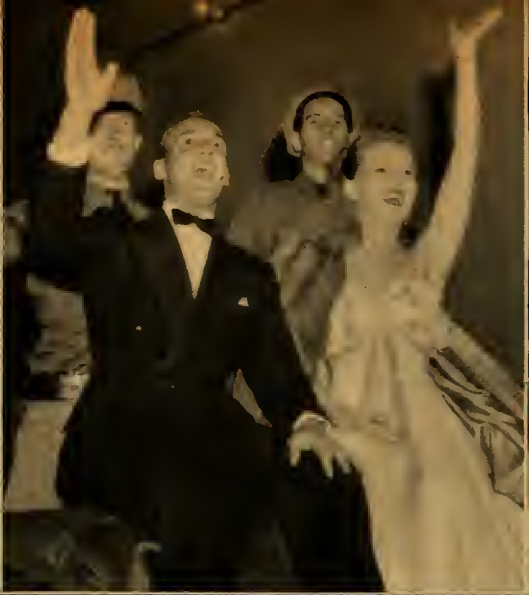
14

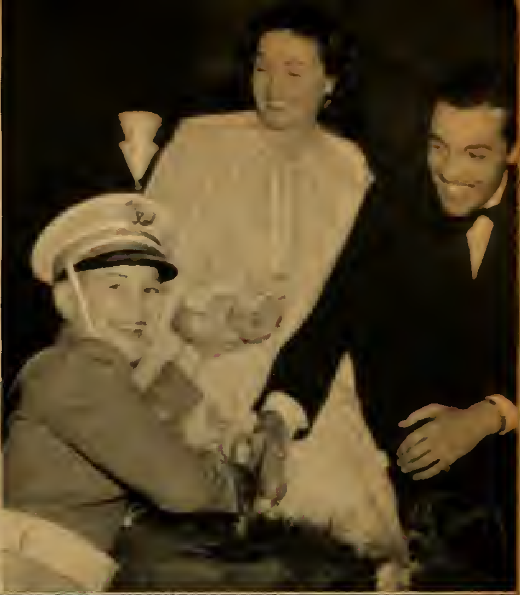
Down, around, Edw. G. Robinson, Pat O'Brien watch procession of autos carrying Legionnaires as guests of Warner studio during convention at L. A. . . . Legionnaire dates chorine Helen Bruzzard . . . 30,000 vets are greeted by Rosemary Lane, Hal Wallis, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Jack and Harry Warner . . . Legion mogul shocks Marie Wilson with electric cane (an old Legion custom) . . . Legionnaires get into movie scenes . . . At lunch Rosemary Lane seated 'tweeh Nat'l Com. Doherty and Gov. Merriam. Standing, Jack Warner, Misses Bryan, Page, Dickson, Louise, Sheridan, Blondell, Lindsay

WELCOME LEGIONNAIRE

WHEN THE LEGION

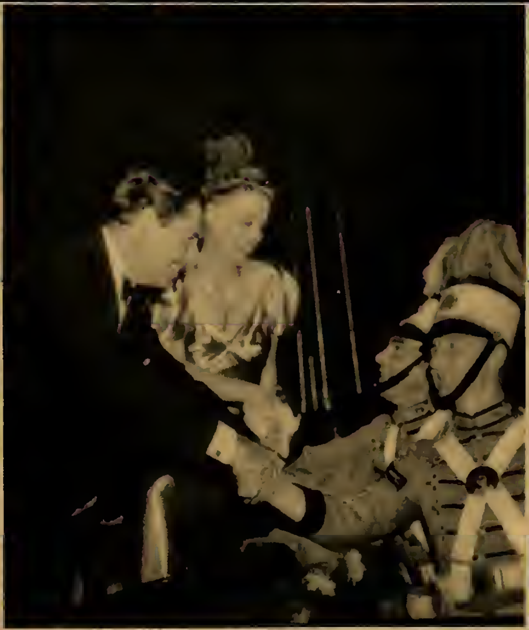
When it came to putting on a show the Legion had to reckon with movie stars, who, in glad rags, came out in full force. They even participated in the parade. At right, Jackie Coogan-Betty Grable wave a greeting . . . Marjorie Weaver-Cesar Romero congratulate Clyde Menke, Jun. Drum Major champion. . . . Below, Warner Baxter-Gloria Stuart greet Legionnaires while Jean Hersholt-Arleen Whelan-Richard Greene get a kick out of it . . . Bottom, Shirley Temple and parents lead parade. Bob Burns blows bazooka for Ed Robinson's boy. Jack Benny, Barbara Stanwyck, Hedda Hopper enjoy it

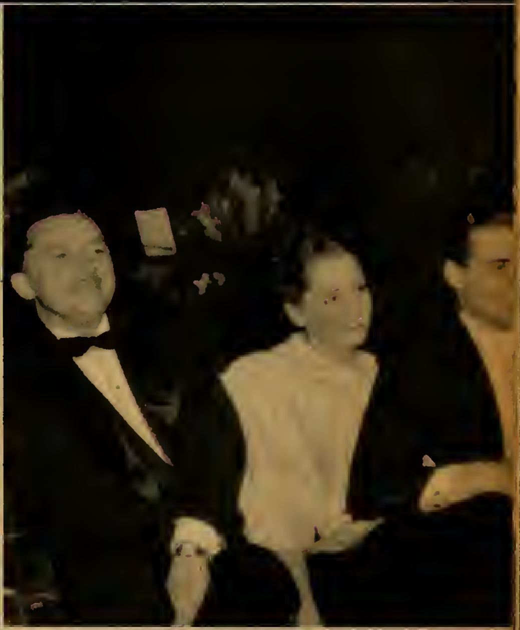


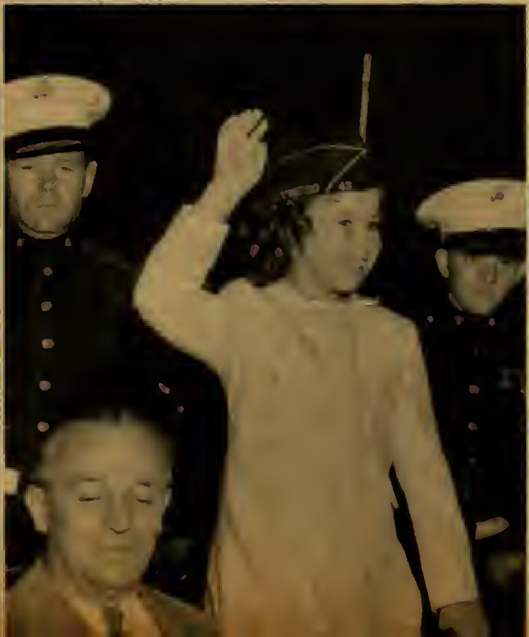


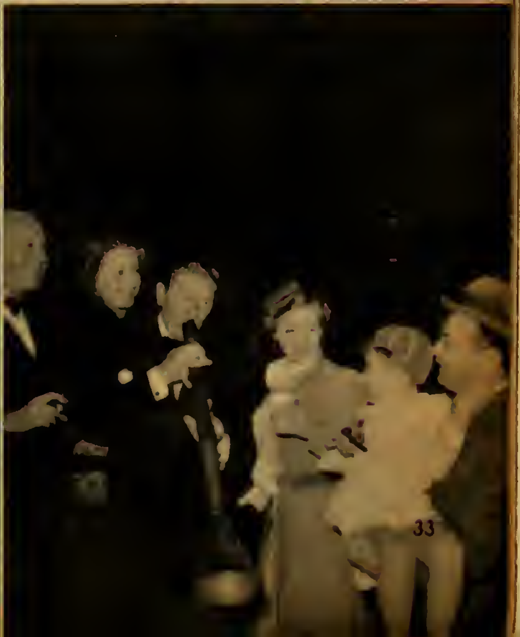
CAME TO TOWN

40 HOMMES
8 CHEVAUX









BALLET--HOO!

Priscilla Lane, tired of Shag, Big Apple Lambeth Walk, Truckin' and other jitterbug steps, tries out modern ballet dancing

Every ballet dancer takes to the air during her routine. So Priscilla leaps into an open scissors posture. Perfect poise

Priscilla may be trying the "dying swan" movement here. Whatever it is suggests perfect rhythm. Music by field crickets

With left leg sweeping backward to ground Pat strikes majestic pose. Monte Carlo Ballet Russe better look to laurels

Wearing a dress for plenty of leg action, Priscilla does her ballet-hoochie. As she pirouettes she waves "yoo-hoo" to camera

Priscilla is the personification of grace. Note how she holds out skirt—with foot poised downward six inches from ground

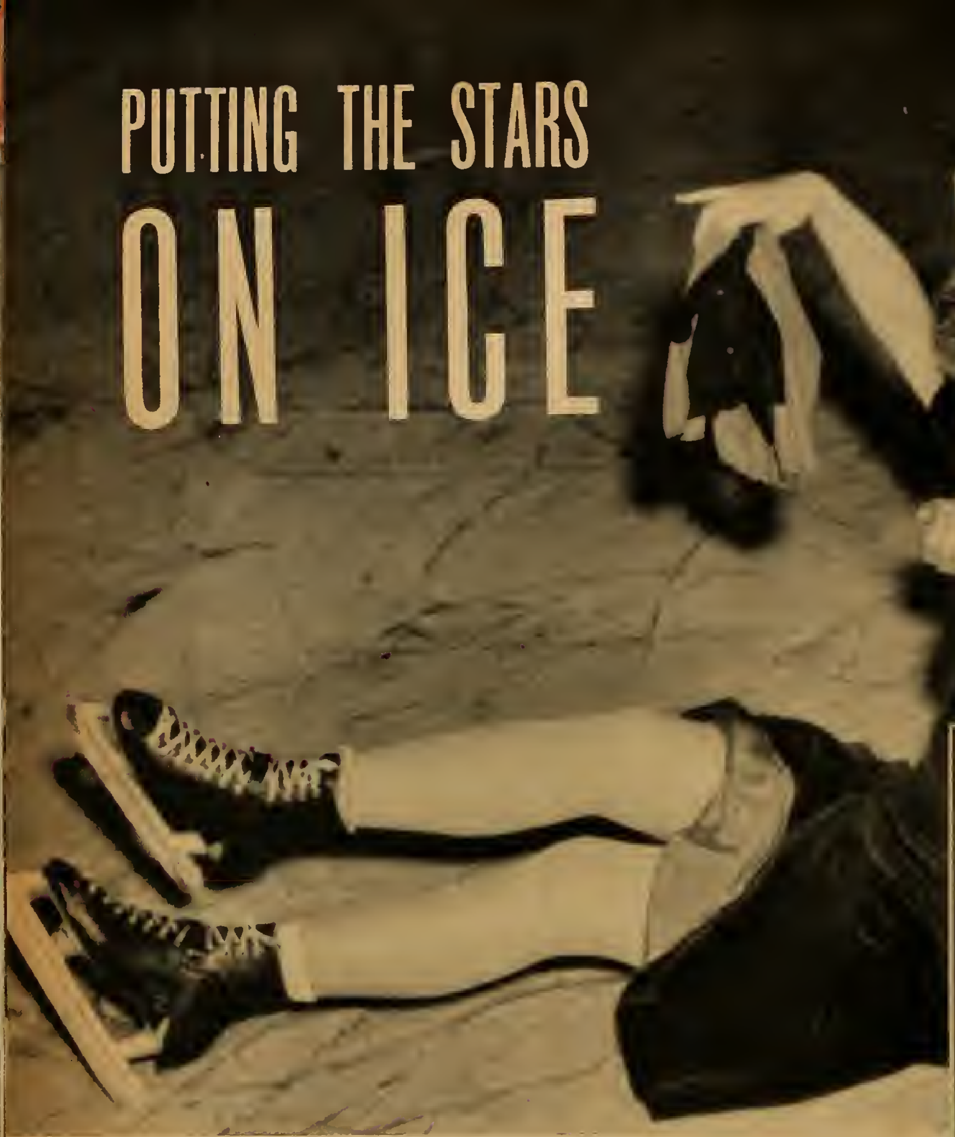
This difficult horizontal posture is easy for Priscilla—who keeps perfect balance as she leans toward San Fernando Valley

Time for another upward soar. She creates the illusion, actually, of flying higher and higher. Note compact posture of body

Still upward she soars—arms and legs outstretched. She's not the tail of a kite. There are no strings attached. It's talent

Pat kicks off pumps, comes down barefooted in the alfalfa. Feels good on the tootsies. And waves "that's all" to camera

PUTTING THE STARS ON ICE



After the premiere of the Ice Follies, Hollywood's glamor girls and boys learn how it feels to be on ice. Above, Nancy Carroll falls for Mickey Rooney and Mickey being the little gentleman comes to her aid

Right, Jack Oakie having been divorced recently from Venita Varden learns how it feels to support someone else's wife. But, it's only on the ice. Both he and Betty Grable seem to think it's loads of fun

Before taking off on skates Jack Benny tells a good one to Harold and Mildred Lloyd

Jack doesn't have much Hope in Bob. He lends aid to his wife Mary Livingston

Charlie Farrell lends perfect balance to Heather Thatcher and so they get on

Now Jack Oakie can't even support himself. But Mickey and Betty come to rescue

Above, Roy Shipstad and Bess Ehrhardt, members of the Ice Follies troupe, each lend a hand to Dolores del Rio and hubby Cedric Gibbons. But, it looks like Dolores needs a little straightening out first

Left, Joan Crawford cuts quite a figure on the ice with the aid of Alyce Holmberg and Peggy Maloney, Ice Follies Girls. And there is nothing like professional training for look at Joan cutting up below

Looks like Eddie Cantor has persuaded Mary Livingston to place all her hope in him

And here's Joan and Cesar Romero just warming up. Hope the ice doesn't melt

Look here, Dolores del Rio and her benedict are beginning to like it on ice, too

John Mack Brown, Heather Angel and Richard Dix take to the ice like oldtimers

STUDIO PHOT

FOR TEN YEARS GEORGE HURRELL HAS PHOTOGRAPHED ALL PROMINENT STARS AND KNOWS THEM BETTER THAN THEY KNOW THEMSELVES. HIS CAMERA CATCHES EVERY MOOD—HE TELLS ABOUT IT

PHOTOGRAPHING the darlings of fifty-five nations off-screen is an intimate and fascinating profession. For ten years George Hurrell has been the ace camera artist of Hollywood, our No. 1 specialist of photogenic glamor. His photographs are lyric poems of the camera, and his studio is a confessional where the stars reveal themselves to their innermost depths. A guy like Hurrell knows our glamor girls and boys better than they know themselves.

Hurrell charges as much as $1,000 for a sitting. His price for photographing a Los Angeles society wedding was $2,500. He is only 34, vigorous, exuberant, slangy. He has a shock of dark brown hair combed straight back; a strong,

Left, Hurrell with his camera. And below are six photogenic triumphs of his art

BASIL RATHBONE

MARIE WILSON

GINGER ROGERS

GRAPHER Confesses

By
LEON
SURMELIAN

ruddy face; keen, penetrating eyes. Born in Cincinnati, he studied painting and drawing at the Chicago Art Institute and the Academy of Fine Arts, but found photography more exciting artistically. By defying the accepted, conventional rules of camera technique, he has established an individual style of photography. Like all true artists, he is an individualist and a rebel.

He came to California in 1925 with a painter friend, and opened his first studio at Laguna Beach, a picture-book town noted for its art colony, where Hollywood stars go to seek rest and relaxation. Then he moved to Los Angeles, and the first screen celebrity to go to him for a portrait was Ramon Novarro. He was followed by Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. M-G-M persuaded Hurrell to photograph its stars exclusively, and for three years he was in charge of that studio's gallery. Again entering into business for himself, he photographed for all the studios on special assignments, until Warner Bros. put him under contract a few months ago, and he is now confining his talents to glamorizing Warner stars.

I doubt if there is a single player of consequence in Hollywood whom Hurrell has not photographed. A long list of celebrities in other walks of life have also posed for him, including Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Countess Warwick, Princess Patino (cousin of the ex-king Alfonso of Spain), besides other princesses, countesses and baronesses, Elizabeth Arden, Mrs. Jock Whitney, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, James Montgomery Flagg, Will Durant, Jo Davidson, the sculptor, Cecil Beaton, the artist-photographer, and others too numerous to mention. Hurrell's impressions of these famous people would make a very interesting story, but this being a screen magazine, we'll leave them out and have him talk about mugging Hollywood stars.

"WHO are the twelve most interesting photographic subjects in Hollywood?" I asked him. "Not the twelve most beautiful ones, but the twelve stars you like best for camera studies."

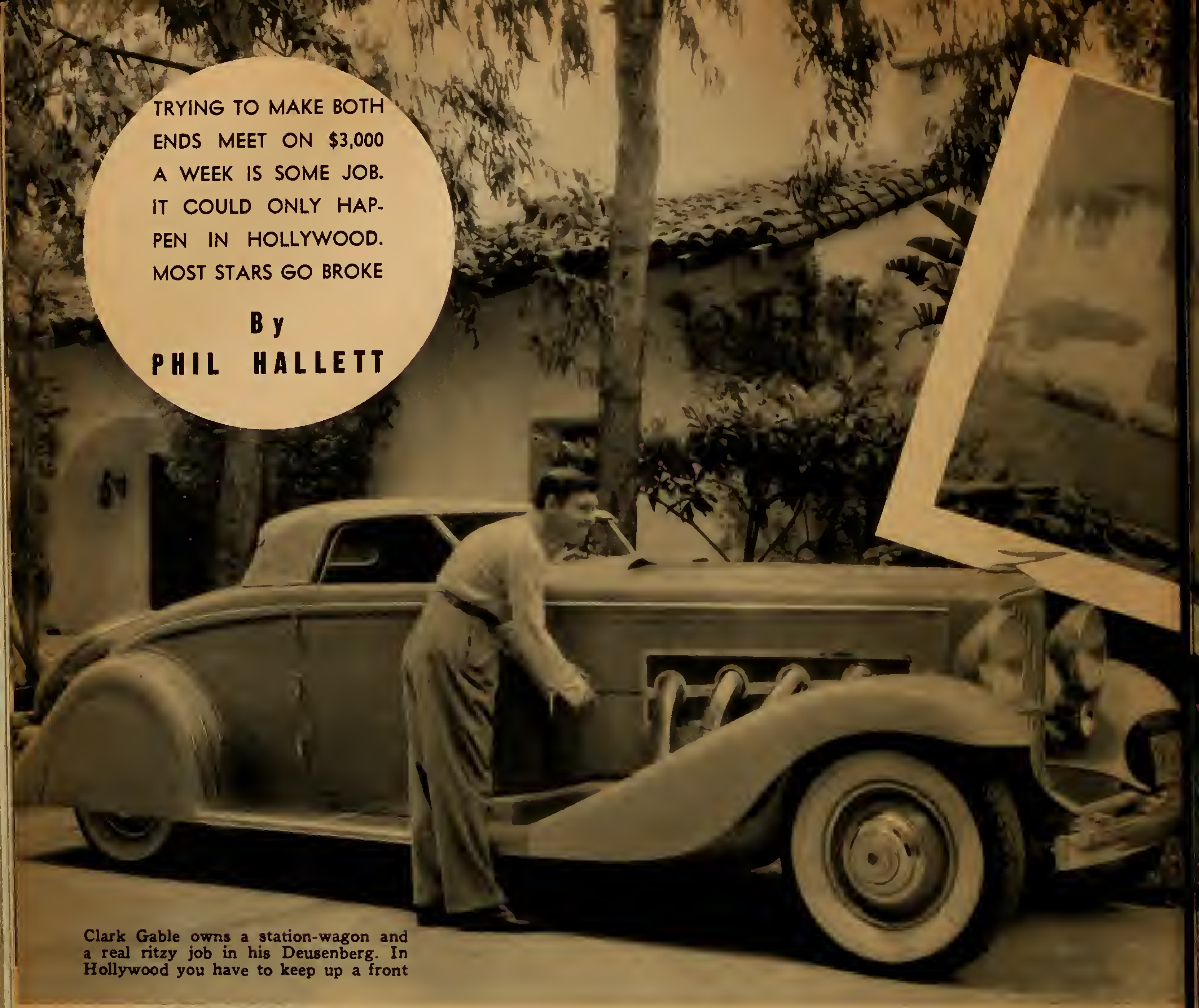
He made the following list:

1. Bette Davis
2. Carole Lombard
3. Marlene Dietrich
4. Hedy Lamarr
5. Alice Faye
6. Myrna Loy
7. Ginger Rogers
8. Shirley Temple
9. Katharine Hepburn
10. Tyrone Power
11. Errol Flynn
12. Paul Muni [*Continued on page* 53]

BETTE DAVIS

CAROLE LOMBARD

PAUL MUNI



TRYING TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET ON $3,000 A WEEK IS SOME JOB. IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN IN HOLLYWOOD. MOST STARS GO BROKE

By

PHIL HALLETT

Clark Gable owns a station-wagon and a real ritzy job in his Deusenberg. In Hollywood you have to keep up a front

ONLY in Hollywood is it possible to economize to the limit of safety and yet go broke on $3,000 per week. That's fact, not fantasy. It is happening today, to various famous stars. You'll understand it, incredible as it seems at first glance, when you learn the inside story, with its record of star-bleeding rackets and "necessary" extravagances in which your favorites must indulge—or else!

We propose to tell that story.

It's convenient to heap much blame on Federal and State income taxes. For every dollar they and other legitimate costs of being a movie star take out of a $3,000 salary, rackets take out a dollar-and-a-half. This tribute is paid to a broad array of parasites, ranging from armed thugs through mere profiteers, chiselling relatives and friends, to a highway-robber disguised in the humble, respectable cloak of charity.

Stars who have rebelled have quickly ceased to be stars; dropped out of pictures. The majority have paid, and tried as rapidly as possible to raise their salaries to $3,500. At that figure, they can clear a little money to put aside for a rainy day.

Carole Lombard's statement that the government spent the income tax levied on her salary in improvement of the country brought forth cheers. "I got my money's worth," says she

Claudette Colbert's hilltop home runs into a lot of money. It's good publicity. Tourists can see it a long way off. Dietrich gets "serviced" with expensive hose—having a "runless" life of two hours

When a star's salary is in the higher brackets she has to live on a grand scale. It helps at the box-office. Below, Ginger Rogers at swim pool of her swank new home

HOW STARS STARVE ON $3,000 A WEEK

At salaries lower than $3,000, the "glamour" type of star goes broke or into debt in less splendor and luxury. We say "glamour" stars, because villains, comedians, character actors and so on, pay far less tribute to the Hollywood rackets. But stars who get paid for popularity that rests on glamorous personalities are vulnerable. Glamour is a fragile thing which gossip, weapon of malice, can easily destroy.

Various actors have tried to blame producers for these woes, saying they "deliberately try to keep stars broke, and therefore dependent on them." That's neither fair nor logical. Producers have to pay tribute to the rackets through their stars. Somebody has to foot the bill for an increasing greed which raised stellar "subsistence levels" from $1,500 weekly a few years ago, to $3,000 today!

It is true that some producers have often played into the hands of the bloodsuckers, either by demanding that stars put on an expensive "front," or by approving of extravagance as "good showmanship."

A story is told that Clark Gable and Charles Laughton were advised to get rid of their little, popular cars, and buy expensive ones. Gable, it seems, spent a young fortune on a real ritzy job, thereby winning more approval than Laughton, who merely got one of the better American cars.

Producers have not urged stars to refrain from building half-million dollar hilltop homes, such as Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March and others sport. "They're as good as a billboard up there where all the tourists can see them from a long way off," is the producer argument. And we must admit, a producer's advice isn't taken lightly by those who aspire to be great box-office attractions.

But no one can blame producers because many feminine stars pay $17.50 per pair for stockings, nor for the fact that stars who don't are ridiculed as "cheap skates."

The stars get "service" with their expensive hose, of course. "Hosiery barons" will rush a pair day or night to any address, when a "run" occurs. This service is necessary, a stocking czar recently told reporters, because stockings such as he supplies Marlene Dietrich have a "runless" life of about two hours! The pair he sold Alice Faye for $2,500, he admits, were exceptionally expensive. They had diamond-studded zippers at the ankles!

Nor can we blame a producer because certain florists profiteer and country clubs charge sky rates, even though it may be good policy to play golf with him and send flowers to his wife.

If a star makes $100 bets on each hole and lets the producer win the majority for policy's sake, that's his own affair. The producer, too, gets "taken" by the country club—and when he buys his wife flowers, he has to get them from the same ultra-ultra florists, because stars have taught her to demand the most expensive.

Now *why* must stars pay tribute in this manner? Buy $17.50 hose, get flowers where

[*Continued on page* 74]

1

2

3

TO GIVE

CHRISTMAS is the time to whisper in corners over your family gift list. And it's also the time for me to come to your rescue with suggestions for every one on it. Now my idea of the perfect gift list is one that lets you do all your shopping at the toiletry counter. Everyone is glad to receive something that will make and keep her better looking or more comfortable, so you're off to a good start. And at the finish—when the bills come in—you'll still be happy because cosmetics, perfumes and all come in every price range, from dimes to dollars. What's more, your shopping is ever so simple when you can buy all your gifts in one spot. So here are cosmetic gifts for you to give, and—if you don't know what *you* want—to receive.

From You TO—

MOTHER. A special Christmas package of Houbigant's new Eau Florale and Talcum Powder, scented with Quelques Fleurs or Le Parfum Ideal will keep her as sweet as ever!

DAD. Fitch's Gift Set in its "cedar chest" will help him keep that fine hair line, give him weeks of shaving comfort.

SIS. Match her make-up to her eyes with the De Luxe Marvelous gift set Sally Eilers is using.

BABY. The fine oatmeal soap, and generous can of borated oatmeal powder make this Yardley box a real Gift for Baby.

THE "GIRLS." Either Pond's Beauty Box or the Lux Toilet Soap Christmas package would make an attractive beauty gift.

HIM. Cashmere Bouquet's swank wooden Shaving Bowl is a gift that will do you (and him) proud—inexpensively!

To You FROM—

HIM. Coty's Evening Purse, in black, blue or rose to match your gown, contains powder compact, periscope lipstick.

THE "GIRLS." Maybelline's Eye Beauty Kit and Bourjois' Evening in Paris perfume and purse flacon are worth a hint.

BABY—who knows girls must have soft hands. He'll save his pennies to give you Campana's Italian Balm gift bottle.

SIS—smart girl, selects Revlon's whipcord Countess nail kit, with two shades of enamel, oily remover, and sundries.

DAD. His practical soul will approve of Kleinert's Roman-striped Cosmetic Kit. Its climate-proof lining can't stick, crack, peel or leak. A removable inner bag holds jars, bottles.

MOTHER—gives a movie-struck daughter a gift from Hollywood. Max Factor's set contains cream, powder, rouge, lipstick, talc.

4

POND'S
DANYA
POND'S
5

Seasons Greetings
6

SHAVING BOWL
Cashmere Bouquet
7

AND RECEIVE

Denise Caine will be glad to help you with your holiday beauty problems. Just send a stamped addressed envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage) for her reply. Address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

1. Houbigant's gift of after - bath sweetness
2. All that a man could want in Fitch's Set
3. Sally Eilers uses DeLuxe Marvelous Set
4. Yardley's oatmeal gifts for babies
5. Three aids for skin in Pond's Beauty Box
6. Lux Toilet Soap goes gay for holiday giving
7. Cashmere Bouquet's Shaving Bowl for him
8. Campana's Italian Balm in deluxe bottle
9. Evening In Paris Perfume duo by Bourjois
10. Eye Beauty Kit from Maybelline is an I-dea
11. Coty's Evening Purse with compact and lipstick
12. Revlon's Countess kit is a handsome gift
13. Fitted cosmetic bag by Kleinert
14. Rosemary Lane approves of Max Factor's Make-Up Set

14

12

13

8

9

Maybelline
10

11

IF BOB BURNS WERE *King* OF HOLLYWOOD

"WELL, I'LL TELL YOU. IF THEY MADE ME KING," SAYS BOB, "I'D MAKE BING CROSBY DICTATOR OF MEN AN' CAROLE LOMBARD DICTATOR OF WOMEN." AND NO KIDDING, YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THE TOWN IF THEY CROWNED HIM KING ROBIN !

By CYRIL VANDOUR

VAN BUREN, Arkansas, received its most famous citizen like a king when he stopped off there on his way to Hollywood to get a long-deferred high-school diploma. There were four bands and thousands of people at the station to welcome the Bazooka man home. They staged a parade in his honor, and later, in the high-school auditorium paid him a tribute which Bob can't remember without tears blurring his eyes.

Early this summer Bob went to Independence, Kansas, to visit his wife's folks. She had served him as secretary before they fell in love with each other and married. His first wife died before *Rhythm on the Range,* the picture that introduced him to Hollywood, was released. The city park was decorated with flags, there was a parade, a band played, and the local orators went to town as they fired verbal salvos in his honor. And down in New Orleans, where he once carried bananas on his back at 25c an hour and toiled at sundry other menial tasks, a regal suite in the city's finest hotel and a limousine with a liveried chauffeur were put at his disposal. In this same hotel he had once worked as houseboy and polished door-knobs. In St. Louis the airport was jammed with loyal throngs and thousands clamored for his autograph when he got off the plane during this same tour.

And here in Hollywood the drawling philosopher of the Ozarks acted as toastmaster at the last banquet of the Academy. He has come closest in replacing the late Will Rogers in the hearts of the American people, and particularly of those who have worked with him making movies. He is an all-around [*Continued on page* 64]

Bob, a keen sizer-upper takes Hollywood apart in his imaginary job as king. In putting it together under the Burns plan the bazooka man gives the hokum and hooey one terrible beating

ESCHEW the FAT--JUST CHEW the LEAN

By E. J. SMITHSON

HERE IS PATSY KELLY'S ADVICE TO THE FAIR, FAT AND FORTIES WHO WANT TO REDUCE. ONCE THE "EATINGEST" WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD, SHE TOOK OFF 48 POUNDS

Above, when Patsy tipped the scales at 167 lbs. Left, after whittling herself down to streamlined 119 lbs.

WHAT with the thousand and one diets devised especially for women who want to take off a few pounds and take 'em off quickly, it's no more an interesting bit of news than "dog bites man" when one of the fair, but overly plump ladies, manages to melt off ten pounds in ten days. Or thereabouts.

But just let one of the feminine dietists whittle herself down from a big and bulgy 167 pounds to a svelte and streamlined 119 pounds in less than three months and you're face to face with a "man bites dog" news event in any language, including what was formerly the Czechoslovakian.

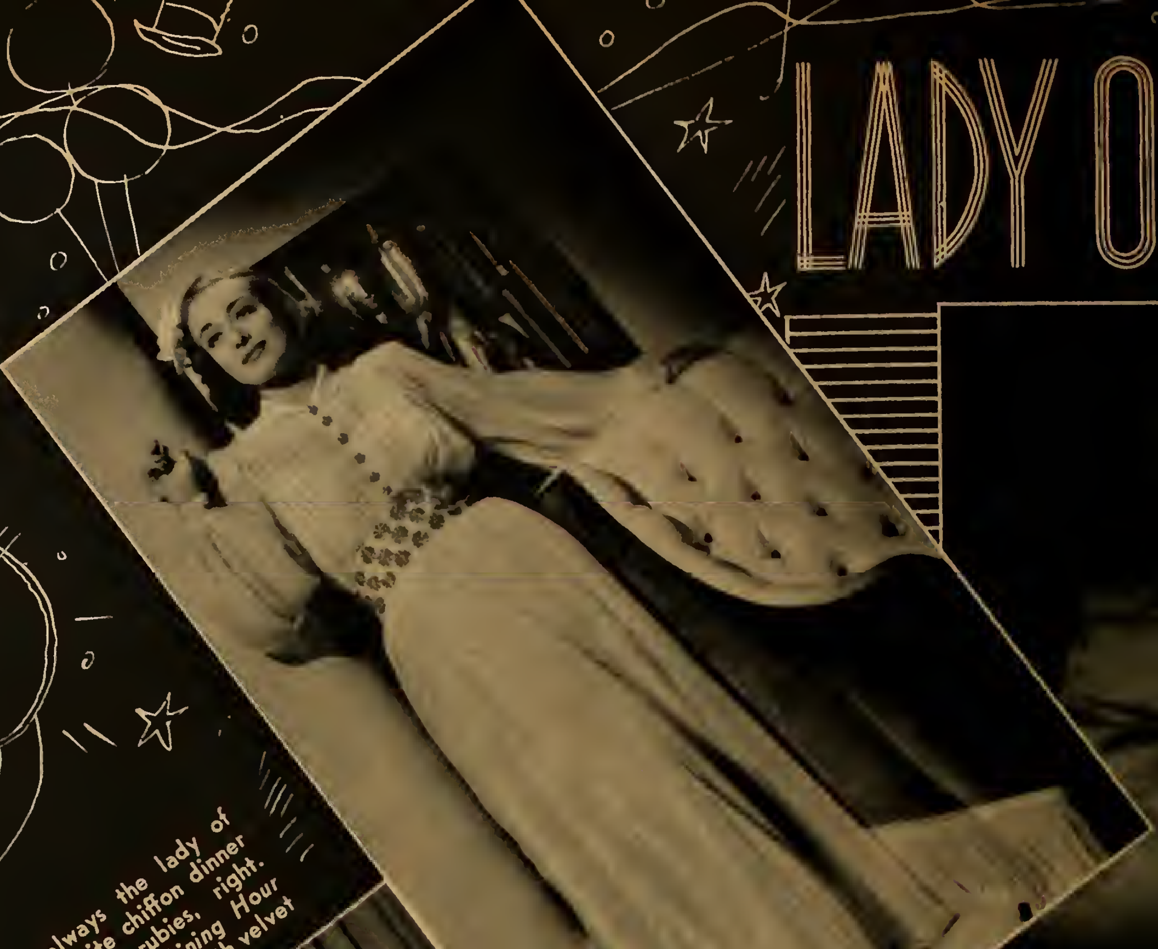
And if this feminine dietist happens to be no less a personage than Patsy Kelly, it's front page news from the Antibes to Zenobia. Or thereabouts! And if you don't believe it, take time out to ask the first woman who isn't a perfect 36 and listen to what she says! Or better yet, since the subject is so vitally important, listen to what Patsy says.

"I knew a couple of years ago that I was losing my girlish figure," she starts out, "but it didn't bother me much. I kept right on eating like a farmhand who was afraid he'd miss a meal. Pork-chops and spare-ribs, covered with a generous helping of catsup or chili sauce, were my favorite dishes and I'd add to them when dessert came around, by ordering, and eating, a couple of generous helpings of pastries—the sweeter the better! From what my friends tell me I was the 'eatingest' woman in Hollywood. I'm ashamed to confess it now, but I never went to bed without either raiding the ice-box or going to one of our 'drive-in' restaurants and eating from two to three—it all depended upon how hungry I was—hamburgers with all the fixings.

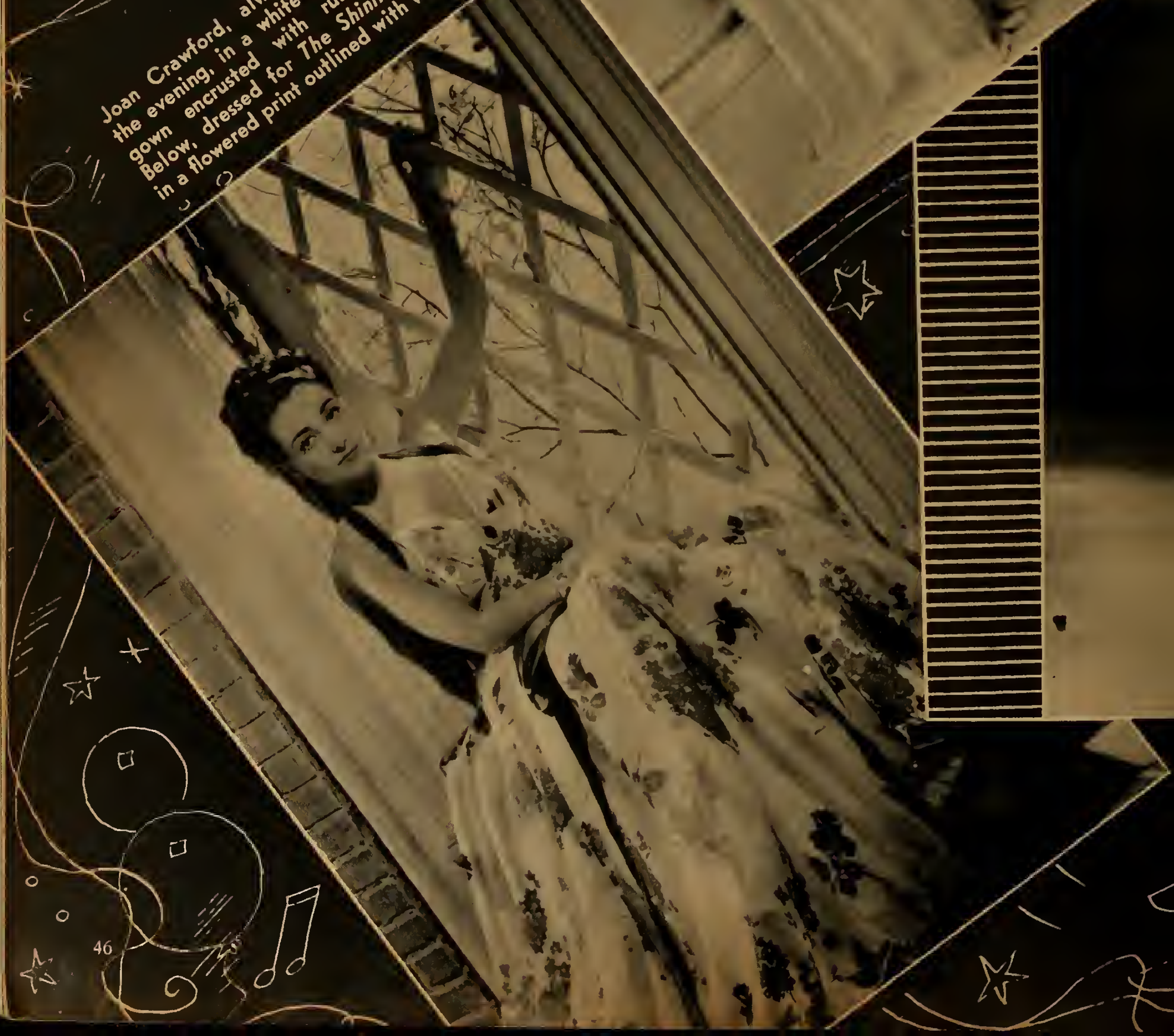
"Well, the rains came, as the book says, and likewise the fat. I stepped on a set of scales one February afternoon and the little black finger stopped at 137 pounds. Three months later I stepped on the scales again and the little black finger stopped at 157 pounds. By this time, when I ordered a dress I just stepped into a shoppe and said 'pup tent' when the sales-girl asked, 'What size?' They were nice and expensive garments, too, and especially designed, the sales-girls always said, to take away the effect of plumpness. Which was a very gracious way of putting it but which didn't fool me one bit. I had reached a point where I was just plain fat. Well . . ."

Well, Patsy says she mustered up enough courage and strength to go on an orange-juice diet for eight days, during which she lost eight pounds, but on the ninth day she fell off the diet wagon and went on a spare-rib binge that put it all back. She tried a sauerkraut diet, too, for another eight days, lost a few bulges here and [*Continued on page* 57]

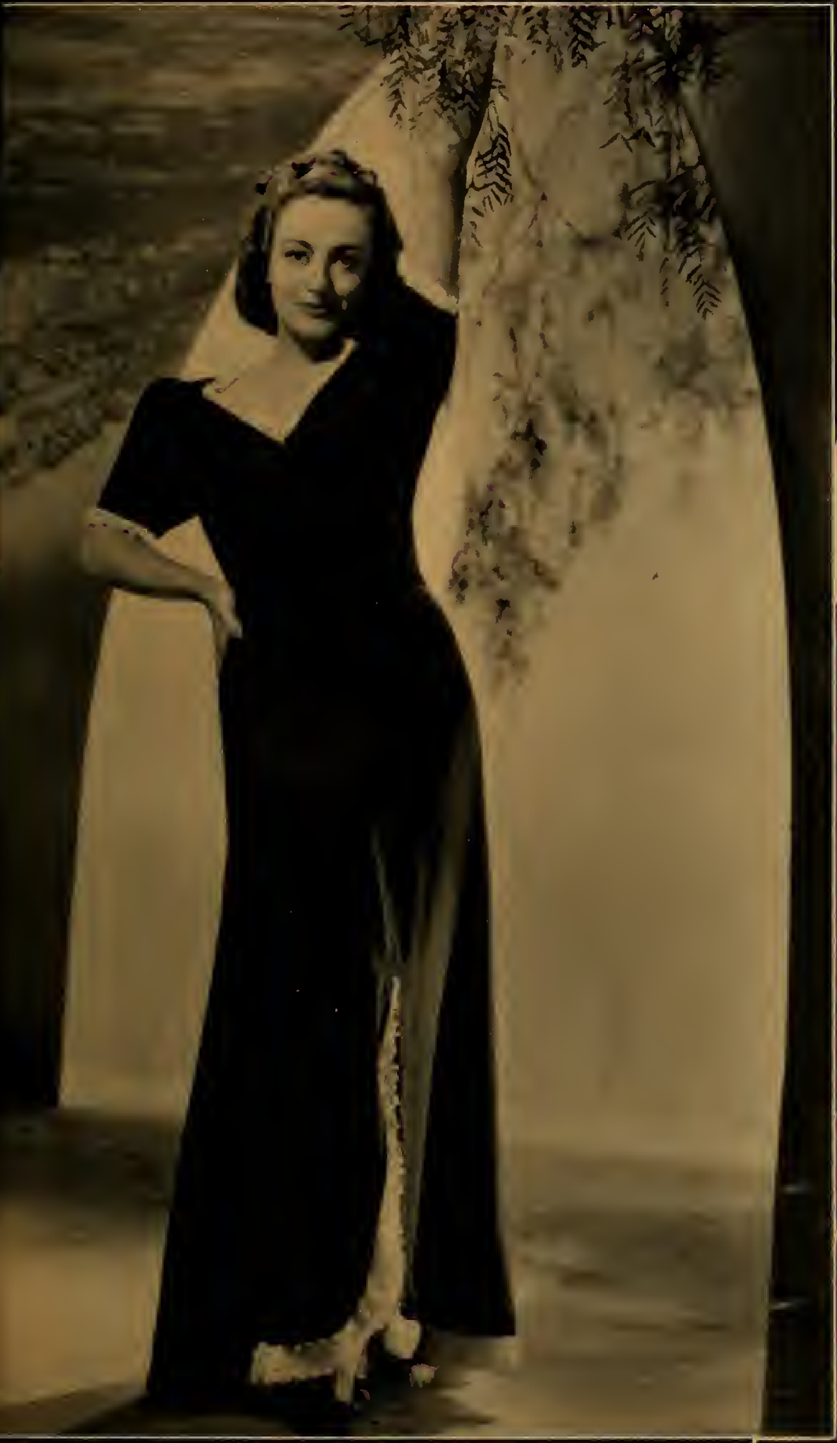
LADY OF

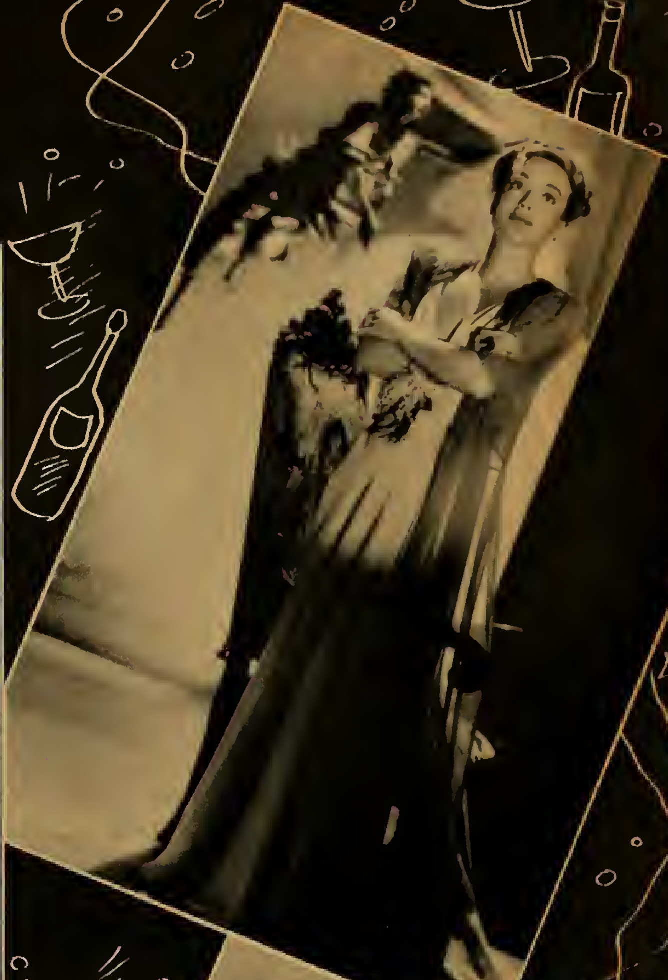


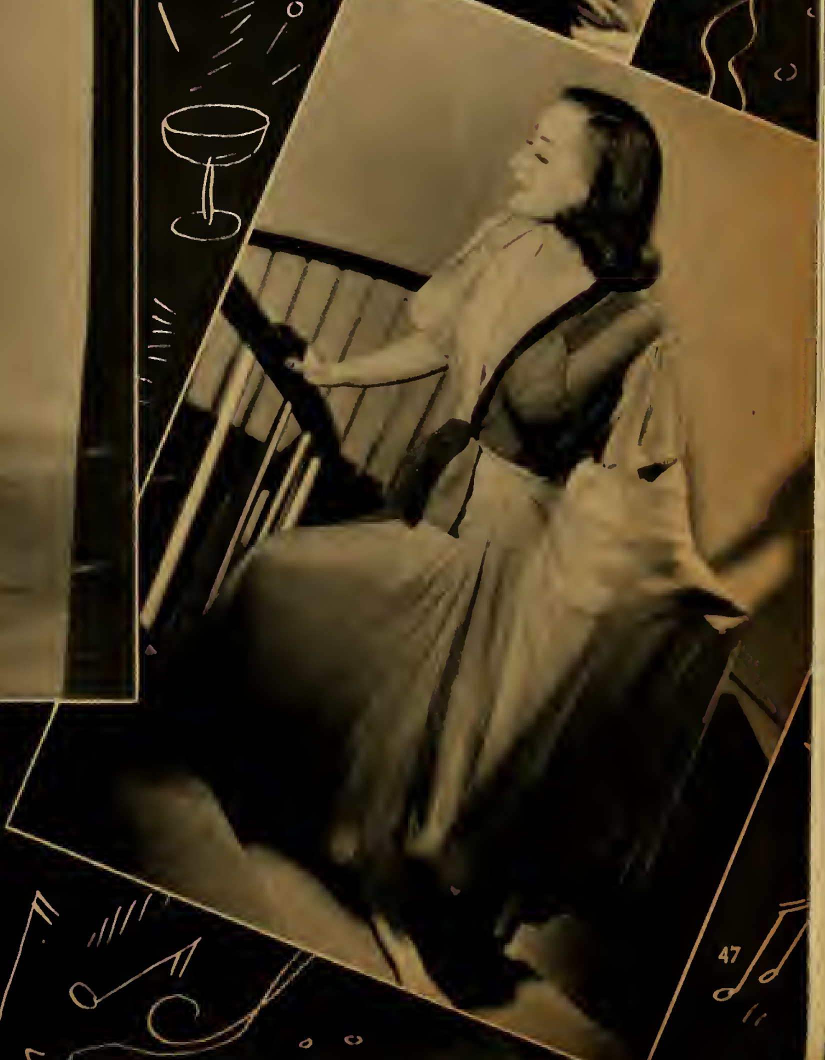
Joan Crawford, always the lady of the evening, in a white chiffon dinner gown encrusted with rubies, right. Below, dressed for *The Shining Hour* in a flowered print outlined with velvet



THE EVENING







Above, Joan, looking sweet and sophisticated in a black crepe dinner dress. That isn't her petticoat peaking through but ruffles of white lace. Upper right, in an evening ensemble of white crepe topped with a bright green chiffon cape. And, right, in a hostess gown with train of shaded blue chiffon

That's Hollywood

■ Retake of the Month was the head-turning and eyebrow-raising event at that Hollywood nitery the other swing-time — when Sonja Henie, away for months in Norway, signalized her return to Hollywood life by stepping out. And she was escorted by, of ALL people, Tyrone Power . . . ! ! ! One moment of astounded silence swept through the place—and then a sibilant wave of whisper-whisper-whisper that must have made both Ty's and Sonja's ears burn. Principal items of the refrain that followed:

"What! Is she going for THAT guy again, after the way he did her?"

And—

"What! Is he going for *her* again, after the way she did him?"

That's Hollywood, boys and girls . . . !

Saves Her Mits

■ If you ever meet Shirley Temple in person, and are introduced, you'll notice she doesn't offer to shake hands. She bows, but protects her little hands against too enthusiastic greeters by keeping 'em behind her.

When that heat wave struck Hollywood a few weeks ago many lovelies like Jean Foley, Rose Heitner and Diana Arden of *Topper Takes a Trip* went bathing

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Wearing the smile of the cat that just swallowed the canary is Cesar Romero who knows all the Latin tricks of pleasing the ladies. Joan Crawford doesn't seem a bit annoyed as he helps her on with her skates at party that followed premiere of Ice Follies . . . At right, streamliner Ellen Drew takes fruit and success in stride. She looks like a sure bet for stardom after her acting in *If I Were King* opposite Colman

Double-Barrelled Success Note

■ Packing them in at a downtown Los Angeles theatre the other week, while personal-appearancing, was new cowboy star Roy Rogers, who stepped in for Gene Autry. Two years ago, Roy was working for $15 a week in a store right across the street from the very theatre where he's now starring!

And winning furious applause nightly at Pantages' Hollywood theatre at the same time was *Youth Takes a Fling*, which sends pretty Dorothea Kent sky-rocketing starward. Yet four years ago, a gal named Dorothea Kent (the same gal) was just one of the ushers in Pantages' theatre.

Snicker

■ On a Hollywood street corner. One of those flamboyant movie queens who isn't quite a star but doesn't know it, was high-hatting one of the town's wisecrackers. Telling about how much servants and autos and things cost.

"It's ghawstly," she nearly sobbed, "but it costs me five thousand a year to live . . . "

"Don't do it," he snapped; "it ain't worth it!"

[*Continued on page* 52]

A sextette of girls from *Topper Takes a Trip* go through limbering-up exercises, the better to strut their stuff in the picture featuring Roland Young

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Oh lookee what we have here. Skol! The Garbo is back from her year's vacation in Europe, still declaring: "I want to be alone." But the press, radio companies and newsreel men ganged up on her even before the boat docked. She wasn't a bit shy with the cameramen, but refused to admit or deny any marriage with Stokowski. Left, eye-filling Marion Martin is screen's new streamlined vamp of *Adam's Evening*. Take it easy, boys

CATCHING UP *With* CUPID

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

SIX YEARS IS A LONG WAIT IN CATCHING UP WITH CUPID, BUT THE DON AMECHES FINALLY MADE THAT HONEYMOON TRIP ABROAD

HE WAS only twenty-two then, and she was twenty-one. She held in her hand a new and shining ring, her wedding-ring. He held in his a travel folder depicting Niagara Falls.

"But I've seen it," she said.

"I have, too," he sighed. "But it's all I can afford. Never mind, Honey, one day we'll really go on a honeymoon—go everywhere, see everything. We'll go to Europe, that's what!"

It's one of those promises which every groom makes to his bride and Don Ameche made it thus to Honore Pendergast Ameche on the day of their wedding six years ago. At that time he was poor, and unknown, yet he had confidence in the promise, as all grooms do. "Maybe we won't be able to do it for years," Don said. "But, Honore, even if we're fifty, we'll have that trip, I promise you, and you won't mind if we're old and grey, will you? A couple of doddering old folks? It'll still be *our* trip, our European splurge. It's a date, Honore—even thirty years from now?"

"It's a date," she replied. "Whenever you get ready to make it, I'll be there to go along, too."

Today, six years later, Don and Honore have just come back from keeping that date—their European Honeymoon jaunt. While they were gone, Don was stricken with a case of appendicitis and had to have the appendix removed. The news hit the American papers. Don on his first trip to Europe, with only a month allowed him for his trip, was lying in a hospital in the small town of Utrecht, Holland. Many of us who read the item felt frankly sorry for him. It seemed like such an unlucky break: his fun, his itinerary, his plans, all spoiled. Why, we asked, did it have to happen then, and there?

But Don has quite a different viewpoint, a very happy one, to judge by

Don was 22 and the Missus 21 when they were married six years ago. And were too poor to take honeymoon trip to Europe—one they had promised themselves. They had to wait until Don was in the money the grin on his face now, as he recalls it. "Anything which happens always happens for a reason," he said, "and usually for a good one. Just because I *was* ill, Honore and I had the most beautiful, peaceful and romantic time together which we could have possibly had anywhere. It was much nicer than we planned: the operation was really a break in that respect. Perhaps you find such Pollyanna-ism hard to believe at first, but if I tell you the whole story then I'm sure you'll understand.

"We started off in such a whirlwind of excitement. I had just finished working in *Gateway*, and until the last minute I really didn't know when we'd get away. There were retakes, you see, but we finally finished on Friday. On Saturday they told me I wouldn't be needed anymore; Saturday night we packed the bags—no trunks, just a couple of suitcases—and Sunday morning we were off. We made the boat in New York just in time. We weren't alone when we started off; there were two other couples making the trip with us. The Charles Laucks—he's Lum of Lum and Abner—and the Armstrongs, all of them good friends of ours. It was all a very grand and glorious spree on the boat and the first few days in London. We laughed, we played, we craned our necks in a dozen directions, were in a fever heat to do and see everything I guess.

"We had ordered a car in France and it was there to meet us at the port when we arrived. That was when I began to feel rather badly. Of course I kept refusing to think it was anything serious, just a bad tummyache, all the strange food, and the breathless pace we were taking. We drove to Holland first, and finally one day I just had to call a halt, and haul in at the nearest hospital.

"That was in Utrecht, not a large place, and at first we saw no doctors around the hospital—only Sisters. None of us spoke Dutch and only one Sister spoke English—only a few words, too—so it was quite a while before I could make them understand what was the matter with me. Grunts and groans and gestures around my appendix finally did it. A doctor arrived and after examining me he said they'd have to operate.

"NOW first I have to tell you that it was just about the loveliest spot I have ever been in. I had a large room, with its own porch opening onto a beautiful garden, and Honore took one just like mine next to me. Naturally I didn't want the others to hold up their trip because of me, so I finally persuaded them to go on. But you know, we didn't feel left behind, or left out of anything. There we were suddenly dropped into a world completely different from anything we had ever known: such quiet, and leisure, and such—well, such slowness. And gentleness and kindness. If anyone in that whole community, or in the whole country for that matter, even knew that I was a movie personality, I'm sure they didn't care, and they certainly didn't bother me because of it. None asked for autographed pictures, no fans came to interrupt us. The Sisters called me Mister Amesh—at least that's the way it sounded—and I don't believe any of them had ever even seen a motion picture. Every day they brought me flowers, though, and the English newspapers. They tried in so many little ways to make me feel comfortable, not because I was a movie fellow, but because I was a foreigner and ill in their land. They cried when I left. I didn't dare to cry, of course, but I felt like it myself," he admitted honestly.

"Well, all of this did change our plans. The doctors had advised against any more touring by car; they urged me to stay quiet for a while. We had wanted to go to Paris, Rome, and Berlin, but we went to Paris for only a few days, and then headed straight for Cannes and stayed there all the rest of the time. I felt fine, but naturally after an operation, I couldn't gad about very much. And that's where the lucky break came in. If I hadn't had the operation, Honore and I would have been on the go from one minute to the next, with dozens of people, from one gay Riviera spot to another; we would have had a wonderful gay time, but it wouldn't have been strictly our time: we might have missed all the wonderful quiet romanticism that we found instead.

"NOW, for example, in the morning we had breakfast on the balcony of our room. Just the two of us. About ten every day we went sailing on a beautiful boat which once belonged to the King of Denmark. Sometimes we got the hotel to pack a picnic lunch for us and we sailed to one of the nearby islands and lunched there. The Mediterranean is so calm there, so peaceful—oh, yes, and so blue, just like you hear it is. In the afternoons we went for a drive and because of my operation the chauffeur had instructions not to drive over 25 miles an hour. Sometimes we drove to Nice, and from there along the Grande Corniche to Monte Carlo, stopping for tea in some mountain inn along the way. Back at the hotel in the evening, we spent two hours at dinner, out on the terrace. Musicians strolled in and out. A moon—there was a moon all the time we were there—splashed down through the palm trees. Afterwards we went for a walk along the sea, or drove in a hansom cab. Oh, I can't tell you how gorgeous it all was. The trip had suddenly ceased to be the frantic tour it had started out to be, and instead there was just Honore and me in Cannes, in the moonlight, driving along to the cloppety-clop of horses' hoofs, with time to dream dreams again, and to hold hands, and all the silly wonderful things like that.

ATTENTION CONTESTANTS

Due to enormous number of entries in Beautiful Legs Contest the selection of the winners had to be postponed but they will definitely be announced in the next issue—the February Issue of MOTION PICTURE.

"In Hollywood we're usually so busy keeping up with the latest movie doings, that we forgot to take time off for the moon, and to sniff at the night air, and to appreciate beauty and quiet and peace. People forget to be romantic and appreciative about such things. Then, too, Honore and I have the children and the house and things like that to keep us involved: over there during those few weeks we had just each other, and it was wonderful. That's why I say it turned out to be the real romantic Riviera honeymoon we had always planned on having, but one we might have missed had we been in a frenzy to see a lot of different places, and do a lot of things."

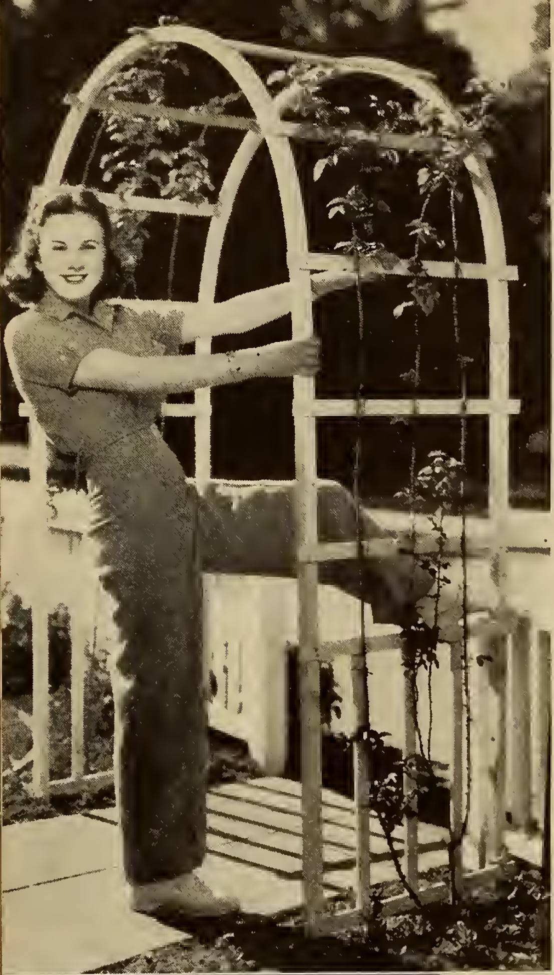
That explains his point very nicely: explains, too, the glow in the Ameche eyes. Before he went away, he had been so busy for so long, going from one picture to another, that he was in a bit of a stew and a muddle, all wrapped up in his career. There on the Riviera he found time to forget it, and he comes back now fresh and renewed, to portray the part of *D'Artagnan* in *The Three Musketeers,* a musical this time. Aside from the romantic trend of the trip, there are some humorous little happenings which occurred, too.

FOR one thing Don has never learned any language except English, though he does know a little Italian—only a few words, but he was very anxious to try them out. Picture him then, strolling along the Croisette at Cannes, sort of a beach--side boardwalk, and accosting every little kid or peddler who looked Italian, and trying to speak that language to him. One day a youngster who spoke English recognized Don as an American, in spite of the Italian he was sputtering at him. The kid looked at him as though he were crazy: "Say, don't you know you're in France, big fellow? In France we speak French, and not Italian—or am *I* wrong?" Don was embarrassed, especially when the kid hurried away to tell some of his pals about "that crazy American." After that Don gave up his quest of finding an Italian with whom to chat—though there were certainly plenty of them there in that section. And poor Don never did get to Italy, so he had no chance to show off at all.

Another scene which might have made you smile was the one night when Don did go into the Cannes gambling casino. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were there, and the same curious look came over Don's face when he saw them, as his appearance usually causes when he appears in public here. Stealing side looks at these two famous personalities, whispering with Honore about them, just like a kid seeing his favorite movie star for the first time. "Gee, that was a lucky break," he said afterwards, "that we just happened to be there when they were there, too." So you can see that some people do have glamor even for glamorous movie stars. Perhaps most amusing was the *bon voyage* package which was delievered to Don just before he sailed from New York. It was a large bundle and it was postmarked Kenosha, Wisconsin, Don's home town. When the gang back home had heard that he was planning to go to Europe, they remembered that Don, in his boyhood, had always had a weakness for dime novels—the lurid, two-gun type of literature that all real he-boys like—so in remembrance, in the package were dozens of his old favorites. Paper-backed novels, gaudily illustrated, sagas of cops and robbers, Indians and cowboys, bandits and rangers—for shipboard reading, in case he still had his old inclinations. Don loved it.

He carted the package all over, brought all the books home with him, and they now have a shelf of their own in the Ameche library, and one of these years not too far distant, Donnie and Ronnie, now aged 5 and 3 respectively, will inherit them.

THEY are very much like Don, these two, except that they are both towheads. But their voices, their bearing and their personalities are close replicas of Don. Because they are so tiny their booming, deep voices seem about three sizes too big for them—it always gives you a bit of a shock when they speak. Perfect little gentlemen, too, they are ideally behaved, extremely courteous, but all-boy at the same time. Don is far from an indulgent parent, believes heartily in discipline, and he and Honore undertake all of their training. Don doesn't believe in relegating children to others, except for now and then, as he had to do while he and Mrs. Ameche were in Europe.



THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page* 49]

Irony

■ Most ironic note of the recent weeks of worry over European troubles, in Hollywood, was the situation of Francis Lederer. Like so many other European stars who are now Hollywoodians, Francis has relatives in war-terrorized Europe. For Francis, it's particularly terrible—for his aged mother is in Prague . . .

And the irony is that, of ALL people, Francis Lederer should have had this worry on his mind. For Lederer has spent countless thousands of his own money in a year-long effort toward peace, by establishing peace leagues and similar organizations.

Not a Trophy Room

■ On account of Sandra doesn't like it, Gary Cooper has had to move his pet stuffed lion out of the living-room into his own den.

"I Never Said Any Such Thing!"

■ Talk of Hollywood during the past week or so, as this is written, was the cafe-battle between stepper-outers Tom Brown and Lee Bowman. One of them got a badly bruised set of knuckles. The other got a matching bruise on the chin.

Reason for the outbreak is one of those things Hollywood shush-shushes. Only it's understood that somebody said something about somebody's gal.

Nerts to You, Too!

■ David Niven loves to sit by the radio and violently conduct the orchestra that's coming over.

Was Joan Embarrassed?

■ Joan Crawford's embarrassing-moment-of-the-month came at that Westwood Village theatre. She was driving home with Mrs. Ray Milland, but noticed that the marquee was billing a picture Joan wanted to see. So they stopped. With Joan was her inseparable dachshund, Pupchen (Franchot's gift, by the way). Joan tried to leave Pupchen in the car, but Pupchen howled a protest. She tried to take it into the theatre but the doorman howled his protest.

"Orders!" he snapped, even to Joan (but then, Hollywood doormen aren't star-scared).

Joan talked with the manager.

"Pupchen is a good little dog," she promised; "if you let her in, she won't make a sound. I promise."

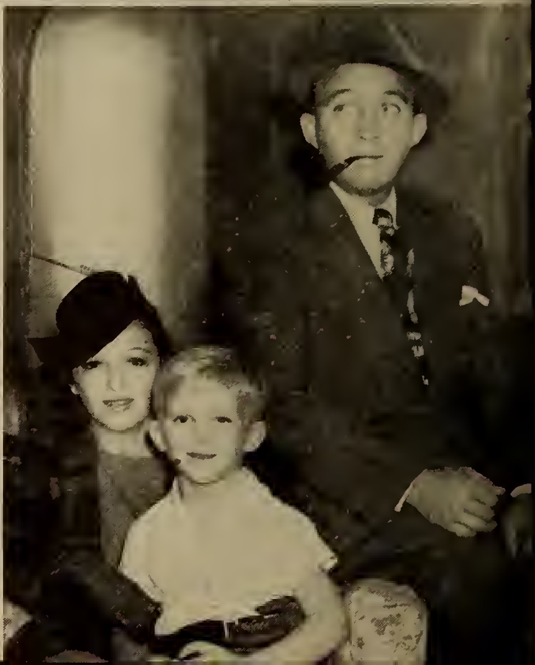
The manager okehed Pupchen in, but made Joan sneak her in under her coat, so other patrons wouldn't know. And now for the payoff: The picture, I'm told, was one in which Franchot Tone appeared. And as soon as Pupchen heard Franchot's voice from the screen, she let out a series of yip-yips of glee. Imagine Joan's chagrin when she had to rush out!

[*Continued on page* 55]

An arch or bower that will soon be rose-covered has been erected over the entrance gate to Deanna Durbin's little school-room and study at Universal studios. Makes her feel homey

If you've been wondering about Louis Hayward, right, you'll soon be seeing him in title role of *The Duke of West Point*. Wonder if he and Ida Lupino will ever decide to get married

What is one dog's cold, hard kennel is another dog's warm, soft bed. And Charlie Butterworth's purps are certainly not in the doghouse when C. B. goes to bed. They share it with him



The Bing Crosbys with oldest son, Gary, sail back to NYC from Bermuda where they enjoyed a recent vacation. Hollywood "discovered" the balmy isle as a place to get away from it all

Studio Photographer Confesses

[*Continued from page* 39]

This list of course should not be taken to mean that Bette Davis rates at the top and Paul Muni at the bottom. The numbering is arbitrary. "I'm very fond of Bette Davis," Hurrell explained, "because she is such a vital, vivid, stimulating personality. And she has a wonderful dramatic sense. I understand why writers who interview her like her so well. She is good copy for me, too. Carole Lombard has a knack for striking poses that are stately and graceful without being theatrical. Ordinarily, I don't like the poses of actresses, but I like Carole's. She's a lot of fun to work with. The modeling of her face is excellent, but I have to use a top light with her, because a flat light would emphasize her jaws—and that's one thing she is particular about.

"Marlene Dietrich has a magnetic, mysterious type of beauty. She personifies the elemental and eternal woman. Hedy Lamarr is the new type of glamor girl. Alice Faye is the luscious, natural type of American beauty. Myrna Loy's features are very unusual. She has high cheekbones and almond shaped eyes, and could have been an autocratic beauty. But she is on the contrary soft and feminine, and that's the reason why she is so popular with men. Ginger Rogers, like Alice Faye, is distinctly an American type, and has a girlish, effervescent charm. Children in general are delightful photographic subjects, and Shirley Temple symbolizes the innocence and sensitivity of unspoiled childhood. Katharine Hepburn is an arresting type. She doesn't have conventionally beautiful features, but it takes more than looks to make a girl interesting photographically.

"There are stock girls and chorines who are so gorgeous you stop in your tracks when you see them, who are more attractive than any star, but, photographically, they are dull subjects. They don't have the personality, the inner flame that makes a star. I'm very partial to Tyrone Power. Ty is a swell guy without trying to be one —and that makes a lot of difference. Men don't resent him. He is the intellectual-romantic type, and his appeal to women is not only physical, but also mental and emotional. In five or ten years he will be even more popular than he is today.

"Errol Flynn also is the intellectual-romantic type, but in a different, in a more masculine and swashbuckling way. He is probably the handsomest man on the screen today; in fact, his features are almost too regular. Ty has a funny little nose, a bit of irregularity that is really an asset. Flynn's head is bigger, he is built along more rugged and athletic lines. Paul Muni does not inspire passion and romance like them, but he has the soul of the artist and thinker, and no face in the business has more character. He is very humble and unassuming, and likes to clown before the camera.

"I realize, that in making this list I have left out a few names that are just as interesting to me, as photogenic types, but if I were to mention them, we would have a list of fifteen or twenty names, instead of twelve. I must also say this is a purely personal list. Photography, like painting or music, is a medium of personal expression. A subject that excites me may not interest another photographer."

A composite picture of the ideal screen beauty, according to Hurrell, would be this:

Marlene Dietrich—Shape of head and general bone structure of face.
Bette Davis—Eyes.
Hedy Lamarr—Nose.
Alice Faye—Mouth.
Constance Bennett—Hair.
Ginger Rogers—Figure.
Carole Lombard—Personality.

IT GOES without saying that no photographer in the world has a more particular clientele than Hurrell. All of us are particular about how we look in a picture, but the stars depend for their livelihood and glory on their photographic likenesses. Your average actress is a mixture of narcissism and inferiority complex. What would be a slight blemish for you and me, makes her hysterical. The male stars on the whole are casual about posing, and Hurrell can work much faster with them. But it's a different matter with women. Perhaps the most tireless poser in the business is Joan Crawford. "I must have shot at least 10,000 negatives of Joan," Hurrel said. "With her, I always started at nine or ten in the morning, worked a whole day, until five or six. Sometimes I shot 100 to 150 negatives in one day, and different poses, and 100 or more the next. Whenever we went to her house, she covered her white rugs with canvas so that we couldn't dirty them." Norma Shearer and Garbo are difficult subjects. "Miss Shearer will not pose unless she can scrutinize herself in a large mirror while I am shooting," Hurrell confided. "You can't catch your subject in a spontaneous and natural mood if she is looking at herself in a mirror. I didn't enjoy photographing Garbo as much as I should because she is too set in her poses, too much the actress." However, during his three years at Metro, and for several years afterwards, Hurrell made all the exclusive portraits of Miss Crawford and Miss Shearer.

Claudette Colbert must be photographed from a certain angle, and no other. All her portraits are three-quarter shots. She is rather sensitive about her wide nostrils, and Hurrell has avoided emphasizing them by letting the light fall on her face from a carefully worked-out angle. Although the stars are extremely sensitive about their defects, careful to show off their good points and hide their bad ones, they are not as temperamental as people imagine. Hurrell says he has had no trouble with temperament at all. Only Simone Simon behaved like a temperamental actress. "One day she grabbed a pair of scissors and began cutting off her hair. It seemed she didn't like the ends. 'Be careful,' I said, 'you'll cut your neck off.' 'I don't care!' she screamed. 'I don't care! I don't like eet!' "

HURRELL works very fast. "The other day I shot Mayor Kelley of Chicago and his wife, together and singly, 18 shots, in about 10 minutes. It was all over before they had a chance to be self-conscious or get tired and bored." The secret of Hurrell's success is his ability to capture a revelatory mood of his subject, and if you examine his portraits you will see that they show not only the outward appearance of the star, but her inner world, her struggles, hopes, loves and fears. They show the star from the inside out. He plays music to create these moods. "Some girls like classical music, some tangos or rhumbas, while others prefer the latest and hottest swing music. I usually play jazz records. A good photograph should have rhythm."

When Hurrell shoots a star, he does all the acting. "I shed my dignity," he admitted, smiling. "You might see me crawling on my stomach, climbing a ladder, or maybe even hanging from a chandelier, with my hair flying. I never stand by the camera and say, 'Hold it!' I have a very long hose, and can keep contact with the camera while I'm moving around, and banging away. I shoot them before they have a chance to assume a static, studied pose."

The personalities of the stars are influenced by their photographs, and a glamorist like Hurrell has had a great deal to do with the way certain of our celebrated actresses carry themselves. They try to be like their photographs. In creating or altering screen personalities, the studios have found Hurrell's camera very useful. For instance, when Norma Shearer made *Divorcee*, her personality had to be changed. "I shot some sexy pictures of her," he recalled. "She wasn't the siren type, but I had to make her look like one. I shot her in a negligee, with her hair down, showed her legs and shoulders and back from the most enticing angles."

"Wasn't she embarrassed?" I asked him.

"Of course not. I did what she wanted."

IN FORMER days, when Hollywood was Hollywood, many a comely eyeful posed without benefit of a bathing-suit. There was a great demand for nudes in Europe and South America, not to mention our own publications specializing in the human form divine. But now there are Hays Office rules forbidding the photographing of certain parts of the human anatomy.

Sometimes a set of photographs will attract the attention of a producer and result in a contract for an unknown girl. If a girl's photograph by Hurrell is published in a national magazine, it's as good as a screen test. The beautiful Brewster Twins tried in vain to crash the studios, until Hurrell photographed them—at his own expense—and sent their portraits to Esquire Magazine. They were published, and every agent in Hollywood called him up, eager to present them to the studios, and Darryl Zanuck put them under contract.

Photography is an universal hobby, and a passion with millions. Its artistic possibilities are unlimited, and in many of the leading museums of the world photography enjoys equal ranks with painting and sculpture. Photographers exhibit their work as painters and sculptors do. Four years ago, Hurrell's exhibit in the Hotel Sherry-Netherland on Fifth Avenue, New York, attracted much attention. The chief fault of amateur photography, Hurrell says, lies in the finishing of the prints. As a rule, they are too light, lack the deep, rich tones that make a picture vivid. Amateurs don't realize how much they can get out of a negative. Lighting is the most important single factor in good photography, whether indoors or outdoors. "You can have the most beautiful girl in the world, and make her homely if your lighting is wrong." Good photography is largely a matter of lights and shadows.

Hurrell advises blondes to pose against a dark background, and use enough make-up to get a good contrast in their coloring. Brunettes can be photographed to advantage either against a light or dark background, and all they need is a dash of lipstick. In other words, blondes should use more make-up than brunettes. And both should forget studied poses and be as natural as possible.

Send Candy Graphs for Christmas

[*Continued from page* 13]

needed. Be sure that sugars, condensed or evaporated milk, chocolate, coloring, nuts, etc., are all of the best, freshest quality. For some types, one requires large trays or a porcelain topped table, or wooden board on which to make the various delicious roll candies so popular when sliced. Last, while weather cannot be controlled, remember that sugar is best handled on a clear day—or at least in a warm place without moisture.

While the expert is familiar with specific terms used in sugar cookery, it may be as well to set these terms down again, as they are all important in candy-making success:

Temperature Guide for Candy Making

A little of candy mixture dropped into cold water:

Forms soft ball at 236°-240°F.
Forms firm ball at 242°-248°F.
Forms hard ball at 250°-270°F.
Becomes brittle and cracks at 290°-300°F.
Becomes very brittle at 310°F.

CANDY which is *grainy* or full of *crystals* is poor candy. To prevent this unpleasant quality, one must add to the sugar mixture either corn syrup, glycerine, or cream of tartar. The amount to be added will depend on the kind of candy and the other ingredients. Corn syrup, or glucose, is excellent, and in general a proportion of from ½ cup to 1 cup of corn syrup should be allowed to every 2—3 cups granulated sugar. This gives the much desired creamy consistency to such candies as caramels, fudge, fondants, nougat, etc. The addition of about 4 tablespoons of glycerine also keeps a candy mix smooth and rich, and further, prevents later drying out. Glycerine candies stay fresh a long time. Cream of tartar is the old-fashioned choice, especially good when egg whites are used with hot sugar syrup, as in making meringues, marshmallow candies, etc.

What will you choose to make first? Simple or elaborate FONDANT? Crunchy TAFFY? Velvety FUDGE? Creamy CARAMELS? Or any candy so long as it's CHOCOLATE?

True FONDANT is not so easy for the beginner, and is such a careful detailed process that it has been left to be fully described on the special leaflet prepared for readers who send for it: "SEND CANDY GRAPHS as HOLIDAY GREETING." But here's the most simple of FONDANTS with suggested variations:

MAGIC FONDANT

1¼ cups sifted 4X confectioner's sugar
¼ cup sweetened condensed milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Blend milk gradually into sugar, using a fork. Add vanilla, and continue mixing until smooth and creamy. Knead mixture until very smooth. Vary as follows:

Fruit Filled Bonbons—Tint fondant green or pink. Mold around candied cherries, pineapple or ginger.

Cream Filberts—Mold fondant around almonds, then roll in sugar.

Chocolate Creams—Mold fondant into small balls and dip in semi-sweet dipping chocolate.

Nut Patties—Tint fondant different colors. Press half pecans or walnuts on top, and flatten candy.

For other variations roll fondant balls in shredded cocoanut, chopped candied peels, mold around dates, raisins, etc., and flavor with wintergreen, peppermint, lime, maple, etc.

TAFFIES or "crunches" are among the most popular of the commercial candies, and are among the easiest to make for the home confectioner. They must be stuffed with nuts to obtain the all-desirable *crunch*, and walnuts of any kind seem *naturals* with a crunchy taffy as in this recipe:

BLACK WALNUT CRUNCH

1 cup light molasses
2 cups granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup evaporated milk
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup coarsely chopped black walnuts

Combine molasses, sugar, salt, milk and butter, and cook to boiling point, stirring occasionally, to 246°F or the "firm ball" stage. Remove from heat, add vanilla. In bottom of greased 9-inch square pan spread nuts evenly. Pour candy over nuts. Cool to handle. Pull until stiff and creamy. Cut into sticks. Wrap in wax paper. (Makes about 30 sticks.)

Caramels are another favorite with many folks who like them plain vanilla, maple, or dark rich chocolate. Some prefer caramels with nuts, and others without. The following unusual recipe gives a most creamy caramel flavored with honey and bursting with raisins—a truly holiday confection!

RAISIN HONEY CARAMELS

1½ cups seedless raisins
1 cup granulated sugar
¼ cup strained honey
¼ cup white corn syrup
1 cup light cream
¼ cup butter
Grains salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Rinse and dry raisins. Combine sugar, honey and syrup in saucepan, and bring to a boil. Add cream and butter in very small amounts, so that mixture never stops boiling. Cook to firm ball (250°F). Remove from fire and add salt, vanilla and raisins, but do not stir. Pour at once into 9-inch square greased pan, and do not scrape sides of pan. Cool thoroughly. Cut into 1-inch squares. (Makes about 36 caramels.)

Please send me the special leaflet, "Candy Graphs and Holiday Greetings," which includes among others such choice recipes as Fifty Ways with Fondant, Raisin Peanut Butter Caramels and Spiced Candied Nuts. I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name ....

Street Address ....

City and State ....

MP-1

(In the special candy leaflet mentioned, which will be sent to all readers, there is another honey of a recipe, only in this case there is peanut butter, too. It's a Raisin Peanut Butter Caramel—and is *that* delicious!)

RECENTLY another quite distinct type of candy is going places with everybody, and this is called the "fruit roll" or the "nut roll" candy bar. Sometimes such roll candy is cooked, cooled, and then rolled in minced nuts or other fine dusting garnish, or again is made entirely uncooked of chopped and well blended ingredients. This is what happens in the next recipe which will be found delicious not only for holiday candy boxes, but for tucking into the school lunch-box.

THREE-FRUIT CANDY BAR

1 cup uncooked prunes
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup dried figs
1 cup walnuts
⅓ cup fondant
1 teaspoon rum flavor
Toasted cocoanut

Have prunes boiled 10 minutes in water to cover. Drain, cool, and remove pits. Rinse and dry raisins. Remove stems from figs. Put fruits and nuts through food chopper using medium knife. Add fondant and flavor to ground mixture and mix thoroughly. Shape into roll 2 inches wide by 16 inches long. Roll in cocoanut. Wrap in wax paper and put in cool place to harden. Cut into ½ inch slices. (Makes about 30 slices.)

Fruit juice lozenges are a novelty especially appropriate to the holiday season. They make good fillers for the individual candy cup at each guest's place, are very pretty passed on a little silver tray, and are a change from overly sweet cream candies. Gelatin is the basis of these fruit juice jujubes, and here is the recipe:

CHRISTMAS FRUIT LOZENGES

2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2 cups granulated sugar
½ cup boiling water
½ cup red cherry juice
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ cup glazed red cherries, chopped
¼ cup glazed citron, chopped
Red sugar

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Boil sugar and boiling water to the thread stage (230°-234°F). Add gelatin and dissolve. Cool. Add fruit juice, salt and fruits. Beat until creamy. Cover bottom of shallow square pan with evenly distributed red sugar. Pour candy mix slowly over it. Sprinkle top with red sugar. Chill until well set. Unmold onto board dusted with powdered sugar. Cut into oblongs, stars, bells, etc. May be made with lime juice or tinted green, using green sugar in similar way.

Sweets are good for you! And they are even better for your friends! Send CANDY GRAPHS written with your own hands!

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

[*Continued from page* 52]

Some Are "Lovey", Some Aren't

■ If you ever get Marie Wilson to liking you, she'll call you "Lovey." That's her pet name for those she likes. Those she doesn't?—um—never mind.

Heroics

■ Heroine of the month is Margaret Sullavan. She was sun-bathing, asleep, when her pet dog's barking awakened her—just in time to see her baby daughter, Brooke, floundering in the family swimming-pool, where she'd fallen.

Margaret dived in and rescued baby Brooke—and insists that the pet dog, not herself, is the real hero.

Hi, Stinky!

■ Newest name for Hollywood make-up expert, the remarkable Perc Westmore, is—so help us!—"Stinky!"

He was dubbed "Stinky" by the irrepressible *Dead End* boys, who have found out what a swell guy Perc is, and don't see why any guy as swell as he is should have a fancy name like "Perc."

So from now on, Perc is simply "Stinky"—and what burns him up is that his lovely wife, Gloria Dickson, thinks it's a swell name, and calls him that, too.

Embarrassed No End

■ Funniest sight of the month—was Dick Powell, sitting in a ritzy Beverly Hills women's lingerie shop, while wifie Joan Blondell buys sheer pretties. Embarrassed no end was Dick—especially when they trotted out those pink girdles.

Yessir, she not only sings but dances—does Jeanette MacDonald in *Sweethearts*. Her partner is Ray Bolger noted for his nimble feet. And they do a Dutch clog to the music of Victor Herbert

When you see the aviation film, *Dawn Patrol*, you'll be looking at Errol Flynn in one of his most vivid and adventurous roles—that of a dare-devil pilot who shows he can take it

If you don't think Gary Cooper, left, can do a bit of fancy steer-wrestling then you don't know Gary. The former Montana cow-poke throws the bull in *The Cowboy and the Lady*

Togged out like a Parisian Can-Can dancer is English dancer, Elsie Randolph who decorates the Herbert Wilcox musical feature, *This'll Make You Whistle,* starring Jack Buchanan

Paced by Ma on a Bike

■ Most Hollywoodesque sight in Hollywood, some of these mornings, is the twosome you're likely to see whizzing down some side street—a lady on a bike and a gal running to keep up with her. Lady on bike is Eleanor Powell's mama, who finds bicycling good to keep the matronly figure from being too much so. And the gal in running-shorts is Eleanor herself, keeping in shape for her strenuous dancing.

Shirley In Color

■ Shirley Temple's growing up at last. For the first time in her life, she's been allowed to stay up at a party until after midnight. Occasion was the recent American Legion convention in Los Angeles. The vets made such a to-do about Shirley, the night she made her appearance for them, that all rules for the little honey were called off.

Incidentally, you'll see Shirley's REAL coloring for the first time (unless you're one of those who's seen her offscreen) when you see *The Little Princess*. It's being done, you probably know, in Technicolor.

But the interesting part is that Shirley will [*Continued on page* 56]

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 55]

be the first actress who didn't have to use make-up for the color camera. Usually, Technicolor is very demanding and exacting. But Shirley's unspoiled, natural baby skin and hair and coloring photograph so well that no touching up is needed—and so the Shirley you see in *The Little Princess* will be the real flesh-and-blood Shirley.

Hi, Moose!

■ Carole Lombard's name for Clark Gable when she's talking about him is (hold your hats, boys!)—"the Moose!"

Hi, Everybody!

■ Talking about Carole and Clark, they are deep in debt to the officials of Los Angeles' famous county fair—and all Hollywood, too, for that matter. Clark and Carole, like practically every other star in movies, visited the fair during its run in a neighboring country town. Of course, they were mobbed by fans and autograph-seekers—until, in the midst of the day, the fair grounds loudspeakers suddenly blared with an unsolicited announcement:

"NOTICE—ATTENTION—ATTENTION," cried the speakers; "as guests today, we have Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. They're here to enjoy themselves and have fun, like all the rest of you. Please don't follow them or mob them or beg for autographs—but let them enjoy themselves just as you and your own gal friend would like to!"

The fans took it well—and for the rest of the day, Clark and Carole were just a couple of kids, having a swell time.

Maybe She Uses Citronella

■ Olivia de Havilland, who boasts that she's never been bitten by a mosquito in her life, gets a bit peeved when someone suggests that people in skeeter-ridden communities always keep 'em away with punk.

Samson Was Hairy and Strong, Too

■ On and on and on goes the masculinization of the long-ago beautiful Bob Taylor. In *Stand Up and Fight,* he'll do exactly that—stand up and fight it out with Wally Beery. Not once, but twice. The first time, Beery'll smear him all over the place, and you gals will just faint at what Wally does to Bob. But the second time, Bob gets square and plasters Beery no end.

Incidentally, there'll be another "whose-hair-is-it?" discussion. In *The Crowd Roars,* everybody wanted to know whether the hair on Bob's chest was a make-up job or his own. It was his own. In *Stand Up and Fight,* you'll want to know whether the long hair he wears on his head is his own or a wig.

It'll be his own. Because they tried a wig, and it changed his appearance so much that the studio decided to have him let his own grow instead. To date, Taylor hasn't seen a barber in ten weeks—and Barbara Stanwyck's going half crazy . . .!

Turn About for Jimmy

■ And incidentally, while Bob Taylor slaps tough guy Wally Beery down in his coming film, the screen's ex-tough-guy Jimmy Cagney will get slapped down in his next film, *Oklahoma Kid,* by a girl . . . !

Hot and Cold for Clara

■ Your snoopy old reporter has pretty good idea that despite all that talk, you'll never, never, never see Clara Bow on the screen again. True, there's been a lot of reports that she is negotiating with this studio and that. But the inside is that Clara herself blows hot and cold on the idea. She looks swell these days—offscreen. But the camera has a bad habit of adding apparent pounds to a gal—and Clara would look quite—um—bulky compared to the svelte lovelies of today. I fancy that Clara will spend the rest of her life as Mrs. Rex Bell, in the continued happy domesticity that has replaced her former hectic screen career.

Incidentally, they're still looking for a permanent name for their littlest one, are Clara and Rex. They've tried and discarded several names, and now they're just calling him "Little Brother" until they come on a name they'll christen him with for good.

Handwriting

■ Gary Cooper, one of the most masculine stars in films, has handwriting that looks like a woman's! And Dorothy Lamour, whom you wouldn't want anything more feminine, writes big and bold like a man!

Fresh from the Subway

■ Silliest gift of the month was the one Director Bus Berkeley had sent to John Garfield . . . For time after time, Bus had had to listen to John's moanings about how homesick he was, 'way out here in Hollywood, for his New York, his Broadway. Finally, thoroughly fed up with it, Bus sent a letter to a pal in New York, with explicit instructions. As a result, Garfield got a big package the other day. He unwrapped it and found two great shovelfuls of earth—and an affidavit attesting that the earth was from some subway digging on Broadway . . . It cured John.

Never Looks a Gift Horse in the Face

■ No use sending gifts to Garbo. She never opens them. Just sends them to the studio "prop" department, unopened, and never asks about them!

Screwy Deal

■ Peter Lorre has taken up his option on his valet. It's the screwiest man-and-servant deal in all screwy Hollywood. Lorre has a five-year contract with his valet, George Daniels, which is split up into five one-year periods, with options, like an actor's contract with his studio. Also like such deals, the valet gets an increase in pay each time Lorre takes up the option.

When Lorre took up the option for the second year of Daniels' services, he paid him the raise gladly—and topped it with a bonus: A brand-new coupe.

Goldwyn-Giggle

■ Jascha Heifetz, world-famed violinist, was practicing in his dressing room on the Goldwyn lot. In his private office, Goldwyn was trying to attend to some business. Finally, he called his secretary.

"Miss so-and-so," he cried, "would you go and tell that guy with the fiddle, whoever he is, to stop making all that noise. It's driving me nuts."

And people pay ten dollars to hear Heifetz!

Has to Wear 'Em

■ Nelson Eddy is one star who doesn't wear those dark blue glasses to "disguise" himself. He wears 'em—but it's because his eyes are so weak he can't stand sunlight.

Miss U. S. Citizen Soon

■ October 1938 was the most important month in the life of Joan Fontaine. Joan (who's Olivia de Havilland's sister, you know) became 21 years old. And one of the important things she scheduled was to take out her first papers for citizenship.

She has lived in California 19 years—but because she was born of English parents in Tokyo, she's officially a British citizen. But she says, "in everything else, I'm an American girl."

That's ONE of the important things she admitted doing this past October.

Another?—well, maybe by the time you read this, she'll be Mrs. Conrad Nagle . . . And maybe, of course, not . . .

Acrophobiac

■ Poor Alice Faye's always getting into spots where she has to be in high places. And she's a victim of acrophobia, which is just a twenty-dollar word for being afraid of heights.

Latest pain-in-the-contract for Alice is that she's got to play in *Tailspin,* an aviation picture . . .! She admits she's scared stiff, and gets deathly sick when she has to fly—but if there was ever a game trouper, Alice Faye is it. And she's going through with it, and asking for no doubles. Atta Girl, Fayie . . .!

How Alice Makes Her Hat Fit

■ Incidentally, it's Alice Faye who has what your grey-bearded old Hollywood snooper believes is the town's best anti-swelled-head insurance. Alice keeps the old dress she used to wear in her pre-movie-star days hanging in a closet. Every time she feels an attack of hi-hat coming on, she puts it on and stands in front of a mirror and thinks of what she was and might still be if she hadn't been so lucky. Then her hats fit her again.

Irony

■ Ironic Hollywood added a touch to Kay Francis' last sequence at Warners. They needed an extra to speak a line to Kay. From the mob of nameless ones, Director Johnny Farrow called a man, who stepped forward, spoke the line, got a couple of dollars extra on his measly pay-check.

The irony of it was that the "unknown" was David Newell, one-time famous actor who played the lead opposite Kay Francis in her first picture in Hollywood, *Dangerous Curves* years ago . . .! While Kay's career went up, his hit the down-grade.

Eschew the Fat—Just Chew the Lean

[*Continued from page 45*]

there and then went back to her super-gastronomic hi-jinks that lasted until that dark and dismal day when she again stepped on the scales and saw the little black finger first waver and then stop on the 167 pound mark.

"I knew I was heavier and I knew that I looked awful," the Hal Roach funny-femme went on, "because just that very morning I had been in the projection-room during the running off of some comedy sequences of *Merrily We Live*, a picture then in production. But the rushes had failed to provoke much laughter on my part. I saw myself as others saw me and I looked like an animated balloon. Honest, my stomach was on the screen ten minutes before the rest of my body appeared!"

WE MIGHT interrupt here as an offside to say that Patsy exaggerates slightly. We saw the rushes, too, and it was only FIVE minutes before she followed her stomach!

"And then," she said, "when I stood in front of Connie Bennett I completely hid her from view! I couldn't have seen her in that sequence if she had held her arms outstretched! I was that mountainous! Fact! But after that projection-room revelation I began to do some tall and lofty thinking! About getting rid of this adipose tissue you read about in the doctor books. I weighed 167 pounds and in another month or two, unless something was done to check it, my weight would crawl up to 177—maybe 187—and when that happened I knew I was through with motion pictures, with Hollywood—and, most likely, with myself. I was supposed to be a comedienne, but I felt bluer than the songs a blues singer sings. I was in an awful shape—mentally as well as physically and I determined then and there to get rid of all excess baggage if I had to cut it off with a butcher-knife!"

The way Patsy tells it, she really was that desperate, but shortly after *Merrily We Live* was finished, someone told her about a "fat-free" diet a doctor in Santa Barbara had successfully worked out and she was saved the necessity of committing mayhem upon herself.

"So I went up there,"she says, "parked myself in a $16-dollar-a-day room, saw the doctor, and after a long talk and a longer examination, settled down to give his diet a Hollywood try-out. I knew it wasn't going to work because about all he wanted me to do was to stop eating fatty meats and fancy pastry and drink a glass of skim milk during every meal. It sounded too simple to be any good and I as much as told him so, But he finally convinced me it was worth a try."

"Well, I needed a rest from picture-making and since Santa Barbara is a fine vacation spot I decided to stay there three weeks —no more, no less. I was given a heart test the next day, a metabolism test the next, and a number of others during the following days and then I was put on a diet, told to take a walk every day, give up alcohol (which was easy since she doesn't drink more than two cocktails a week), and then watch the fat go by."

Now right here Patsy wants to go on record—and very emphatically—as in no way, whatsoever, recommending this diet to women—or men—until they have been to their doctors and had it okayed. Patsy, herself, while she was on it, was also under her physician's care and she advises every woman to keep away from this "fat-free" diet until she has submitted it to her physician. Losing weight too suddenly is a mighty serious piece of business and should be carefully supervised.

"Well," says Patsy, "I began taking walks, I passed up my infrequent highballs, and then I went on my diet. I know it's going to interest all women readers of MOTION PICTURE to know what I ate during this fat-reducing treatment and here it is:

"First, breakfast. One poached egg, dry toast, a glass of skim milk to be followed, if I wished, by a cup of black coffee minus either cream or sugar.

"Second, luncheon. A few slices of cold roast chicken, a vegetable, fruit salad, a glass of skim milk—and a cup of black coffee minus the cream and the sugar.

"Third, dinner. A choice of steak, roast lamb, roast beef, or fish, with strict orders to trim off every little trace of fat before eating it. Two vegetables and, as per usual, the glass of skim milk and a cup of black coffee sans the cream and sugar. No dessert. An after-dinner cigarette was permissable, however.

"Now these meals seemed to be pretty substantial for a girl who wanted to take off extra poundage and I told the doctor as much, but he just smiled and said I'd be surprised. And I was! I weighed myself after the first week and discovered that I had gained eight pounds! I was so blue and discouraged after I found that out that I was ready to commit hari-kari and would have, probably, if I could have found something to commit it with. I don't know why I stayed on another week unless it was because I had my room paid for in advance, but it was lucky that I did because at the end of the second week, when I got enough courage to weigh myself, I found that I had lost the eight I had gained and two to boot, and boy, did I go around yelling my personal cheer: 'Hips, Hips, Go 'Way!' From then on the fat melted away at the rate of three pounds a week until—well, look at me now! From a mere 167 pounds three months ago to 119 pounds as I stand here now."

ESCHEWING the fats and just chewing the lean has made Patsy Kelly the village queen! If you'll pardon our poetical exuberance!

"There's another thing in favor of the diet that shouldn't be overlooked," Patsy adds. "Never once did I suffer any ill effects from it. Not so much as a headache. I know all about those newspaper stories. The writing girls and boys, when they learned I had shaved off 48 pounds, said that the experience had shattered my health, that I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown and that while the fat might be in the fire, I was in a state of jitters that only hospitalization could cure. Well, it's been just the opposite. I've never felt better in my life. And in all due modesty I look better. And for the first time in a long, long while, I know what it is to taste and enjoy food, without the use of catsup, sauces and fancy dressings.

"And another thing. The diet is so elastic and so simple that whenever I do have a craving for spare-ribs or pork-chops I can go into any restaurant and go on a gorging binge without suffering any after effects. I've done this several times since I got down to 119 pounds and haven't added an ounce to that weight. You probably won't appreciate this but the women will, I'm sure. Getting down to my present weight has proven economical. I can go into a dress shop, now, and pick out a $6.50 or less, size 12 or 14 garment and come out looking like a college girl. Try doing that when you weigh 167!"

JUST to show us that she felt pretty happy about the whole thing, Patsy got up and executed a little spring dance in her dressing-room and if you don't think she can dance with the best of 'em you don't know much about The Patsy.

"I was born in Brooklyn, on January 12, 1910, in the afternoon and I was in such a hurry to see what the world looked like that I arrived before the doctor. When I was six the family moved to Manhattan. They tell me now that I was pretty wild and pretty tough when I got big enough for grade school. That is, I played baseball on the boys' team, I used to hang around the fire station and try to steal rides on the truck when the alarm sounded, and things like that and I guess, maybe, I could fight pretty good, too, when my Irish temper got stirred up. Well, my folks didn't like the reports they got on me and to keep me off the streets they sent me to Jack Blue's Dancing-School. It was here that I met Ruby Keeler and the friendship begun then has never been broken. Well . . ."

Well, going to dancing-school turned out to be a very fortunate break for Patsy. In practically no time at all she became so proficient in tap dancing routines that she became a teacher in the school at the age of twelve and remained as such for three years!

"WHILE all this was going on," Patsy reveals, "I had no desire ever to become an actress. I was satisfied with my job and was looking forward to the time when I could start a dancing-school of my own, and then, almost before I knew it, I was in front of the footlights. It happened this way: Frank Fay was about to open at the Palace and had promised my brother a spot if his dancing could measure up to Frank's requirements so I went over to the Palace to teach Brother Kelly a routine. You know what happened? Well, I became a part of the act and my brother became Frank's chauffeur! How's that for a strange working of fate?"

Besides dancing Patsy did thirty-seven minutes of talk with Fay and it was great training for her since no one ever knew what Fay was going to say next. She trouped with Fay for three years.

"I was fired and hired by him many times," she admits. "He once gave me the bounce because I called him Frank! Finally, at the Palace, he fired, but didn't rehire me and that was the end of my vaudeville career. I went into *Three Cheers* and following that had a featured part in Earl Carroll's *Sketch Book* and *Vanities*. Then a season with Al Jolson in *Wonderbar* and after that in Max Gordon's *Flying Colors* and after that in. . . ."

In 1933 Hal Roach persuaded the wise-cracking Irish miss to come to Hollywood and she was introduced to the screen in a series of short comedies that co-starred both

[*Continued on page 67*]

Hedy Lamarr—Every Wife's Phantom Rival

[*Continued from page* 23]

can touch her mouth and brows with the scent. If she cannot do this, the day starts unhappily for her and never "comes right." Hedy must have her house filled with flowers. And always there must be tuberoses with their heavy scent. She is so passionately fond of flowers that she cares for them herself. When she is not working she sleeps late in the mornings, breakfasting in bed. And she always makes up very carefully before she retires, believing that a woman should be her most attractive when she is in bed.

Lamarr is not athletic. She doesn't play golf or tennis or take long hikes, and swims only a little . . . she is not athletic because she doesn't want to become muscular. Nor is that white skin of hers ever exposed for long to the rays of the sun. Crawford in copper, Loy in golden freckles, but Lamarr protects the gardenia white of her skin. Hedy wears tailored suits on occasion. She isn't by any means the frilly type. She almost always wears black and white knowing, with that infallible instinct of hers, that black and white does the most for her white skin, her mass of night black hair which, when the sunlight strikes it, gives forth sorrel tints and her aquamarine gray-green eyes.

Her favorite costume is a black frock of simple lines, her mammoth white pearl on her hand. She adores rich, sumptuous materials, thick velvets, deep-bodied satins, linens made of air. She seldom wears more than one jewel at a time. She also wears slacks, and gets a childish pleasure out of wearing them and the casual clothes of California. Because in Vienna, as the wife of Fritz Mandl, millionaire munitions tycoon, she had to dress formally so much of the time. For diplomatic luncheons and dinners, to which came empire builders and the munitions-makers to destroy the empires builded. But when she wears slacks she also wears an excitingly fragile pair of sandals on bare feet with nails tinted a rich red. And she will wear one of her magnificent jewels, perhaps a mammoth clip of diamonds and emeralds, perhaps a bracelet of diamonds and rubies, the stones matching the scarf about her throat . . . always there are challenges to forget her femininity, slacks notwithstanding.

HEDY likes to go to parties at the homes of her friends. And she has made many friends here in Hollywood . . . Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Constance Collier, Countess di Frasso, Janet Gaynor, Joan Bennett . . . and she likes to entertain her friends at small conversational dinner parties. Her studio toyed for a time with the idea of "doing another Garbo" with Lamarr. That is, keeping her incommunicado where the Press is concerned, forbidding her to give out interviews, veiling her mystery, secrecy and silence. They have abandoned this plan. Because you couldn't do that with Hedy. She is too eager, too alive, too friendly, too curious about other people. She has too much zest to conform to so toneless a pattern. You couldn't send Hedy into retreat only to have her seen at a Drive-In heartily consuming a hamburger!

She seldom goes to cocktail bars or to such places as the Troc, the Grove and so on. Because, for one thing, she detests noise. For another thing she never takes a drink. She believes that women who take drinks talk too much. Hedy doesn't talk too much— at the wrong times. She is frank and outspoken and very articulate and says what she means. But she always knows what she is saying, and why.

Hedy is only just beginning to understand the way American women allow their men to treat them. She realizes that, essentially, American men do more for their women than any race of men on earth. But socially, as it were, romantically, in the little ways she is aghast at the lack of deference and courtesy. When she first came to Hollywood it made her hair stand on end to hear a man call to a girl, "Hi, Toots, hi yah?" In her country that is the way a butcher-boy speaks to a servant girl. She is only now beginning to realize that in America this is an accepted form of address. She still doesn't like it. She still believes that a man should kiss a woman's hand. She holds that a man should treat a woman as a woman, not as "one of the fellows." She also believes that the fault, if any, lies with the women. They do not demand from men. Not in words. Demands that you have to voice, thinks Hedy, are no good.

WHEN Hedy first came to Hollywood she was sitting, one day, on the arm of a chair talking with a famous director. In his enthusiasm at what they were discussing the director gave her a jovial poke in the ribs. Lamarr was astounded. When she rallied she asked: "Am I in your way, please?" The director was astounded in his turn. And then, being a wise and very civilized man, he understood. And they are now firm friends.

Hedy cannot imagine a woman "sharing expenses" with a man. She is amazed over the American marriage where the wife pays half of the bills, "does her share." But her share, says Lamarr, is *being a woman*. A woman bears the child and should always be superior to the man because of her sex and her natural powers. She would never, says Lamarr, marry a man unless he could take care of her. No, not if he were the handsomest man in the world, not if the romance were the most exciting, the most tempting. She would say to him that she would wait, yes, but never that she would help him financially, no, not by even one penny. That she cannot understand. That is not how men and women *are* . . .

Hedy expects men to bring her gifts. Not necessarily gifts of any value . . . but the courtesy of flowers, candies, books, magazines, a carton of ice-cream. She does not like the sight of men coming to her empty-handed. Reginald Gardiner, the only man with whom Hedy has gone out in Hollywood thus far, keeps her house filled with flowers, always her favorite tuberoses, of course. And he usually brings cartons of ice-cream when he comes to the house. On one occasion he entered her house, deposited the habitual ice-cream on the living-room table, struck his chest dramatically and cried out: "The things I do for Austria!"

THEY tell an amusing story of Hedy here in Hollywood. One afternoon a woman friend called for her to take her to a movie. This girl was using the car of a man, a friend of hers, whom Hedy had never met. When Hedy saw the car, streamlined and very expensive, she said, impulsively, "Oh, he is a *very* nice man!" The car told her all that she needed to know about the man. It represented the success which means strength. And women love strength in men.

Not that Lamarr is mercenary. Quite the contrary. If she were she would never have left her millionaire husband, her town house in Vienna, her shooting-lodges, servants, cars, yachts, planes, the great soft cushions of luxury into which she could sink with no effort on her part. No, Lamarr is not mercenary. Nor is she the indolent, Great Beauty type. She never poses or attitudinizes. She never looks at herself in the mirror. You can be with her for hours and never once does she glance at herself nor does she ever make up in public. She never slinks or lounges. She walks like a proud racehorse, her head held spiritedly on her shoulders, her every motion swift and purposeful.

Hedy sits erect, even when she is sitting on the floor. And she often does sit on the floor when she is talking with friends. She looks you straight in the eye when she is talking with you. There is a strength about her which is healthy and sound. There is pride in her bearing. But it is not silly, introverted pride in her beauty. She knows that she is beautiful, being no fool. But she knows, too, and says that there are many, many other girls just as beautiful and that it is not beauty by itself which matters or means anything but it is how that beauty is directed and used.

She doesn't want to be glamorous all of the time. She says that being a Glamor Girl for an hour a day is enough for her. After that it becomes tiresome. She came to Hollywood to act, she will tell you. That is the only thing in which she is interested. It is all right with her if they cast her as a Glamor Girl. She likes beautiful clothes and jewels. "But," she says, "I will not accept any part unless it is good theatre."

SHE has been known to wear slacks when going to confer with some mighty mogul of a producer. Upon its being suggested to her that perhaps she had better dress up a little more, wear one of her exquisite gowns, one of her innumerable fur coats (chinchilla, minks, ermines, blue fox, silver fox, red fox hang in pelted array in her scented wardrobe) she laughs and says that if the producer does not take her as she is, that is too bad. She has known so many important men, has entertained so many ambassadors, foreign secretaries, makers and breakers of dynasties that she is not, perhaps, easily impressed with men who make history out of shadows.

On one occasion she was invited to dine with one of the biggest directors in town. The director, she was told, always dined promptly at seven and that he must not be kept waiting, even for a minute. Perhaps Hedy did not understand . . . more probably she is not accustomed to suiting her time to any man's. She said merely that she would be there as soon as she could, conveniently, dress and drive to the house. She arrived at nine o'clock. Whatever the condition of the director's stomach by that time (the other guests were jittery long since) the entrance of Lamarr, breathtakingly beautiful, imperious and nonchalant, effectively checked so much as a protest from the host. Such beauty, he may have felt, being a connoisseur of beauty, makes a man realize that we do not live by bread alone. Whatever his thoughts, he greeted Hedy with gracious homage and dinner was at nine.

This independence of thought and action is what sets Hedy apart from many great beauties, apart from other newcomers to

Hollywood who curry favor with the czars of the Front Offices or megaphones. Nor is Hedy's independence the "divine rights" attitude of a beautiful woman to whom men must pay servile homage. It is an independence which comes from within, from a proud spirit which insists upon human dignity.

SHE is equally frank and independent about matters which concern herself. She will admit to friends that her now famous appearance in the censored picture, *Ecstasy*, is a distasteful subject to her. But she scorns to evade the issue when a friend mentions it. She says: "I read the script and liked it. There was nothing in the script about the nude scene. It was in the part and I played it." Her shoulders move in a barely perceptible, very Continental shrug. "Too much has been made of it," she will say, "it is a lot of *chi chi*." *Chi chi*, in French, means nonsense.

It was this same courage which enabled her to run away from her home, her wealthy husband. That flight must have taken courage. For Mandl followed her to Paris only to find that she was already crossing the English channel. He followed her to London to find that she was aboardship for New York. The beautiful bird had flown the jewel-encrusted cage. But such is Hedy's honesty, her desire for freedom, for self-expression, for her chance in Hollywood that Mandl, I think, must respect this spirit which so matches his own.

For he is still her friend. He is a very fine friend, she will tell you, a much better friend now than when he was her husband and those two volatile spirits came into intimate contact. He writes to her constantly. He asks her when and where they may meet again. Their divorce, at this writing, is still pending in the courts of Vienna. Recently, I am told, Mandl sent her a little matter of $10,000. For when she fled Austria she could not, conditions being what they are there now, take any appreciable sum of money out of the country. The marriage settlement, which Mandl must have made her, remained in her country, untouchable.

Her salary here was not, to begin with, in the Big Money. So that Hedy had to be content with a small, one-story bungalow, one companion to care for her, last year's gowns and hats and wraps. Now she has bought a new, larger home, equipped with her own furniture, her own taste in decoration, a swimming pool, some of the luxuries she knew at home. And so Hedy, with that furious energy characteristic of her, hating delays as she does, wanting to have things done NOW, is getting her new home done practically overnight. But the point is, as I understand it, that Fritz Mandl need not have made a single financial gesture toward Hedy since it was she who left him.

IN EVERYTHING she does there is determination. She weighed 130 pounds not long ago. She wanted to get down to 120 pounds. To do this she must diet. It is an unpleasing subject of conversation, dieting, she thinks. And a deadly bore to boot. It is also a misery to diet when you are constantly around food, at table—and tempted. For Hedy loves to eat. And so when Hedy diets she just goes to bed for four days, surrounded by books, magazines and flowers. She drinks nothing but tomato juice and water, eats a few apples. At the end of the four days, having spared her friends the boredom of hearing about her diet and herself the misery of being tempted by food, she arises and eats again. She also feels that when you diet and are up and around you begin to look dragged out and tired. The four days in bed accomplish their purpose and leave her looking rested, too. On one such occasion she was invited to a dinner she specially wished to attend. She had one more day of her diet to go. So she called her hostess, ordered tomato juice and apples for herself and went to the dinner.

But even as Hedy wears exquisite sandals or a fabulous jewel when she wears slacks, so the firmness of her character is made feminine by a sprinkling of fears and foibles. She is superstitious to the point of fanaticism. When Friday falls on the 13th she will not even get out of bed. All of the unhappy incidents of her life, she says, occurred on Fridays. And when Friday falls on the dread 13th she will not stir from her pillow lest something tragic happens. Nor will she be party to "three on a match." She once was one of such a trio and her brother-in-law died a few days later. She is also afraid of "too nice" people, especially when they are too nice on first acquaintance. She is wary, especially, of women. Her women friends are carefully chosen because, she says, "so many have been unfortunate."

Yes, she is feminine—is Hedy. And she is luxury-loving. But she is forceful, too, and willing to earn her luxuries, herself, rather than have them given to her at the cost of her freedom. Her beauty is lit with an adventuring spirit. She is Vienna's gift to men. But she is even more Vienna's gift to women. Because she has made women exciting to themselves again.

AUNTIE...IS BAD BREATH CATCHING?
OF COURSE NOT, SALLY! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?
WELL, WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA HUSBAND! SO I DON'T WANNA CATCH YOUR BREATH, AUNTIE MAY!
MY BREATH!
UH-HUH. 'CAUSE DADDY SAYS BAD BREATH IS WHY YOU AREN'T MARRIED. AN' HE SAYS MAMA SHOULD TELL YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
IS HE REALLY GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND, AUNTIE MAY?
YES, SALLY, I REALLY AM!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's —regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

Why Do Movie Stars Fool the Public?

[*Continued from page 29*]

public places, by columnists and by photographers. . . . Joan and Franchot knew that their marriage had failed, but they kept the public from knowing. They had their publicity as a successful team, both on the screen and off, to consider. That publicity was dramatic and glamorous. They had eaten it up when they were happy together. And they still had a taste for it after they were unhappy together. Enough of a taste to go through the motions of still caring.

Perhaps you've read that Joan and Franchot have had several dates since their parting. Perhaps you've wondered how they could be such friends after anything as violent as a separation. Joan and Franchot will probably explain one of these days that they're "civilized." That's usually the explanation in these friendly Hollywood divorces. But there's also another explanation. If they're "friendly" after parting, a couple can sort of taper off on their joint publicity. They don't have to get used to solo publicity all at once.

THAT'S why a movie actress, asking for a divorce, will always try to fool the public. She will tell the world that her husband has been "mentally cruel" or "incompatible" or something else fancy. She will never tell the real reason for her being in court. She will never, never hint that he has fallen for another woman or that she has fallen for another man. Why, if she hinted anything like that, she couldn't be seen with her ex-husband at the Trocadero after the divorce!

Sometimes movie stars go to the trouble of fooling the public lest the public get the idea, rightly or wrongly, that all of the publicity up to now has been hokum.

There's the case of Bette Davis. For six years, she and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., always vacationed together. Then, suddenly, newshawks discovered Bette vacationing alone. Was this a symptom of marital trouble? Hotly, Bette denied it. "If there were any truth to the rumors, I'd be the first to tell you," she said. But the newshawks weren't satisfied. They asked her husband the same question. And "Ham"—not being in the movies and not being publicity-minded—frankly admitted that they were having difficulties.

Bette tried to fool the public because she was embarrassed. She had spent a long time building up the impression that she was happily married for keeps. She had given hundreds of interviews as the-career-girl-who-thinks-marriage-more-important. She had been the girl who had snorted at the notion that happy wedlock wasn't as possible in Hollywood as any other place. She had courted countless reams of publicity as the movie star who was immune to divorce. She had told in detail, in interview after interview, how she had become immune and how she would remain that way.

It had been a good line—a line that no other star had. It had been a sure space-getter. Now she was going to have to discard it. That was bad enough. But even worse was the dread of having the public think that it might have been only a line.

So Bette tried to make the public think that everything still was as she had always said. "Ham" crossed her up, and she had to admit that her vacation was a marital vacation. And now look at what's happened. The girl who always pretended to be the most outspoken person in Hollywood hasn't a word to say. She won't talk. She's too embarrassed to talk. Joan Bennett can appreciate Bette's embarrassment. Over a period of five years, Joan built up an impression that she was equally successful in three careers—as an actress, as a wife and as a mother. She gave out interview after interview, telling modestly, but intimately, how she combined all three. The stories were charming and they were convincing. And then, one day, Joan filed suit for divorce. She didn't have anything to say, either.

SILENCE also has its uses for fooling the public. The public, more likely than not, will leap to the conclusion that a sudden divorcee is just too unhappy to talk. The public may never suspect that she has fallen in love with somebody else—already.

Garbo has been fooling the public with *her* silence for years, fostering an impression that she wants to be alone. Only old-time insiders remember the real reason why Garbo originally went in for silence. She couldn't speak English well enough to hold her own in interviews. Greta was a glamor girl, and that wasn't a glamorous reason for silence. So her studio gave out that she wanted to be alone, a woman cloaked in mystery. The gag paid such dividends in publicity that she kept it up long after she could speak flawless English.

Only once in a while she forget. Once was during the making of *Camille*. Between takes, the prop boys were in the habit of going outside, tossing a ball around. One day Greta gave in to the urge to play ball, too. A publicity man saw her at it, rushed back to his typewriter, and hammered out a story to prove that Garbo was, after all, human. A widely syndicated columnist printed it. Garbo saw it and simultaneously saw red. She made it clear that no more such stories were to go out about her. And she played ball no more.

But now the reaction has set in. People are wearying of the passive Garbo silence, especially when Hedy Lamarr, who's just as glamorous as Greta, is so friendly, candid and vivacious. And don't think Garbo isn't conscious of the competition. When she landed in New York from Sweden recently, she was neither Sphinx-like nor elusive. She talked to reporters as if she enjoyed it. Let's hope she did enjoy it. Let's hope she's through being unnatural for the sake of publicity.

Jeanette MacDonald fooled the public for five years, letting everybody think she was about to marry her manager, Robert Ritchie, if she hadn't already secretly married him. That was all for the sake of publicity, too. She played romantic roles on the screen, so people expected her to be romantic in private life, too. Actually, she was too busy practicing her singing, to have time for any serious romance. Also, she was a bit prim. But those two facts weren't glamorous. So fiction was written about her, instead. Ritchie was willing. Anything to heighten Jeanette's popularity was all right with him. He wouldn't lose. He was her manager.

Now the press-agents are trying to give Eleanor Powell a love-life off the screen in the hope of heightening her sex appeal on the screen. You see rumors of her being engaged to this one, then that one. Actually, she is too busy to be engaged to anyone—or even to be wooed. She has to devote her free time to concocting new steps, rehearsing them, and getting some sleep (doctor's orders).

WHILE some of the glamor girls go in for fooling the public about romances they haven't had, others try to fool the public about romances they *have* had. Mae West, for example. It suited her purposes to have the public think of her as being in a position to say "Come up 'n' see me sometime" off-screen, as well as on. She denied as long as possible that she had once married a man

Sometimes movie stars fool the public about their marital state. It was considered smart publicity to hide the fact that Phil Regan was not only married but that he also had four children. Here they play cards with Pop and Mom named Frank Wallace. He had to sue her before she would admit it. And then she insisted that they had never lived together.

Now Marjorie Weaver is denying up and down that she eloped after the Navy-Notre Dame football game last year with one Ensign George Schacht. She plays ingenues, and ingenues are supposed to be only marriageable, not married. A Los Angeles columnist, Reed Kendall, has printed an offer to show Marjorie a photostatic copy of her marriage license. So what? For publicity outside Los Angeles, Marjorie still keeps up the denials.

Sylvia Sidney, whose publicity was all of the bachelor-girl variety, waxed indignant last February when romance rumors linked her with Luther Adler, Broadway actor. "Preposterous!" she said. She fooled everybody but Mr. Adler. He married her in August. (P. S. They got twice as much publicity as they would have if they had admitted a romance from the start.)

One of the all-time feminine highs in fooling the public was achieved by Claire Dodd. Nobody knew she was married, and had been for five years, until she invited reporters around to meet her baby, born three months before. To blazes with Glamor! She was proud to be a mama. But Claire's record for secrecy is nothing compared with the records of a couple of the glamor boys. Warren Hull and Phil Regan had been around for a long time, thriving on handsome-bachelor publicity, when Warren suddenly 'fessed up to a wife and three sons and Phil went him one better by owning up to a wife and *four* children. And, incidentally, their fan mail promptly increased. Proving that popularity is possible even without fooling the public.

THE game of pretending, for publicity's sake, isn't confined to the female sex. The males are addicted to it, too.

Consider Ronald Colman. He thrived for years on the public's impression that he was Hollywood's most elusive bachelor. When it eventually came out that he wasn't a bachelor, but had a wife from whom he was separated, she showed no eagerness for a divorce. The public got the idea that he was dodging any possible future entanglements of a romantic order. When his wife finally gave him a divorce, Ronnie shut himself up in his house more than ever. He gave the impression that he would never love again—except on the screen. That impression lured sympathetic women by the millions to his pictures. But Ronnie was only fooling. He admitted as much the other day by up and eloping with Benita Hume.

Errol Flynn specializes in adventure roles. Keeping in character off-screen, he is constantly announcing plans to go to this far corner of the world, or that, during his next vacation, in search of real-life adventure. He may never go, but what's the harm in fooling the public? It's provocative publicity. It keeps the public guessing.

Charlie Chaplin has become an expert at the game of "You guess!" By saying nothing, he has half the public guessing that he's married to Paulette Goddard, and the other half guessing that he isn't. He's fooling only fifty per-cent of the population that way. And it's keeping his name in the papers till he gets around to making his next picture.

Practically every time he gives an interview, James Stewart tries to make out that he's a young innocent, baffled by women. That's smart publicity, considering the roles he plays. But it's only publicity. Actually he is a one-man escort bureau to all the unattached glamor girls in town, from Norma Shearer on down.

Speaking of Norma, she had the public thinking for a time that she was going to play *Scarlett O'Hara*. That was a smart publicity stunt to make her front-page news just at the time that her come-back picture, *Marie Antoinette*, was hitting the theatres.

Tyrone Power, playing serious young lovers, periodically fools the public into thinking he has found serious romance in real life. He does it by concentrating on one girl at a time. But it's a cinch that Darryl Zanuck isn't letting his prize attraction step up to an altar, and out of a million feminine fans' dreams, for a long while yet. If you'll notice, most of Tyrone's "romances" are right on the home lot—with girls who may be cast opposite him almost anytime.

Even the younger generation isn't above fooling the public. A syndicated columnist told the other day about Mickey Rooney's blowing his lines on the set of *The Hardys Out West*, and offering the wisecrack alibi, "I'm a nervous wreck—at 16." Mickey may be a little guy, but he was 18 last September 23rd.

Kay Francis didn't mean it when she said that she was giving up her career to marry Baron Erik Barnekow. She already has a date to make pictures early next year. But making the gesture of leaving the screen now will get her all the more publicity when she returns, come January.

Why do movie stars fool the public? The answer is brutally simple: Fiction is more glamorous than fact. It has more dramatic possibilities. And actors, being actors, like to put on acts.

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Unmasking the Star Nobody Knows

[*Continued from page 24*]

Part of his mystery is a ruse to help audiences forget what he's like in person. If they don't know much, they won't have much to forget.

Once, when he was cast as a Japanese, he locked himself in his apartment and read Japanese philosophy for three weeks straight—until he thought as a Nipponese would think.

He takes his acting so seriously that he avoids other actors as much as possible, away from work. He might be infected with some of their mannerisms or ideas. That might interfere with his mission. He must mirror life. To do that, he should know a variety of people. Normal people.

"Actors aren't normal people," he says. "If we were, we wouldn't be actors."

BEFORE he had a famous face and a fabulous income, he used to roam city slums, studying life in the raw, first-hand. Now he does his studying second-hand, burying his classic profile in books. The only people who can pry him loose from his bookworming are people who won't "talk shop." There aren't many such in Hollywood.

Seclusion isn't entirely an act with him. He likes seclusion. One of the things that makes him like it is a hank of hair. He may joke about it (to intimates), but one of his pet aversions is donning the top-piece that covers his prematurely high forehead in public. He isn't consistent in his concealments, however. He frankly reveals his age. He was born August 8, 1899.

Hollywood kicked him in the face, the first two times he tried to crash its portals. He has never forgotten that. He will never forget it. Like a lover twice deceived, he is rather permanently suspicious. Behind his charming smile and unfailing politeness is a cold, calculating mind. He won't go beyond politeness to cordiality until he is convinced that a person is going to do something beneficial for him.

Writers have no idea of what a busy man he is until they ask for interview appointments. Weeks go by and still he is "too busy" to see them. "So sorry," and all that. He is never rude (anything but that!). He just dodges as many interviewers as possible, and for as long as possible—because he can't see how interviews benefit him in any way.

He has a neat trick for escaping from someone unimportant or someone who doesn't matter in his scheme of things. He will converse graciously for a few moments, with a perfect display of polite attention. Then, as if regretfully tearing himself away, he will beg to be excused. He has to go to his dressing-room, "run over the lines for the next scene." He leaves, after shaking hands warmly. The other day, someone left thus happened to pass his dressing-room five minutes later. The door was slightly ajar. Through the aperture, our hero was seen immersed in a newspaper, looking over the stock market quotations.

THE first time Hollywood beckoned to him, he already had a big stage reputation abroad. He was signed to star in foreign versions. He did two, both successes; then foreign versions faded. But he was prepared. In six months, he had learned to speak English fluently—no mean feat for a man who had done all his thinking in another language for thirty years. So Hollywood made him a glorified extra. He chauffeured Jean Harlow, and had five lines to say in *Red-Headed Woman.* He drew other "bits" in other pictures. Finally, in despair, he gave up and went home.

The second time, Hollywood put a curly wig on his head and a violin in his hands and made him the gypsy hero of a musical extravaganza. He says, himself, that he looked silly. And he's right; he did! In disgust, he was packing his bags when he was offered the role of an understanding psychiatrist, with Claudette Colbert to understand. He took the role, and the role took him to stardom. He didn't look silly as a psychiatrist, and he hasn't looked silly since. He hasn't played anything but deep thinkers since. That hasn't been accidental. He did some deep thinking off the screen to insist on intellectual roles on the screen. The movies didn't have an intellectual charmer—until he made himself It.

He has played opposite most of the glamor girls who are supposed to be difficult to get along with: Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, Jean Arthur, Dannielle Darrieux. He hasn't found it difficult to get along with any of them. People wonder what his secret is. One of the girls once came through with an explanation that is probably as good as any. Eloquently, albeit a bit inelegantly, she said: "He's romantic without ever being fresh. He's always a gentleman. And he treats you as if you were a lady."

That polished way of his is no carefully-remembered act. Charming the feminine of the species is instinctive with him. So much so that some of the boys, early in his Hollywood career, hoaxed him into a beautiful gag that he still shudders to remember. He was playing a "bit" in a Ruth Chatterton picture. He wanted Miss Chatterton to like him, but, with English so new to him, he didn't know quite what to say. He made the mistake of asking the boys' advice. They told him, earnestly, the way to make any American girl like him instantly. So he tried it on Miss Chatterton. He walked up to her and said, "How I could go for you, baby!" She recoiled, dismayed. He beat a dignified, but hasty retreat. When he found out how brash he had been, he hid for a week.

HE HAS played an assortment of nationalities. In his last picture, for a change, he played a man of his own nationality. At the time, he was happy about it—so happy that he was helping to cast the picture. He was the one who talked the producer into signing a newcomer for the third-most-important role; he even made a test with her to enhance his sales-talk. As it turned out, she stole the picture. Now he's saying that he didn't enjoy making it particularly. He would seem to be jealous of his own reputation as an actor, at least.

The greatest performance he ever saw, himself, was in a theatre in Paris. Lucien Guitry was playing a Grand Duke. He sat at a desk, a telephone to his ear. He was hearing the details of a plot. He said nothing but the word "Yes." He said that thirty times, each time with a different inflection. Each had a different meaning. From hearing them, the audience knew every detail of the plot . . . If he ever gave a performance like that, he thinks he might get the Academy Award. He was nominated for it last year, but didn't get it.

He gives the impression, on the screen, of being sensitive. Off the screen, he is even more sensitive. Give him a short answer, and he takes it to heart. Be sarcastic at his expense, and he'll brood for days. Anyone who wants to get anything out of him has to be even more polite than he is.

Off-screen, as on, he is emotional. But never emotionally unbalanced. He isn't excitable, nor does he flare up. He is so completely poised that, if anyone ever surprises him, he never shows a sign of surprise. He is never off-guard. He would make a great chief of detectives or diplomat. But all this has exacted a toll in nerves. He is the world's champion chain-smoker. He is never without a cigarette in private life. It's a sedative and it keeps his hands busy.

HE HAS white, soft hands. His right hand is softer than his left. The fingertips on his left hand are thick-skinned from chasing chords on a violin. If he hadn't become an actor, he would have become a violinist. He has played since he was seven . . . He has never done any manual labor, except as an army reservist. He hasn't had to do any. From school, he stepped onto the stage, and he has been acting ever since. Despite his soft hands, however, he is physically hard. He has never been seriously ill. He doesn't have to wear a harness to conceal a paunch. He has no paunch. He goes in for calisthenics. And he is a strenuous tennis player, an expert swimmer.

He looks taller than he is (five feet nine). That's because he has a clever tailor. But not an expensive tailor. He isn't out for any best-dressed-actor title. He is suave in every way except sartorially. His off-screen clothes are on the sporty side. If he can help it, he never wears a shirt that requires a tie.

That takes some of the stiffness out of his dignity. But not enough to breed familiarity. He keeps people at a distance. To lesser people, he is invariably "Mr." Equals call him by his first name. People who speak of him by a nickname, as if they're *so* close to him, are only proving that they don't even know him. His dignity, combined with his refusal to talk about love or women, makes some people wonder if he is a prude. Let it be stated that he isn't. He doesn't stuff his fingers in his ears when the boys start telling jokes. He listens and, sometimes, he laughs. His sense of humor is not so broad as deep. It runs to satire, not slapstick.

He's so difficult about publicity (press-agents, *sotto voce,* call him "the problem child,") people wonder if he's difficult about other things, too. His directors don't have any complaints. He's always up on his lines, quiet between scenes, and willing to take criticism. He's more self-critical than the usual actor. When he's "bad," he's the first to admit it. He's constantly trying to improve—not taking the attitude that stardom is a synonym for perfection. He recently signed for a radio series, because it would make him improve his diction.

Americans know how to make better pictures than anyone else, he believes; but they're so precise that they wear out actors. They take forty-five minutes to light a set flawlessly and, in the meantime, actors get "out of the mood." If the movies went in for quick, candid photography, like the newspapers, it would be all right with him. "I don't insist on glamorous close-ups. I don't care if I look like Longefellow, if I can get across the idea that I'm in love with the heroine."

[*Continued on page 67*]

ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

"Just give, Claudette, and keep on giving," says Director George Cukor as he and camera crew try an angle shot on La Colbert—who is shown suffering alone in her room for her latest, *Zaza*

A **GOLDEN key**, and it wasn't Simone Simon's, held up a couple of thousands dollars worth of production on Sam Goldwyn's *Restless Age*. Key was in Jascha Heifetz' pants pocket; pants were at the presser's—and Jascha couldn't unlock the case of his famous Guanarius $150,000 violin until motorcycle messengers had gotten the key back! . . . Ghastly moment on the *Service De Luxe* set: Vincent Price kisses Joy Hodges passionately—and leaves half his prop moustache sticking on her lip! . . . Fate saved the makeup man a job on the Ed Small set where they're shooting *Duke of West Point*. Football scrimmage sequence—and out of one take comes Tom Brown, bruised, with a mouse on his eye that rapidly turned black. But did it hinder shooting?—no—because the script called for Tom to have a shiner in a later "take"—so they just revised the shooting schedule and used Tom's real black eye instead of a make-up job . . . Near-tragedy during *Sweethearts*—Jeanette MacDonald in a many-petticoated Dutch costume, singing with Nelson Eddy while cameras roll. Background of Christmas trees. Of a sudden, Jeanette's dress short-circuits a Christmas tree light wire, goes into flame. She doesn't notice it, but Eddy does. "Hold still," he says, without breaking his song; "you're on fire." So startled at the trick words to his music was Jeanette that she did hold stock still for a moment, gave Eddy time to beat out the fire. Then they went on finishing the take! . . . *Dawn Patrol* make-up trouble. Davie Niven had to appear with his face apparently covered with oil from a broken oil line after a forced landing in his plane. They tried the usual crude-oil smear job—but it made Davie so ill he couldn't act. Then they tried chocolate syrup—and it attracted so many flies that Davie looked like a sheet of tanglefoot fly-paper. They mixed insect spray with it—and made Davie sicker than the first time. Finally Perc Westmore, make-up genius, mixed brown pigment with odorless vaseline—and Davie made the scene.

YOU'LL **get** a laugh when the horse swells up while drinking gallons of water in *Going Places*—but you won't know that the horse wore a specially-made pneumatic corset that could be pumped up. It cost $750 . . . One of those ancient Model T Fords nearly ruined a couple of Warners' best players on *They Made Me a Criminal*. Because John Garfield stepped on the wrong pedal and sent the machine into reverse, he and Beulah Bondi were shaken up no end when the car backed into a minor wreck . . . Joan Crawford nearly wept with rage when she heard someone hissing during her work in a take for *The Shining Hour*. Enraged, too, were Margaret Sullavan, Bob Young and Melvyn Douglas. The sound-control man spotted the hiss; started a search for the culprit who was doing it. Not until fifteen precious minutes of wasted time did they all discover it was a tea-kettle on the electric plate in Joan's dressing-room—the hissing picked up by the ultra-sensitive mike . . . *Gunga Din* notes—over-100 temperatures at the Lone Pine location cut 20 pounds off Vic McLaglen's weight, another 10 off Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and 12 off Cary Grant—character-actor Eduardo Ciannelli had to go to the hospital because a Black Widow spider bit him—oddest injury of the troupe was Sam Jaffe's—he got "elephant burns" from sliding down from his mount on a big elephant, while he wore only a breech-clout—and because the elephant and another one were sunburned and had to be kept under shade for a day, the studio recovered $20 insurance on the beasts—and that's no joke, because elephant hide, tough as it is, is very sensitive!

PRODUCTION-BILLS of the month: They had to reshoot a scene in a sleeper plane for *The Shining Hour* because they discovered the towels were stamped "Waldorf Astoria Hotel"—they had to reshoot a scene in *Gunga Din* because the British flag that was hauled down in the middle of a ceremony showed a label "Made in Japan"—they had to reshoot a scene in *The Great Waltz* because they discovered too late that although they'd made up Fernand Gravet's face to look like an old man, they forgot his hands which showed too young in the closeups . . . Gale Sondergaard is still trying to figure out whether what Luise Rainer told her after a *Dramatic School* take was a compliment or else. Gale played the role of a great actress: Luise that of a beginner. After the scene, Gale complimented Luise, and Luise came back with: "Oh, no—really, your acting as a great actress was much better than mine as a poor actress . . . " Happiest man in Hollywood is Adolphe Menjou with his new role in *Thanks for Everything*. He plays a business man with a flair for clothes; appears in 27 scenes; wears a different outfit of clothes each time. And best part is that, contrary to the customary studio rule that male players must always furnish their own wardrobes, in this case 20th-Fox stands half the cost of Menjou's clothes because it is such an unusually large wardrobe call . . . Another wardrobe story is about RKO's *The Castles*. The studio was saved the cost of one gown—a dress that Ginger Rogers wears during one of the dances in which she appears as the famed Irene Castle. Instead of making the gown, the studio accepted Irene Castle's offer of one of her own gowns, made 24 years ago—and kept all that time by the one-time dance star in perfect condition.

CENSORSHIP **note:** In a take on *The Cowboy and the Lady* at Sam Goldwyn's, they couldn't shoot a bed in a certain boudoir scene between Merle Oberon and Henry Kolker, because the Hays code forbids beds in such scenes between a man and woman. Laugh is that Kolker plays Merle's FATHER! . . . .

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If Bob Burns Were King of Hollywood

[Continued from page 44]

entertainer. His syndicated column runs in some 250 papers, his weekly broadcasts with Bing Crosby delight millions, and when given the right script, he is a riot in pictures. It's a fantastic success story, but I don't know anybody in this legendary village who deserves his success more than the inimitable Bob Burns.

The other day he was telling a group of us his impressions of European royalty. As a rifle instructor and gunnery-sergeant with the Marines in France, Bob did his share in the World War. General Pershing pinned a gold medal on his breast as the champion rifleman of the A. E. F. (He hadn't shot squirrels in the Ozarks for nothing.) After the Armistice, he played his Bazooka and led an army jazz band in the gay spots of Paris and in scores of other cities on the continent. Ex-King Alfonso of Spain got blue in the face trying to blow his bazooka. He met the duchess this, the countess that, in those mad, happy days when Europe went crazy over "Les Americans."

I ASKED Bob what he would do if he were king of Hollywood. The rangy prince of the Ozarks scratched his sunburnt ear, and said, "Well, I'll tell you, if I wuz king of Hollywood, the first thing I'd do is make Bing Crosby dictator of men, an' Carole Lombard dictator of women, although I kinda reckon Carole could handle the men better'n Bing. I'd let 'em pick their own assistants, except that I'd recommend Claudette Colbert for the post of ambassador to France so that she kin show the dressmakers in Paris how clothes should be made. With Claudette representin' Hollywood over there, Americans who go to Paris lookin' for styles won't be disappointed. An' I'd recommend Frank Lloyd for the post of ambassador to the Court of St. James. The English would love Frank; he'd keep 'em happy an' patriotic by stagin' *Cavalcades*.

"There are only two real factions in any state," His Majesty Robin I continued, opening his tobacco pouch and filling a briar pipe. "Men an' women. To end the battle 'tween the sexes oncet for all, I'd have two separate governments for each. Let the men obey Bing, an' the women Carole. They'll keep everybody entertained, an' there won't be a dull moment with these two reg'lar guys runnin' the show. You know, I don't get excited over royalty. Title don't mean a thing to me. But what made a hit with me when I met those titled big shots in Europe wuz that they were reg'lar people an' weren't puttin' on the dog like some of our new rich out here do. Carole an' Bing are reg'lar. There's nothin' affected 'bout 'em.

"The first law I'd pass would be aimed against those who go hi-hat an' Hollywood. I'd segregate 'em, send 'em to a concentration camp, so that they'll get sick of each other. Then, I'd summon Edgar Hoover from Washington, an' ask him to bring along his best sleuths to find out an' report to me where some of those wild Hollywood parties take place. I've bin eight years in this town an' I haven't seen one yet. I'd like to go to one of 'em—incognito, you understand." His Majesty chuckled.

"Those Roman emperors had the right idea for rulin' people. They kept 'em entertained with festivals, circuses, gladiatorial contests, and made 'em forgit their troubles. I'd solve the unemployment problem by puttin' the jobless to work as guides for tourists who visit here. I'd have extras walk up and down Hollywood Boulevard, made up as Indians and cowboys, so these tourists won't be disappointed. An' every night I'd have a party at some of those places where tourists go to see movie stars—like the Brown Derby or the Trocadero. I'd have a bunch of actors eatin' together at a big table, wearing paper hats, drinkin' champagne, and throwin' serpentines back an' forth. An' I'd have a couple of scantly-dressed chorus girls dance up an' down the tables, so these visitors kin go back an' say Hollywood is really glamorous. That's what they expect to see when they come here, an' I'd give it to 'em."

"Did you think Hollywood was like that?" somebody asked him.

"Well, judgin' from the stories I read about those wild parties an' even murders in those swell apartments, I expected to see a lot of debauchery. I'll be dog-gone if I seen it."

One of the greatest problems Robin I has to face as King of Hollywood would be the autograph hunters. And here is His Majesty's solution. "I'd post the names of actors who kick 'bout autographs on a special bulletin board, an' ask people not to molest 'em. I remember, one day I played a trick on a star who wuz complainin' 'bout autographs—couldn't be bothered. We were dinin' together in a little restaurant, an' every minute or so somebody came in an' asked for my autograph, but ignored him. An' I'm tellin' you, he wuz burnt plenty!

"So many stars kick about bein' overworked. I'd have a penalty for 'em. I'd take 'em out of pictures for a while and give 'em a job in a department store, selling classified ads—that's almost capital punishment, I done it for the Chicago *Herald* before the war, an' I know what it means—yes, sir, I'd make 'em go to work at eight o'clock in the mornings, ridin' on street-cars, punch the clock, git an hour off for lunch, punch the

When Hollywood girls pose as Hawaiian maids they make sure they are decked out with correct atmospheric touches. Ann Sheridan, in a colorful abbreviated dress, wears coral decorations on hair, neck, ankles—and the uke wears a lei clock back again. Sometimes I, myself, think how hard I'm workin'. Pictures, radio, my column in the papers, sure keep me busy. Believe me, if they told me I'd have to go to work at a certain time every mornin' an' punch a clock six days a week, month after month an' year after year, I'd be scared to death. These movie stars jist don't know what hard work means.

"I'd have all the producers, directors an' writers in Hollywood take an automobile trip through the country once every two years, to go inside homes, mingle with the people, eat an' live with 'em, to understan' human nature. But now, when they want a cross-section of American life, they go to the Brown Derby. An' I'd do away with musicals for a while. People nowadays wanta see pictures that have some relation with life as they know it."

HIS Majesty puffed at his pipe in silence, and, seemingly, in deep meditation. He sat under a magnificent tree, before a cottage with a white picket-fence, and around the corner was the main street of a peaceful town in Arkansas—a ghost town built by those jugglers of movie magic, the studio art directors. Presently, a smile spread on his red face, and he decreed another law. "I'd make all those actors who carry those red fire license plates on their cars for havin' played in police benefits git up at four o'clock in the mornin' an' go to fight a fire. An' I'd build a race track for speeders. Every Sunday they'd have to go there an' drive at least 90 miles an hour with a flat tire. That'd be somethin'!" And His Majesty laughed again.

War has been a kingly prerogative from time immemorial. But war isn't fashionable any more in democratic countries. However, in spite of such treaties as the Briand-Kellogg pact outlawing war as an instrument of national policy, every country is spending millions on armaments and feverishly preparing for war. Nobody has yet found an effective way of freeing mankind from the curse of war—except Robin I of Hollywood. "Well, I'll tell you what I'd do about war," this blessed monarch stated, filling his pipe again. "I'd appoint castin' directors as recruitin' officers. Whether a guy wants to fight or not, he won't pass 'cause they'll tell him he isn't the type. That, my friends, would end all wars forever."

HAVING disposed of this vexing problem, His Majesty tackled an even more important and perplexing one so far as Hollywood is concerned—how to keep movie stars in love. He declared there will be no divorce while he is king, and described an actors' Elysium for bringing about this happy result.

"After banishin' those who have gone Hollywood to a concentration camp, I'd have all the other actors live in one big community, with a lot of little houses aroun' a big square, an' a communal dinin' hall where all kin eat together. Every actor will have to contribute a certain percentage of his earnin's to the community treasury. Actors are very clannish, and they could sure live cheap that way. Some years ago a bunch of us vaudeville actors did that in New York. We rented a flat, and whenever one of us got a job, he dumped his money in the till. Whoever worked he wuz king for a day, an' sat at the head of the table. Everybody wuz tickled to death to keep house. We'd go out in the mornin's an' scout aroun' for a job, goin' to different vaudeville producers. If we foun' out they couldn't use our act but could use somebody else's, we'd let him know right away. Boy-o-boy, did we eat!

"Now, I'm sure in this big community everybody will be happy. Course, there'll be some leeches, guys who don't want to work—an' that'll be a good way of findin' 'em out. Leeches will be ruled off the boards. The guy who don't wanta work, can't eat, either. An' I'd build a special auditorium for people who like to talk 'bout themselves. They kin go to this place an' talk as long as they wanta. I'd also build a big hotel, a nice, clean place to rest in, a room with a single bed to cost only 30 cents a night. As a matter of fact, I bin thinkin' for some time 'bout buildin' a few hotels like that in the country. The other day I wuz tellin' a friend 'bout this project of mine, an' he asked me how soon I'd start buildin' 'em. I said, as soon as I was sure I wouldn't have to live in one of 'em myself."

ONE of the primary concerns of every state is the education of its children. Robin I has some interesting and sound ideas about education. "I've sent my boy to Kansas, to spend a month with one of the greatest scientists in the country, Martin Baden, who is goin' to make a petroleum engineer out of him. I had a letter from Baden last night, tellin' me my boy has already mastered the slide rule, kin handle it like any old timer." His keen blue eyes shone with paternal pride. "As I saw him off, I couldn't help thinkin': Here you're 16 years old, an' you're takin' your first trip. You'll travel Pullman all the way, tip porters who carry your bags, eat in the dinin' car, live like a gentleman. When I wuz two years younger, 14, I left home and went to Kansas to work in the wheatfields. My mother sewed a dollar bill in my undershirt, and I had 35 cents in my pocket. I traveled in a box-car, like a hobo. For years I wuz nothin' *but* a hobo. I've hoboed from one end of the country to the other, through every state in the Union. By the time I wuz 22 I wuz what you might call a hobo in good standin'.

"Now a school is a mighty fine thing. But there's nothin' like livin' with a man who's an authority in the field you wanta specialize. Yes, my boy is very fortunate." Recalling his own schooling in Van Buren, where he attended high-school without graduating, the King of Hollywood asserted with majestic puffs at his pipe:

"I never studied a lesson in my life. I spent most of my time hangin' aroun' the river on my pony. I'd go to the classroom without the slightest idea what the lesson wuz 'bout. The teacher would ask me a question, and I'd git up an' say, 'Well, I'll tell you . . .' an' git the whole class interested in somethin' that had nothin' to do with the lesson, an' while they discussed it pro an' con, I'd quietly sit down."

A born story-teller, he showed his gift-of-gab early in life. It was that gift that landed him at Paramount as next-door neighbor to Carole Lombard, after years of roaming around the country as a true spiritual descendant of the minstrels and court-jesters of old. They never know at the NBC studio what he will say when he goes on the air, and the executives of that network are so confident of his ability to entertain people spontaneously, without a script, that he isn't required to submit a copy of what he will say for their approval. And it is not generally known that he is an accomplished musician, that this former member of Van Buren's Queen City Silvertone Cornet band can play almost any musical instrument you care to name.

"Would you still play your Bazooka when you reign in Hollywood?" I asked him.

"You betchur life I will. I'll keep on tryin' to git some music out of it."

So long live the King of Hollywood, and may he blow his Bazooka till doomsday!

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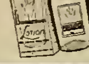

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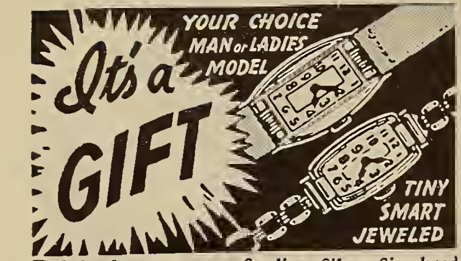
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

The Basil Rathbones, Hollywood's best party-throwers, were thrown many parties by socialites during vacation in East

The Bob Montgomerys gave gossips a pop in mouth by vacationing on a farm—thus quieting rumor all was not rosy

play, has to rehearse late at night, so takes a room in a downtown Los Angeles hotel instead of driving ten miles or more home each night.

2—The gossipers immediately announce that he and Wifie Helen Craig are living apart.

Both of them thinks it's veddy, veddy fuddy.

Herbert Marshall—whose best pal and severest critic is Lee Russell, is always found at her side at Hollywood pastimes

WOOSOME TWOSOMES: Nancy Carroll and Writer Charlie Grayson and why doesn't she say "yes" and end the suspense?—Warner cutie Janet Shaw jittery about Script Clerk Jack Lucas, who's Bess Meredith's son—Madeleine Carroll and Doug Fairbanks, Junior making sophisticated heyhey—Gordon Oliver's Loretta Young's latest—Venita Varden, who's tired of being Mrs. Jack Oakie, is rebounding with Jimmy Blakely—Wendy Barrie and Lee Bowman think stars are beee-ooo-teee-fulllll—but now and then, Randy Scott takes Wendy star-gazing, too—Steffi Duna thinks Attorney Bentley Ryan is so nice—Ivan Lebedeff's hand-kissing is all Margaret Lindsay's, now—Agent Pessis and handsome Casey Roberts are dividing Gloria Blondell's life—and Adrienne Ames takes two boy friends out the same evening, they being Harv Priester and Bill Davey—Sidney Blackmer, whose real heart is Suzanne Kaaren, being a nice ex-hubby and taking ex-wifie, Lenore Ulric out to a few of the Hollywood nite-spots while she's in town—Janet Gaynor and Adrian here and there and practically everyplace you look!

■

THE Robert Montgomerys hand the gossips a pop in the mouth by vacationing together on their farm in the East, taking their two kiddies along. This put the quietus on the rumor that all was not hunky-dory.

■

HOLLY-WOULD like to know if the Sugar Geise-Bill (Alice's brother) Faye romance is mildewed already. On account of he's out stepping with Jane Wilson.

Eschew the Fat—Just Chew the Lean

[*Continued from page* 57]

herself and the late Thelma Todd. After Thelma's tragic death she was teamed with the late Lyda Roberti. Since then Patsy has appeared in a number of features that include *Private Number, Sing Baby Sing, Pigskin Parade, Kelly the Second, Merrily We Live, Pick a Star, Ever Since Eve, Going Hollywood, There Goes My Heart* and *The Cowboy and the Lady.*

When she was putting on weight, clothes didn't bother her much. She bought expensive duds, "but they never seemed to fit, and I got so I didn't care whether they did or not. Now, with my weight down to a graceful 119 I'm getting to be a fashion plate. I wear sizes 12 and 14. Think of that! But no glamor stuff."

She's five feet, four inches in her bare feet and is a decided brunette.

"I'm pretty absent-minded, too," she says. "Once I took a shower with my shoes on!"

She likes to read the daily papers in bed and she loves poetry, especially the Dorothy Parker and Edna St. Vincent Millay kind.

Returning to the screen, Patsy likes to ad lib ("I got into that habit while working with Frank Fay," she claims) and many of those smart quips you heard her utter on the screen are made up on the spur of the moment.

Since she's reduced her weight she goes in for long walks after meals, sometimes just around the block, often two miles. And if she feels the need of additional exercise she plays badminton or golf. She's unmarried, she contributes more than her share to charity and she always has a good word to say about everybody, whether she likes them or not. Despite her immense popularity, on and off the screen, no other girl in motion pictures is jealous of her. Which is really a record in Flickertown, considering the vast amount of back-biting and back-stabbing that goes on.

Her real name is Veronica Kelly—but she's The Patsy just the same to everyone who knows her.

"And at the end of your story," she told us, "be sure to say I've thinned myself down from 167 to 119 pounds. I'm pretty proud of that!"

Well, if Patsy wants this story to end that way, we're not one to double-cross a lady, so here it is—The END.

Unmasking the Star Nobody Knows

[*Continued from page* 62]

ANENT love, he once vowed that he would never marry—lest marriage interfere with his acting ambitions. He kept the vow for thirteen years, then broke it in three weeks. He knew the girl only that long when he eloped with her. Moreover, five years later, they're still married. She is an actress and still works at it, but she works less often than her husband. He is the undisputed star of the family. They have agreed never to make a picture together. She once said: "Both of us are individualists. Quick-tempered. At home, we can laugh about it, and reconcile our differences harmoniously. But on a movie set, where we might be more actor and actress than husband and wife, we are afraid it might bring disharmony."

She said that in the days when it was still possible to get a story about his private life from her, if not from him. Now he not only won't talk about it, himself. He won't let her talk about it.

He's inconsistent about money. When his income was comparatively small, he gambled most of it away. Now that he's in the higher brackets, he doesn't gamble at all. He's generous to charity, yet when he recently wanted a new radio, he didn't buy one. He got one through posing for an ad.

He had to eat humble pie when he first saw Hollywood. But it looks as if he never intends to do so again. His asking price per picture, these days, is in the neighborhood of $150,000. (He's now making one with Irene Dunne, at RKO, entitled *Love Match.*) And, despite his assertion that he's "not going to become a citizen," he recently bought a house which, with doing over, cost him $200,000.

One huge room has a sliding ceiling open to the sky, a floor of blue marble. The living-room, done in all the tones of beige, is a setting for his fine collection of paintings and jades. The dining-room features old-gold glass. He has a suite of rooms. She has a suite. The establishment is a new high in Hollywood luxury.

He invited most of the big names in Hollywood to his housewarming and properly awed them with his surroundings, his food and imported wines, his geniality as a host. He said that no newspaperman or woman ever would be invited there. But, a couple of mornings after the housewarming, Columnists Hedda Hopper and Ella Wickersham went into long spiels about the house, as if they had seen it with their own eyes. (Some of his guests had told them about it.) He's still fuming, because it looked as if he had courted publicity with his private life.

That's the screen's most polished Great Lover, the Star Nobody Knows, the husband of Pat Paterson—Charles Boyer, pronounced Boy-ay. A complicated, interesting person who hates publicity as a person. If he could help it, he'd never be known as anything except a dam' good actor.

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The Men in Janet Gaynor's Life

[*Continued from page 27*]

surprised if it happens any time at all.

It'll be a very sober, carefully-thought-out marriage. None of this heigh-ho hippity-hop eloping to Yuma in the throes of puppy-love. Neither Adrian nor Janet are having puppy-love any more. As a matter of fact, it's Adrian's first real love. He says so.

"She's the first girl I've ever loved," he is reported to have said, months ago, to intimates More recently, he's come right out to Janet herself, and told her so. He told her so one night, in front of her fireplace.

Hollywood is saying that he has caught Janet on a rebound. The echoes of the highly-publicized Gaynor-Power romance aren't stilled yet. Some Hollywood tongue-wagglers insist that Janet is still carrying the torch for Ty. They insist that Janet encountered, in Ty Power, for the first time in her life, a man who was ready to say "Au revoir" before she herself, said it.

WELL, to begin at the beginning. I mean, to begin with in Hollywood. There was Herb Moulton. Before that, I don't know. But Herb was No. 1 in Hollywood, for Janet. Herb was a newspaperman who did movie publicity, too. Janet, who came fresh from a job in San Francisco to Hollywood, looked up to Herb as a pretty smart man-about-Hollywood. He liked her and helped her get jobs at extra-ing. They got engaged. It lasted two years—1925 to 1927, I think. Janet was just a kid then, and being engaged was fun, and it was okeh with Herb, too. But that's as far as it got. Janet went over pretty big, and when *Seventh Heaven* sent her skyrocketing into a heaven of her own, there just didn't seem to be any room in it for Herb Moulton. He didn't even have to help her get extra jobs, any more. And anyway, the engagement ended. Herb is the sort of gentleman who doesn't talk, so he doesn't talk about his romance with Janet.

No. 2 in Janet's Hollywood love-life was Philip Thompson. Phil is dead, now, but Janet will never forget him. He was the son of "Tommy," which was the nickname for an Englishwoman who was Janet's hairdresser for many years. He was a bank clerk. Incidentally, the majority of Janet's romances have been with non-movie men, if you'll notice. Ty Power was the pyrotechnic exception. But to get back to Phil Thompson—

Janet and young Thompson spent much time together. They were a smooth dance team. Besides, as a banker, he handled many of Janet's business affairs. That's where his sphere of usefulness lay. Like Herb's help with the jobs. But in the middle of the Thompson era, a lad from San Francisco named Lydell Peck entered the Gaynor love picture. Peck swept her off her feet. It was the Peck romance that first demonstrated one thing that seems to have been true of Janet—she was always, it seems, a softie for what you might call romantic gesturing. Long-distance calls, great sendings of flowers, hectic flights from far and wide to be near one's beloved—these things impress Janet. And Peck, from 400-miles-off San Francisco, did this sort of thing and did it well. Janet, romanticist at heart, went for active and theatrical romance and by the time Peck had made a row of telephone calls and flown south to see her, she was so much in love with him, she was convinced, that she married him.

She regretted it, eventually, as you all know. Marriage wasn't half as romantic as that sort of courtship, I presume. Marriage, by contrast, was prosaic and unglamorous. Janet was still young enough to want romance in a big way. In Hollywood, romance was all around her; it was her life; her profession. The romance she played with Charlie Farrell before the camera was so much more thrilling than the everyday romance of being somebody's wife. I say none of this in criticism, at all; I say it in explanation of what must have gone on inside Janet. And anyway, the Peck marriage ended in divorce.

JANET went on seeking romance, then. Even after having learned from the Peck affair, she once again went for the long-distance sort of romance. This time, it was that New York personage nicknamed "Vebbie." Every time Janet went to New York, the Vebbie romance blew hot. He was what you might call The Spirit of the Metropolis to her, I imagine. He had a grand income; he knew THE places to take her in New York; he was the man-about-town. She went for him in a big way, and Vebbie went for her. So much, indeed, that he made a romantic mistake.

That is, he suddenly decided that it'd be nice to be near Janet ALL the time, instead of only when she visited New York. And so he came to Hollywood where he was up against a sort of competition he never had to meet in New York. He knew his way, back East, but there was a different stage entirely in Hollywood. In Hollywood, he was up against experts in the matter of romance. After all, that's what Hollywoodians live on and from. And even his income, big in New York, seemed a bit puny compared with some of those movie salaries.

It was just about then that Janet lost her heart-thumping interest in Vebbie. There followed a sort of quiet period in Janet's heart. One or two men made passing impressions—there was Al Scott, for one, and Harold Anderson, for another. They took her dancing. Anderson, who, like so many of Janet's men-of-the-moment, was a non-movie man, handled such big businesses as housing and feeding thousands of workers at the Boulder Dam project. He was a business man. He had a big house in Bel-Air, and for a while, he was urgent that Janet should marry him and become its chatelaine. But nothing came of it. He was a fine, successful fellow—and there was plenty of promise of future security in marriage with him. But Janet wasn't at that stage yet, and there wasn't quite enough romance in the picture. So it faded out, and so did Anderson, as far as Janet was concerned.

NOW we're somewhere around the time they made *State Fair*. Janet has always believed she can do her best screen work when she is in love, really. And when there isn't a warmish love interest in her life, she, to some extent, drafts her leading man for the time—

Maybe it's something along the Paul Muni system of good acting. Paul carries his screen character with him all the time—even offscreen and during non-working hours—when he's in production. Janet seems to do the same with her screen romance. So, during non-shooting hours on *State*

Fair, she and Lew Ayres did quite a bit of dating. They had lots of fun together. I don't know how deeply romantic this was. Lew wasn't married then, you know. Neither was Janet. Probably they both put their hearts into it, for Art's sake, if nothing else. But it didn't take. Even thought Lew HAS been calling her up recently, since the Ty Power romance ended. . . .

Janet tried the leading-man method one other time. When she made *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* with Henry Fonda. But this time, things definitely went haywire. Fonda didn't co-operate. Fonda was a serious young man from the little theatre. He was in Hollywood to act, and that was all. He reminds me of the story of the stranger that accepted a dinner invitation at the young widow's home—the story that ends with: "Lady, I just come here to eat, that's all." Anyway, Fonda put ALL his heart into acting. Maybe it's a strong endorsement of Janet's theory, of having to have a real love interest in her life to do good screen work, that *The Farmer Takes a Wife* never did achieve high box-office rating. Anyway, in Janet's romantic life, Fonda didn't register.

So here is Gene Raymond. Now that I come to recapitulate, it seems that Janet looked favorable on the handsome young heroes of the screen in her womanly search for romance. Gene was one of them. But Gene had a mind of his own about love. Gene wanted to be more than Just No. 1 in a woman's life. They dated quite a bit—but once, when Gene was away on a personal-appearance tour, or something, Janet stepped out with other men. He let her know he didn't like it. And Janet didn't like THAT. And so anyway, it's Jeanette MacDonald who turned out to be Mrs. Gene Raymond, instead of Janet Gaynor.

Of course, there was Charlie Farrell. In fact, there IS Charles Farrell. There's a form of devotion between those two—Janet and Farrell—that isn't romance, that's yet more than friendship. Always, I believe, no matter what comes in life, each will always possess a tiny part of the other's heart. Whoever may be married to either will always have to concede that.

BUT with all her past loves—big or little—Janet never quite achieved the publicity that Ty Power brought her. I needn't go all over that—you've all read about it, in detail. Janet once said, during the height of it, that Ty was the first man she could ever have fun with. Fun they had—but Janet, I believe, was too much inclined to think of matrimony. And I don't believe that Ty thinks of matrimony at all—except as something to be avoided, like measles. Ty's in his twenties; Janet's in her thirties. Fun was fun, but when it began getting serious, Janet's friends worried about her. They began advising her. They told her not to let herself in for unhappiness.

Smart Russell Birdwell, one of Hollywood's publicity geniuses, who know how to make things seem what they aren't, cooked up an arrangement, eventually. Publicizing *Small Town Girl,* he built up a synthetic off-screen romance between Janet and Richard Carlson. It gave Janet a nice, public "out" on Ty Power, too. Janet agreed; so did Carlson. After all, publicity is part of any good actor's work, and so Janet and Carlson let themselves be photographed and paragraphed *a la* romance. Hollywood knew it was phony, from the start. So did Ty Power. But Ty's an actor by profession, too, so he let it all go as "good business."

But he did call up Janet, when the first stories about the Carlson "romance" began appearing.

"Nice work," he told her, with a grin at his end of the phone. Janet giggled. And that night, despite press-agent Birdwell's ban, Ty and Janet sneaked a date together that almost upset the apple-cart.

The final Ty-Janet break, DID come. Janet discovered that she (like her one-time big-moment Gene Raymond) wanted to be everything in her man's life. She learned that Ty was dating Annabella, after work on *Suez.* She didn't like the idea of Ty taking Annabella on moonlight rides to the beach for dinner, and to Riverside, 75 miles away through fragrant orange groves, where orange blossoms bloomed. Orange blossoms are for weddings! So Janet called it off.

I really think that Ty, though he certainly DOES like to play around, really did love Janet. Maybe still does. I think *both* he and Janet had and have heartaches at the knowledge that they will never marry. I think that if it weren't for the requirements of the business to which they've given their lives, they'd have been married, and happy. But that's finished, now. They've both got a torch to carry.

SO NOW, it's Adrian. Adrian's far past his twenties. Adrian is a man of the world, and a substantial, successful one. Life with Adrian will not be hectic; it will be comfortable. He knows all about her family and her obligations. She knows all about his. They've discovered no obstacles to marital happiness.

"Adrian is the first man I could ever look up to," Janet has said, recently. I don't know whether she's quite sure she loves him, but certainly she regards him highly and fondly enough to make this business of Love less important than when a girl is twenty. There are other factors, and Adrian offers them. Above all, understanding and tolerance.

And I rather fancy that Janet is a bit tired of several things. Of being the curly-haired, naive ingenue, on the one hand, as her fans regard her still. And of being the Diana-like huntress of men, as some of the Hollywood eyebrow-lifters see her. She doesn't want to play either role much longer.

She's always been adroit and capable at her love-making. Young girls could learn a lot from her technique. Janet is past-mistress of the art of making one's man feel important. She is the kind that can get a man to talk about himself or the things he is interested in, while she listens as though that's the world's most engrossing subject. She knows how men love to discourse on deep subjects—life Life and Love. Or Yogi philosophy, which is a strong talking-point between her and Adrian, right now.

Not only, conversationally, can Janet make her men feel BIG. She knows the value of making a fuss over him. Her favorite greeting to her man-of-the-moment is a great rushing, running jump into his arms, and a big warm kiss. And if she can get him to toss her up, like a baby, that's swell. Only Adrian doesn't do that. He's too dignified.

But Adrian DOES go for that chair of Janet's. Janet has used that chair well. It's carefully placed, in her home. It's the kind of big, soft, deep comfy chair a man loves. And when he settles in it, Janet curls her little self up, sitting on the floor at his feet, where she can look into his eyes while he discusses the greater and weightier problems of life and the world.

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Is Sonja Henie Money-Mad?

[*Continued from page* 21]

symptom of her sunny disposition. She is unassuming. She is friendly. She is natural, devoid of poses.

It's hard to believe that such a girl could have an insistent urge for money, and yet more money. But there are those fabulous figures, becoming more fabulous all the time. And not only does she seem to be working tirelessly to get more money. She seems to hang on to it. Why should she constantly strive to increase her income when, the more she earns, the more tax she will have to pay? When an income reaches really lofty heights, Uncle Sam takes more than fifty per cent of it. The higher an income goes, the higher the percentage goes.

No one questions Sonja's smartness. Yet up she shoots her earnings, farther and farther. Out of every thousand she earns, past a certain point, she will be able to keep only a few dollars. The tax collector will take the rest. But, apparently, she wants even those few dollars badly enough to work hard for them.

Why?

She can't be haunted by memories of a poverty-stricken past or by fears of a penniless future. Money isn't something new to her. Only the experience of earning it is.

THE Henies were wealthy before Sonja ever went to work. For more than eighty years, the family has been famous as fur merchants in Oslo. For generations, they have been furriers to royalty, including the royalty of England. Her older brother, Leif, is now carrying on the prosperous business that their father, Wilhelm, inherited from *his* father. It was partly the Henie wealth that made Sonja's career possible. The late Wilhelm Henie was able to afford the best trainers for his daughter.

Sonja didn't find the road to Fame easy. To get there, she had to train day in day out, for years on end, constantly struggling to improve. But—her struggle didn't have any financial complications.

If she never had earned a cent, she still could have lived in comfort, for the rest of her life. She isn't being driven now by a desperate urge for security. She had security before she ever had an income. What, then, is driving her to earn all this money and spend as little of it as possible?

She didn't have to turn professional. But, now that she has, is she hounded by the fear of the professional athlete of having only a little while in which to cash in on athletic ability?

Constant conditioning takes an early toll of athletes. Perhaps she has thought of this. Perhaps this is what has made her decide to get all that she can, while she can. . . But this is doubtful. If she were afraid, at twenty-five, of wearing out by the time she's thirty, wouldn't she be conserving her energy to last as long as possible? Instead, Sonja is working more feverishly, more strenuously, than ever. So strenuously that recently, for the first time, she has had to have massages to relax her muscles and her nerves.

Perhaps she has believed some of the assertions that her popularity is a "fluke," that it can't last, that she is a novelty who will cease to be popular the moment she ceases to be a novelty. But this, too, is doubtful. No athlete, either male or female, has ever made the movie splash that she has made. Plenty of them have had screen chances. And, in most cases, the fans have been satisfied after one look. Not so, in Sonja's case. She has something more than an athletic specialty that appeals to audiences.

For one thing, she is unusually attractive for a girl athlete, both in face and figure. She has coquettish charm and warm personality. And Darryl Zanuck thinks enough of her acting ability to have considered casting her as an outdoor girl who does everything *but* skate.

She doesn't have to rush to cash in before the public gets tired of her skating. The public hasn't shown the first signs of getting tired. Quite the contrary.

YET there is no doubt about it: Sonja is intent on collecting a large amount of mazuma. Right now. Without delay.

She doesn't have to go on exhibition tours to keep in condition between pictures. She has to keep constantly in condition, yes—but not that arduously. When she is between both pictures and exhibition tours, she keeps in trim beautifully with three hours' workout a day. Two hours early in the morning, and another hour late in the afternoon.

The reason for the exhibition tours is that, after seeing her on the screen, people will pay to see her in person. And then, after seeing her in person, they will go to see her next picture. The tours are good business. They are money-makers, from two angles. She has a penchant for making money. Big money. And she also has a penchant for hanging on to it. Sometimes even to small change.

For all her income, Hollywood hasn't seen her spend much there but time. Except in the very beginning. She tossed money around a bit then. She rented a pretentious white house furnished in white; acquired an all-white wardrobe; and drove around in a swanky white open car with red-leather cushions. Then, having captured Hollywood's attention, she rented an auditorium for $800 and put on a skating exhibition that netted $2,500. Out of that exhibition came big movie offers. All of her spending had been in the nature of an investment. Good business, as it were.

She hasn't had to spend like that since. And she hasn't spent like that since. She doesn't have a home of her own in Hollywood. She rents. Not by the year, but for three-month terms. The three months she is in Hollywood at a time. They aren't magnificent mansions. The last house didn't have a swimming-pool. Sonja likes to swim. But no pool, no extra rent.

Hollywood, seeing little evidence to the contrary, is convinced that Sonja's funds are in the same place as Leif's furs. Cold storage.

SHE has a reputation for being generous with the people who do things with her, and overlooking the people who do things for her. She has lavished gifts upon Tyrone Power. She gives things to her directors and fellow-players. During one picture she gave every member of the chorus a sweater to slip on after rehearsals and routines. Yet waitresses in the Cafe de Paris, the studio commissary, relate that "Miss Henie never leaves a tip." They don't say "almost never."

There are numerous tales of her overlooking tips. She passed through London, both going and returning, on her recent trip to Norway. Afterward a London newspaperman wrote to a friend in Hollywood: "The next time Sonja passes through London, she had better be prepared to express her appreciation of services rendered. The hotel help are pretty peeved about being forgotten." There is also another story, apparently authentic, of her overlooking tips when stepping off the *Normandie*—and of a representative of the steamship line calling at her studio's New York office, diplomatically pointing out that she had received superservice, and suggesting that she might like to express her appreciation. According to the story, Sonja had already left for the West Coast. A friend took care of the tips.

There are too many of these non-tipping stories for some of them not to be true. Yet one friend has an unexpected explanation for them:

When her father was alive, he always attended to all the bills, all the handouts to the hired help. Sonja didn't know anything about them. Her father encouraged her to think only of her skating. As a result, she often had the illusion that people did things for her because they liked to do them . . . because she was Queen of the Ice. She didn't realize that they were being paid, behind her back, to do these things.

Perhaps. But other things would indicate a strong tendency toward frugality. Her low-cost mode of living except on tour, when it is good business to live demonstratively in the best places. Then there were those folders distributed during one of her exhibition tours.

The folders were concocted as a publicity stunt. They were titled "Sonja Henie's Advice to Boys and Girls about Skating." They went into Pleasure, Figure, Racing and Hockey Skating, carried on with a word to beginners, added a brief summary of her rise to stardom, and ended on the note: "Sonja Henie invites you to join her Junior Olympics Club." Membership cost nothing. A post-card with your name, address and birthdate would bring you a membership button, a personal birthday card from Sonja, and folders about other sports.

The idea was all right with Sonja until she got the printing bill. She frowned on a re-order. Then the mail started coming in to a Hollywood post-office box. It was phenomenal. An office might have been opened, to handle it all; but an office wasn't. The buttons and cards and other folders were enough expense. In time all the post-cards were answered. But no more were encouraged. At the present moment, the Sonja Henie Junior Olympics Club—a great idea—seems to be slowly dying for lack of her getting behind it financially.

NOT long ago, she told a friend, bewilderedly, "Everybody seems to think I don't think of anything but money." She said she knew how the stories began. When she first came to America, she engaged a lawyer to advise her financially. He put the fear of God into her about income tax. He said she must keep an accurate account of all the money she earned, because she couldn't leave the country at any time unless she had paid her tax in full. With that worry on her mind, she started going around to the box-office after exhibitions, to ask: "How much tonight?" She thought nothing of it, except as something necessary to do. But newspapermen, trailing her around, thought plenty of it. They printed that she asked at the box-office every night, "How much?" that started what Sonja calls a misimpression.

She would deny until Doomsday that she is money-mad.

Yet she holds on to her money as few stars do, and is working tirelessly for more. What other explanation can there be?

The authorized Sonja Henie life story put out by her studio, contains this little revelation: "After Sonja had won her second Olympic championship, she continued her training so she could attempt the highest honor of all time in the sporting world—she was determined to win more championships than any other person, man or woman, in the history of any sport."

She carried out that determination. In the world of skating, she became the all-time champion. The undisputed Queen of the Ice. When she turned professional, too "take her dancing on ice to all parts of the world," she didn't intend to be any less a Queen. She felt that she had earned the title for keeps, after all those years of training, all those championships. And she felt that she should rate an income befitting her title.

She determined that she would never work for less than anyone else in her profession. She determined that she would strive for more. That determination was easily fulfilled. Sonja had to find a new determination. She thrives on working toward a distant, difficult goal.

And I think that the new determination became: To earn more money than any athlete, or any actor or actress, had ever earned before. To become the all-time champion financially, as well as otherwise.

Certainly that would explain her constant efforts to increase her already phenomenal income. It would explain her seeming money-madness. She has never felt any need, and is never likely to feel any need—except the need for the thrill of being the tops.

Something that makes me feel that my guess may be correct is a remark that someone at the next table overheard Sonja make in a night-club the other night. She was talking with her agent about a radio offer. She wasn't too sold on its terms. Into the club just then walked Barbara Stanwyck with Robert Taylor. Sonja, following Barbara with her eyes, asked her agent, "How much does *she* get when she goes on the radio?"

Sonja wouldn't take less.

No athlete or dancer, or any performer who uses his or her legs, has ever coined such money as Sonja with her skates

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True Confessions

True Confessions

YOUR WITNESS on the STAND

WITH WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who gives the answers to who's who and what's what in Hollywood

Q. What does an actor have to pay an agent and what does the agent do for an actor?

A. An agent gets exactly ten per-cent of the actor's salary, and in return does a multitude of things. He handles all negotiations with studios, all controversies over roles, and works all the time for increases in his client's salary. If the actor is free-lancing, the agent looks for parts for him. Besides all this, the agent handles all publicity, keeps books and issues financial statements each month, takes care of insurance policies, bills, domestic help, and income tax problems.

Bob Taylor has fan clubs all over the world. When Boise, Idaho, started a fan club last month it raised the total to ten thousand and one

Q. How many Robert Taylor fan clubs are there?

A. Recently, when Boise, Idaho, started a Robert Taylor fan club, it raised the total to just one over ten thousand. That counts every Taylor club all over the world.

Q. How old is Buck Jones' horse, Silver?

A. He is sixteen—and just about to retire. After Buck finishes *Trail Blazer*, Silver will join his two famous predecessors, Silver and Silver, Jr., in their pasture on the Jones ranch. The first Silver is now twenty-six; Silver II is twenty-one.

Q. Was *Sally, Irene and Mary* ever produced as a silent picture?

A. Yes, in 1925, by M-G-M. And Lucille LeSeur, now going under the names of Joan Crawford and Mrs. Franchot Tone, played one of the title roles, her co-stars being Constance Bennett and Sally O'Neil.

Q. What was the first picture the Marx brothers ever made?

A. It was *The Cocoanuts.*

Q. How much was paid the owner of Mrs. O'Leary's cow for the cow's work in *In Old Chicago?*

A. The cow drew a pay check of $2,000 for her histrionic activities in this film.

Q. How much does Gary Cooper make?

A. According to his contract with Mr. Goldwyn, Gary Cooper receives $225,000 every time he makes a picture.

Q. How do they keep the stages cool when the big lamps are on, during the heat of the summer?

A. They *try* to keep the stages cool by blowing air over dry ice through wind machine tunnels. It helps some, but the players really suffer from heat during the summer.

Q. How much did the *The Big Broadcast of 1938* cost?

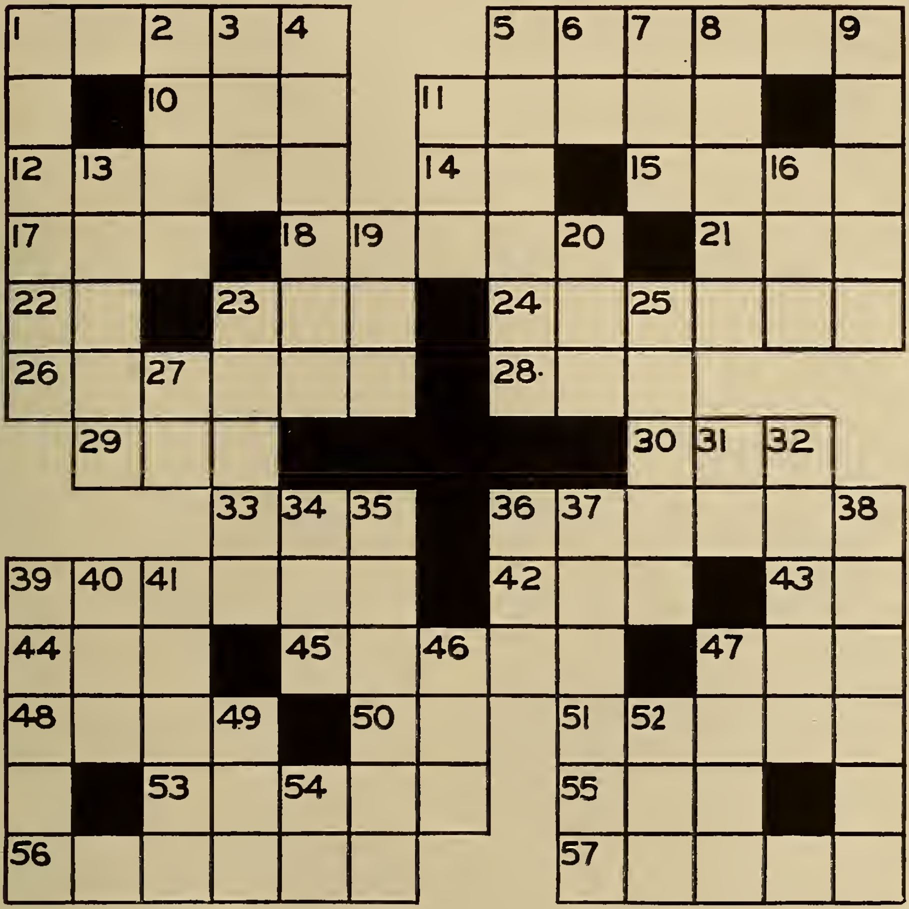
A. All of $1,800,000.

Q. How many pictures does a big studio make each year?

A. M-G-M, for example, is planning to turn out fifty-six celluloid gems this year. not counting short subjects.

YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!



ACROSS

1. She had lead in *Romance on the Run*
5. Gangster chief in *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*
10. To perform in a screenplay
11. Whose role was that of Mme. Vallaire in *The Toy Wife?*
12. Fred Stone acted in *Quick ——*
14. Mr. Armetta's initials
15. *Having Wonderful ——*
17. Where Hollywood movies are made (abbr.)
18. Miss Gombell's first name
21. A star of *Wells Fargo*
22. Sidney Blackmer's birthplace (abbr.)
23. Successful screenplay
24. What studio arc lights are sometimes called
26. Star of *Ever Since Eve*
28. Basil Rathbone's screen title in *Adventures of Robin Hood*
29. Was shown in theatre a number of successive days
30. *The Girl —— Young*
33. One of animals in *Call of the Yukon*
36. Joan Fontaine's sister
39. First name of Japanese star popular in silent films
42. Mrs. Walter Huston
43. Initials of a star of *Test Pilot*
44. Foot of 33 Across
45. Harrison McCooey in *Gold Is Where You Find It*
47. O'Leary animal in *In Old Chicago*
48. —— O'Brien-Moore
50. Director Enright's initials
51. Miss Massey, of *Rosalie*
53. Wife of Francis Lederer
55. *—— Devils*
56. To do as do cattle thieves in westerns
57. What fans shed when film is sad

DOWN

1. Dean of Cardinal in *A Yank at Oxford*
2. Miss Turner's first name
3. Sonja Henie performs on this
4. Pinkie in *The Beloved Brat*
5. What cowboy stars fire from their trusty six-shooters
6. Owen Moore's initials
7. Slang term for weapon carried by movie gangsters
8. Actor's remark which other players are supposed not to hear
9. Woody plants figuring in Charlie McCarthy's ancestry
11. Oriental actor
13. First name of Joan's screen father in *Mannequin*
16. Character in *Little Women*
19. *—— All Yours*
20. *—— Baba Goes to Town*
23. Justice Harrison in *The Devil's Party*
25. Mr. Burke in *Lord Jeff*
27. Margaret Sullavan's birthplace (abbr.)
31. Initials of Mr. Vincent
32. A star of *Josette*
34. *Maid's Night ——*
35. He plays opposite Kay Francis in *Secrets of an Actress*
36. *—— Wild Night*
37. It is used to rope steers in westerns
38. *There's —— a Woman*
39. Native weapon in jungle films
40. Organ used to enjoy the talkies
41. Moves through the water like Eleanor Holm
46. Luis in *Blockade*
47. Jane Wyman's screen mother in *He Couldn't Say No*
49. —— Pendleton
52. The word of a villain
54. Initials of leading lady in *Gold Diggers in Paris*

Last Month's Solution

O	U	R	A	N	T	E		R	A	L	P	H
W	■	■	B	A	R	■	T	A	L	A	■	E
A	■	M	E	N	■	J	O	Y	S	■	D	R
R	E	E	L	■	T	U	N	E	■	S	O	B
F	A	T	■	L	I	L	Y	■	T	O	N	E
	S	■	C	O	D	Y	■	T	O	M	■	R
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R	■	B	O	R	G	■	L	O	U	■	■	N
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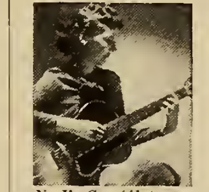
THOUSANDS ENJOY THRILL OF PLAYING

Who Didn't Know a Note of Music



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How Stars Starve on $3,000 a Week

[*Continued from page* 41]

violets sell for orchid prices? An anecdote or two may show what can happen if they don't.

A CERTAIN feminine star told Kay Francis that she saved money by buying standard brands of liquor for presents, banquets and so on, from ordinary liquor or drug-stores. The remark was overheard by a worker on the set. He wasn't a spy for the over-priced liquor racketeers. He was just an honest electrician playing into their hands as innocently as do some movie producers. Because he believed that stars should "spend freely to distribute income," he spread the word that this star bought cut-rate liquor. He added that Kay Francis seemed to approve, although actually, Kay had only smiled, and continued her everlasting knitting!

The next one who told the tale elaborated it. The star named always bought bad liquor, he said, to give out as presents to the "crew." The stuff had made people sick! And so on, *ad infinitum.* Promptly, that star began to get bad photography, bad publicity, bad make-up and costuming. Vicious stories about her reached press and public. The cumulative effect was disaster. She is now out of pictures.

Kay Francis doesn't know to this day that to save her from possible bad consequences of the same trivial incident, her press-agent launched a counter-propaganda campaign. He revealed her lavish charities. The reason he didn't tell Kay about it was this: She had forbidden any mention of her charities in publicity!

A certain class of underpaid studio employee, envious of stars, is the racketeer's best unwitting accomplice. These not only carry, magnify and distort tales, but often as in a case which concerned Jeanette MacDonald, originate them.

Some years ago Jeanette had a blue street-suit which she wore with a red fox fur. The outfit pleased her, and she received so many compliments on it that she wore it often. One day a $22-per-week girl in the studio accounting department, who knew that Jeanette got almost exactly 100 times her salary, remarked on the star's "cheapness." Said she, "F'rinstance, she wears that one little blue outfit to a frazzle." Someone who liked Jeanette overheard the remark and objected. This infuriated the little accountant, who elaborated with many purely imaginary details which strayed from the economy theme into morals and what-not.

Fortunately, about this time Jeanette changed her way of living entirely. She gave up the little car she used to drive, and began riding in a big chauffeur-limousine, dressed in black satin "creations" and such. This wise move made her the important, high-salaried star she is today, but it amounted to exactly one thing: Paying tribute to the luxury rackets!

THE tip-and-present racket in studios is a by-product of such things as the electrician's righteous belief that stars shouldn't economize, and the little accountant's envy of the lucky celebrities whose checks she handles. When Christmas comes, when a picture is finished, or to celebrate any other "occasion" that arises, a star is expected to give presents.

Once more Kay Francis furnishes an illuminating example. She gave out over a thousand dollars worth of presents the day she finished her last picture under Warner Bros. contract. But she forgot her faithful press-agent. Someone spread the story. Promptly various reporters and two famous radio commentators who knew the man's unfailing loyalty to his star sensed a grand human interest story, dripping with pathos. They asked the press-agent for confirmation.

He realized that as they would tell it, the tale would be injurious to Kay. So he made a final *beau geste*: Told a whopper of a lie about a special present "ordered for him by Miss Francis," then went out and bought it, inscription and all, to substantiate his story!

Kay's lavishness in present-giving through-out her long career was exceeded by none but Marion Davis, and only Joan Crawford ever rivaled Kay in charity work and donations. Yet what such stars did voluntarily, in lesser measure other stars were forced to do to avoid being tagged with that dangerous label, "cheap"—most dangerous of all when it refers to matters of charity. So for many stars today, gentle charity carries a gun and a blackjack and shouts, "Hand it over!"

The Misses Crawford, Francis, Davies and others, by being so lavish with presents and charities, unwittingly helped make possible conditions under which some stars go broke on $3,000 per week!

HOLLYWOOD'S parties, each more lavish than the preceding one, form another vicious circle. Current prices of the more elaborate affairs, such as those which take over and temporarily remodel the famous eating places for a night, run around $5,000. If one of these same fantastically high-priced eating places merely caters for the party in the star's home, the cost is halved.

Although the wedding cost record was supposed to have been set at over $50,000 years ago by the Rod La Rocque- Vilma Banky nuptials, current Hollywood weddings list from $3,000 to $10,000. Elopements to Yuma, Las Vegas and so on by plane are somewhat cheaper, but an elaborate system for making them as costly as possible is being worked out. Of course a star must charter the plane, and it's the custom to hire a famed flier as pilot. Col. Roscoe Turner frequently obliges.

It is the stars who know the bride and groom, however, who really feel the financial strain of Hollywood weddings. Wedding presents—and also birthday and all other presents for fellow-stars, directors, producers *et al*, demand an outlay of big money. If you don't go in deeply on these you're branded "cheap" where it counts most of all—in the highest circles! Expensive presents are part of the high cost of being in Hollywood "society"—and if you aren't in Hollywood "society," you won't long remain in pictures in any important capacity.

Nice homey gambling is supposedly elective, but abstinence from it is often considered "miserly." And blue chips cost real money where the stars play!

Doctors and hospital charges for star repairs are terrific. Some celebrities have gone to famed clinics and specialists in the East and abroad, not for the superior treatment given, but to save money! And as for stars' lawyers—whew!

IT ISN'T a far step at this point to our discussion of more straightforward gentry, such as burglars and hold-up men. They cost stars quite a bit directly, and much more indirectly through expense for insurance, bodyguards, burglar-alarm systems, hire of special watchmen and police, and tips to regular guardians of the law.

A star's agent gets ten per-cent of what his client earns. Then there's the business manager, who pays himself a very liberal salary. The income-tax expert is usually a separate individual. Secretaries, fan mail service, and press agents get their nibble. And personal servants, who get paid more highly than the customary scale, often have ways of collecting more. Then there are stray items—any number of stray items!

Last of all, we come to outlay that usually gets maligned first, income tax. Why any star should take lying down taxes which luxury rackets levy, yet stand up and fight manfully against income taxes, is hard to guess. Cheers for Carole Lombard's statement that the government spent most of the income tax levied on her salary "for me, in general improvements on the country. And I really think I got my money's worth."

Carole's arithmetic in estimating the slice Uncle Sam takes has been criticized, and may be at fault. But we're ready to believe her when she says that all she had left to show for her year's work and her $465,000 income was $20,000. So will you believe her, we hope, after reading this article and learning that one of the words Carole used to explain where her huge income had gone was simply this—terrifically potent in a glamor star's Hollywood—"expenses."

When movie stars take up a hobby they really "shoot the works." Dick Powell's hobby is polo—as player and spectator

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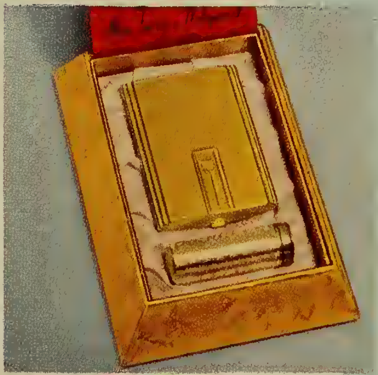

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